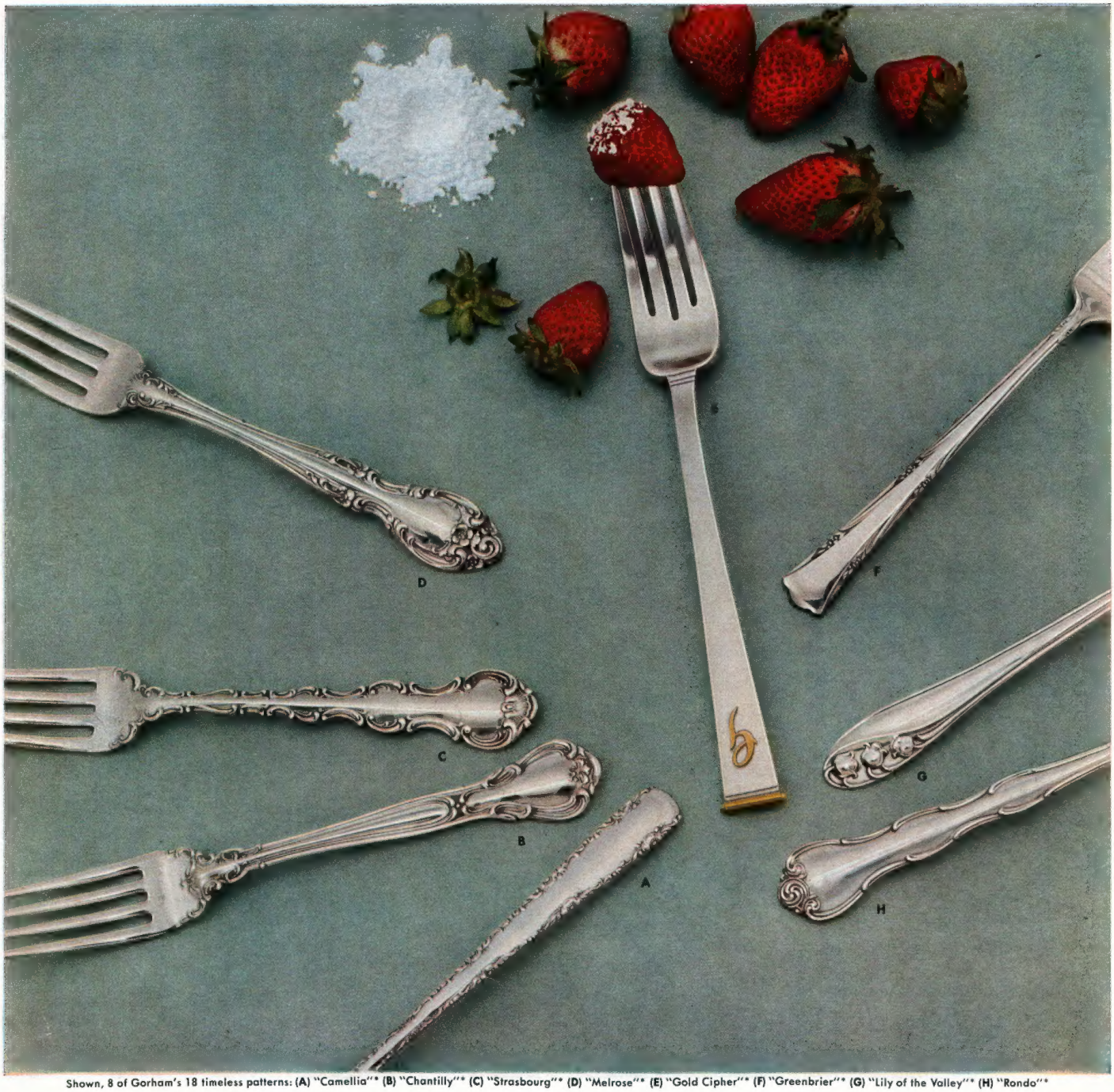
McCall's

25 cents
May 1954

A man's place is in the home

"Your Sins and Mine"
a complete novel
by
TAYLOR CALDWELL

Found: a way to
PREVENT
MISCARRIAGES



Shown, 8 of Gorham's 18 timeless patterns: (A) "Camellia"* (B) "Chantilly"* (C) "Strasbourg"* (D) "Melrose"* (E) "Gold Cipher"* (F) "Greenbrier"* (G) "Lily of the Valley"* (H) "Rondo"*

There's more to choosing your sterling silver than picking the prettiest pattern

Maybe you've always thought, as long as it was sterling, it didn't matter whose pretty pattern you picked. But you should know that all sterling is not the same. And that there's more to choosing your flat silver than picking the pretty pattern.

The sterling Gorham* uses, for instance, is of a fineness that exceeds the Government standard for sterling. This means Gorham silversmiths start with a sterling that has more precious silver in it. Then they build into this finer sterling a glowing beauty that seems to come from deep inside. It's a glow no surface finish can fake, a glow that grows even more beautiful with daily use through the years.

There's solid strength there, too, all the way through. You see it in the truly functional shape of each fork and spoon, and in such exclusive Gorham features as the seamless one-piece knife handle.

Then, when it comes to patterns, you should know that nobody offers you a wider and more varied choice of pretty patterns than Gorham. And all these Gorham patterns have a depth of detail that does not erase with use; all Gorham designs have that timeless quality you look for in a sterling pattern you'll want to live with all your life.

We believe you'll want to visit your jeweler and see this finer Gorham Sterling with the deeper glow, and that you'll decide a Gorham pattern is the one for you.

Budget payment plans are available. Ask your jeweler about them. Prices for a Gorham Sterling place-setting of 6 pieces start at $29.75, Fed. Tax incl.

Gorham
STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831.

*TRADE MARKS ©1954 BY THE GORHAM CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Now...enjoy sweet foods and protect your teeth from cavities

New white Ipana with WD-9 inhibits tooth-decay acids*

Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against decay acids—formed when sweets and other carbohydrates team up with bacteria in your mouth.

For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of these tooth-decay acids. Acid-inhibitor WD-9 is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

***To get the best results** from new Ipana with acid-inhibitor WD-9, use it regularly after eating—particularly after sweets. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweets they wanted proved that brushing this way can *prevent most tooth decay.*

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth from sweets with new white Ipana containing WD-9.

Don't cut down sweets ... do cut down cavities with new Ipana®

Your youngsters will love it, too. Ipana's wonderful new minty flavor actually *encourages* children to brush teeth. *No* strong, medicinal taste. But new Ipana with WD-9 makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9

Picture OF THE MONTH

Once you've kept your appointment with the ten fascinating Hollywood stars you'll meet in M-G-M's plush and highly polished "Executive Suite", you'll see why this powerful romantic story was *the* perfect vehicle to rate *the* great high-powered casting of our time.

Yes, M-G-M really rolled out the rich red-carpet treatment to welcome Cameron Hawley's breathtaking best-seller to the screen! They took its sizzling story of the personal affairs behind the cool facades of a skyscraper. They sharpened its staccato pace. They enhanced its heartfelt intimacy. They put flesh on its fabulous personages.

And then they gave it that grand all-star backing: William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Shelley Winters, Paul Douglas, Louis Calhern, Dean Jagger and Nina Foch. Here, indeed, is a gala offering for M-G-M's 30th Anniversary jubilee!

Everyone knows about the woman behind every successful man. No one knew, at first, the women behind Avery Bullard, ruler of a vast industrial domain. When he dies mysteriously, his five top male executives are plunged into a fierce grappling for control of his empire. And so are the women who love and serve and shape these favored five. Each fights in his or her own way, with his or her weapons. Only one man can win the precious vacated "Executive Suite". Who is it?

We've ransacked our memory without finding a man-woman conflict that lets loose more fireworks than this one. Here's that whole hectic and heady world, not lampooned or libeled or looked at too quickly — but masculinely caught by a first-class observer who knows whereof and of whom he writes.

He knows that world of stainless steel, its joys and its terrors . . . the open scandals behind closed doors . . . the chaste and the cheats . . . livewires, deadbeats, the what's-in-it-for-me boys with the adding-machine hearts, the heroes and visionaries, the soft women with the proverbial whims of iron.

And now, thanks to the infinite treat of "Executive Suite", we too know from the inside out and the top down, that fabulous but familiar world of thick carpets and thin skins and thrilling challenge!

The producer was John Houseman, whose hits include "Julius Caesar" and "The Bad and the Beautiful". Robert Wise directed.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "EXECUTIVE SUITE" starring WILLIAM HOLDEN, JUNE ALLYSON, BARBARA STANWYCK, FREDRIC MARCH, WALTER PIDGEON, SHELLEY WINTERS, PAUL DOUGLAS, LOUIS CALHERN with DEAN JAGGER, NINA FOCH, TIM CONSIDINE. Screen Play by Ernest Lehman. Based on the novel by Cameron Hawley. Directed by Robert Wise. Produced by John Houseman.

McCall's

MAY 1954 • VOL. LXXXI NO. 8

• Novel

38 Your sins and mine • *Taylor Caldwell*

• Short stories

36 Have you heard about Lucy? • *Isabel Langis*
40 Do not disturb • *Hilda Cole Espy*

• Features

4 Inside McCall's
11 I am a hi-fi widow • *Ann Goodenough*
14 Make arithmetic a game
20 Grandma — what fun you have!
27 Live the Life of McCALL'S • *Otis L. Wiese*
28 A man's place is in the home
30 A man's place is in the home . . . it wasn't always
32 Ed and his family live together and love it
35 The importance of being father • *Helen Puner*
44 The glorious years of a marriage that couldn't last • *Mary Pickford*
52 If you ask me • *Eleanor Roosevelt*
54 Women's club notes • *Christine Sadler*
57 Found: a way to prevent miscarriages • *June Whitbread and Vivian Cadden*

• Children

124 Marianne's eating American • *Angelica Gibbs*
150 Betsy McCall loses her bow

• Food

72 How to make delicious sour-cream rolls • *Eleanor Noderer*
72 How to make McCall's raised doughnuts • *Helen Flynn*
78 4 wonderful dinners from quick-frozen foods • *Helen McCully*
86 4 perfect recipes that freeze perfectly • *Margrit Lutz*

• Housekeeping

66 A kitchen to cook in tomorrow • *Anna Fisher*
92 Which is the freezer for you? • *Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert*
96 Proper packaging • *Gloria Liswith*
104 Try this new wrap • *Greda Di Silvestro*
108 Try this for easier pressing • *Doris Hanson*

• Houses and home fashions

42 It doesn't look like the same place • *Mary Davis Gillies*
116 Roses, roses everywhere • *Sally Robb*
119 It doesn't look like the same hall
120 Set-a-pretty-table-contest winners
138 Tricks with terry

• Beauty

6 Hairdo hats • *Peggy Bell*
133 New ways to flatter your face

• Fashions

46 Cottons that bloom in the summer • *Estelle Lane Brent*
48 Cottons . . . as fresh and gay as a rose garden
50 Cottons . . . bright with hothouse colors
134 Where to see our beautiful summer cottons

• Patterns

140 Summer silhouette: full • *Helen Carlton*
142 Summer silhouette: slim
145 Get ready for vacation
146 The shirt off his back
148 Belle of the beach

COVER: Photograph by Carmen Schiavone. Dress by Koret of California (see page 50) Parasol from Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop. Gloves, McCall's Pattern No. 1188

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Entered as Second Class matter November 27th, 1925, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.

IN YOUR JUNE McCALL'S

Next month . . . The untold story of

The Duchess of Windsor . . .

the most-talked-about, least-understood woman in the world

1-"Yes, I've heard of the Waterproof,* shock resistant Timex Marlin— beautiful watch for the money!"

2-"Great Heavens, Man! Not that kind of test— for a watch? Call off those elephants! Put down that fire hose!"

3-"Wash it some more- but I'm afraid you've ruined it!"

4-"By George! That Timex can certainly take a licking and keep on ticking!"

TIMEX MARLIN
Large size waterproof* with sweep-second hand, radiolite dial, chrome case, stainless steel back, all leather band. **$11.95**
PLUS 10% FEDERAL TAX

TIMEX SPORTSTER
Small size waterproof* with sweep-second hand, radiolite dial, chrome case, stainless steel back, all leather band. **$11.95**
PLUS 10% FEDERAL TAX

*stays waterproof and dustproof as long as crystal, crown and back are intact and, if removed, expertly replaced.

PRODUCT OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF WRIST WATCHES • 500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 36 • CANADIAN OFFICE, 355 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

THE CONQUEST OF TUBERCULOSIS

THE STORY of our fight against this disease is one of the most heartening in the annals of health progress. Among other things, it shows what people can do through organized efforts to attack a disease.

Fifty years ago, tuberculosis was the leading cause of death in our country. If it had continued to kill at the same rate as in the early 1900's, more than 300,000 Americans would die of the disease this year.

Our fight to control tuberculosis, however, has been so successful that its annual toll in the United States has dropped to about 20,000 lives.

Despite the dramatic decline in the *death rate,* the number of tuberculosis cases remains high. Today more than a million Americans are affected by the disease . . . and over 400,000 of them have tuberculosis in an infectious form so that it can be spread to others.

Worse still, at least 250,000 of these potential spreaders of tuberculosis *are not under medical supervision.* These cases account for many, if not most, of the new victims discovered each year in our country. The number of cases with active, or probably active, tuberculosis found in 1952 was over 85,000.

How can we reduce the tuberculosis death rate still further and prevent the development of new cases? Here are some of the ways which authorities recommend:

1. See your doctor for regular health examinations and follow his advice about how to keep in the best possible physical condition. *The higher your level of health, the better your resistance will be to tuberculosis.*

2. If you notice any of the possible symptoms of tuberculosis—persistent cough, constant fatigue, loss of weight, pain in the chest—consult your doctor promptly. Through an X-ray of your chest, he can usually tell whether tuberculosis of the lungs is present. *Early discovery is the best road to early recovery.*

3. If tuberculosis occurs, your doctor will recommend treatment... probably in a hospital . . . where the most modern care can be given. While rest in bed is still an important method of treatment, doctors now have many new weapons to combat tuberculosis. Among these are surgical operations which give diseased lung areas extra rest and often hasten recovery.

There are also new anti-tuberculosis drugs which doctors sometimes prescribe singly or in combination with other forms of treatment. In many cases, these bring rapid improvement.

Once the disease is brought under control, you can usually resume your normal way of living, with periodic check-ups to make sure the disease does not become active again.

If everyone observes these and other safeguards and precautions recommended by health officials, the number of tuberculosis cases could be even further reduced.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 554-M, "Tuberculosis."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

inside McCall's

UP

Mamie wore our February cover hat to church

Our cover was inspired by the pretty parasols and matching gloves designed to go with our cotton fashions on pages 46 through 51. Speaking of pretty covers, we were delighted to hear that our February cover hat, designed for us by Sally Victor, made a hit with Mamie Eisenhower. In fact, she has one just like it, and you can see (above) how becoming it is. It happened this way: When Mrs. Victor arrived at the White House with a selection of new spring bonnets, the First Lady promptly produced her copy of the February McCALL's and said, "I want a hat like this."

Our readers: Writing to tell us how much she liked Pearl Buck's "The Secret of Everything" in the February issue, Mrs. R. P. Love of Van Nuys, California, who's expecting her fifth baby, says: "I found this story the answer to a special prayer. It was the inspiration I needed, and now I feel well equipped to answer the questions about being born that the children are sure to ask sooner or later."

Our editors: Field Editor Lucy Goldthwaite's report that fathers all over the country are helpful hands around the house led us to conduct our own private poll of non-average papas, and here's a sample of our findings. Garry Moore (CBS-TV): "I'm not cut out to be an electrician or a radiator tapper. I'd rather work twice as hard at something I like so I can pay someone else to do the work I *don't* like . . . As for my boys, they share in the responsibility of the house and we all have fun together." Perry Como (Mutual Radio and CBS-TV): "My favorite home pastime is to create a still life consisting of TV set, bowl of fruit, paring knife, cigarette, and Como stretched out on couch... On the maid's day off, though, I make the salad, serve the children's dinner, clear the table. But that's where I stop. I'm no wash and dry man."

NY DAILY NEWS

Papa Perry Como, once a barber, likes to lend a hand when it's haircut time for his seven-year-old daughter, Terri

New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

You'll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers . . . silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you've used new Drene. So gleaming, *so* glamorous . . . your *silkened* hair!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

Lathers like lightning—

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.

This is a *New* Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ride a Greyhound Bus...

RELAX, RELAX

That's a pleasant theme song to remember whenever you plan a trip... near or far!

1. **Air Conditioning**—circulates filtered air throughout the coach, keeping it warm in winter, cool in summer.
2. **Big Picture Windows**—scientifically-tinted to turn back harsh rays of the sun.
3. **Foam Rubber Cushions**—Millions of tiny air bubbles, inside these contoured cushions, cradle your body.
4. **Adjustable Easychairs**—Just press a button, and presto! The easychair tilts to your choice of positions.
5. **Air Suspension Ride**—It's new! The Greyhound *Highway Traveler* Coach eliminates metal springs, gives you the world's smoothest ride!

Your next trip can be as carefree as this friendly melody—when you forget driving strain, parking problems ... and *Ride a Greyhound Bus!*

Settle back in a deeply cushioned easychair, look out the wide picture windows, enjoy travel along scenic highway routes. At the wheel of your modern bus, a highly-trained Greyhound driver is your chauffeur, safety expert, and courteous travel guide.

Save more as you travel aboard Greyhound's famous *Highway Traveler* Coach—with Air Suspension Ride. Hundreds of these coaches are now in service—you ride at no extra fare!

FREE! COLORFUL PLEASURE MAP OF AMERICA

Mail to Greyhound Information Center, 71 W. Lake St., Chicago 1, Ill. for handsome illustrated map—with details on Greyhound Expense-Paid Vacation Tours.

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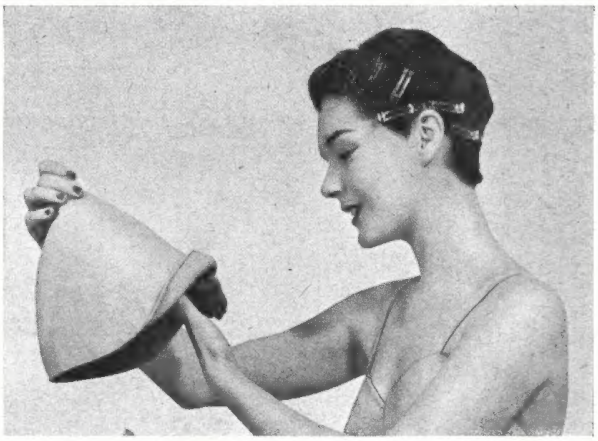
GREYHOUND

hairdo hats

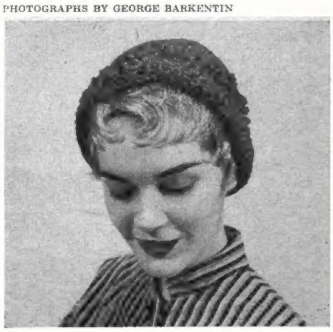
by Peggy Bell

Cover-up hats with built-in hairdos help you fool the public, keep you from being caught with your hair down (or up in pin curls)



Quick change from the un-pretty pin-curl job above, for a hurry-up date after a dip. Madcaps linen pixie hat has its own becoming fringe that's a perfect replica of the Italian haircut. This and other Madcaps hats shown on these pages come in choice of colors. The attached fake hairpieces by Joseph Fleischer match your own shade of hair

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE BARKENTIN



A shopping trip may be a must when your locks are limp and straggly. Tuck them in for the day or pin them up under a knitted cloche with blonde version of face-framing fringe

Continued on page 8

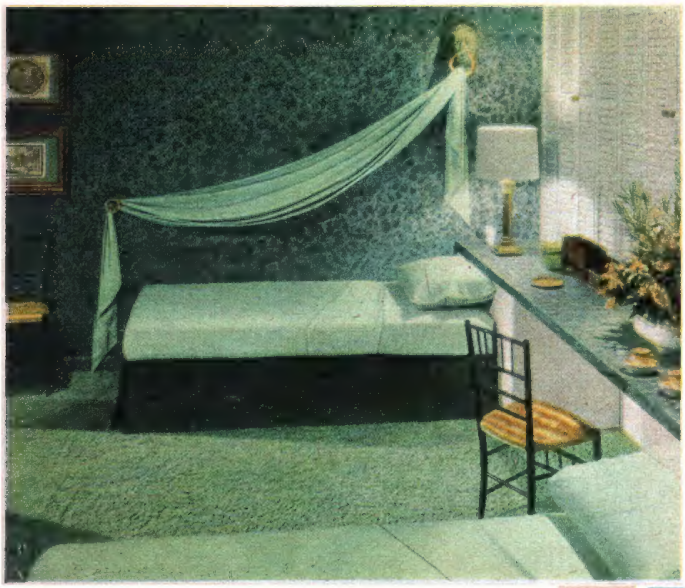
Now beds almost make themselves with CANNON FITTED SHEETS

Made for better fit, longer wear!

The Cannon Fitted Bottom Sheet has four fitted corners that keep it beautifully smooth, wrinkle-free. Eliminates re-tucking! And only Cannon reinforces *all* edges with strong, bias tape for better fit, longer wear. Sheet size is printed frequently along the tape. No need to unfold a Cannon sheet to find the right size!

Fitted top sheets are *extra-long.*

The two fitted corners of the Cannon Fitted Top Sheet slip over the foot of your mattress . . . then, you just pull it up. Cannon Fitted Top Sheets are extra-long to give you ample turnover at top, and *lots* of toe room at bottom. Long enough to use as a bottom sheet, too—the only fitted sheet you can rotate successfully!



Cannon colors are *colorfast*!

Choose your Cannon Percales from seven flattering colors. And all colorfast, as approved by the American Institute of Laundering. Do you like Lagoon Green, above? Or a color on the chart at right? Or will you have radiant white?

Not just percale—it's Cannon *Combspun!*

All Cannon Percales are ultra-smooth, long wearing. They're Cannon *Combspun* Percale—with cotton combed till only longest, strongest fibers remain. Thrifty! Luxurious Cannon Percales cost only pennies more than heavy-duty muslins. (Scalloping on sheets and pillowcases at slight extra cost.)

Cannon combspun* percale sheets

More women use Cannon Percales than any other brand

TRADE MARK CANNON

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New! STEAKMATES
BY CARVEL HALL

New Steak Fork is perfect companion piece for handsome Carvel Hall Steak Knife. $10.50 for both. 8 piece Classic Steakmate Set, Farrington Case. $43.

The Special gift for Special people

EMILY POST says: "Carvel Hall Cutlery is so useful and correct. Makes every carving job a pleasure . . . makes *individual* carving of steaks, chops and chicken an easily acquired skill." Compliments your finest silver. MicronedⓇ blades are perfectly balanced, superbly honed to razor sharpness. See Carvel Hall Cutlery at better jewelry, gift, department, houseware and hardware stores.

● 6 Steak Knives, Vogue Handles, in Jewel-Box Chest. $19.50

● Carver, Slicer, Fork in Classic Handles, Jewel-Box Chest. $34.00

Carvel Hall
FINE CUTLERY by Briddell
LIFETIME SERVICE GUARANTEE

CHAS. D. BRIDDELL, INC., CRISFIELD, MARYLAND

hairdo hats

Continued from page 6

For that after-swim bridge game at the country club when you don't want to look dunked, let your own bangs dry under cover. This terry-cloth bonnet and the real-as-life substitute curls put up a pretty front

HAIRDO HATS AVAILABLE AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

Soft bangs (above) or side curls (below) are attached to a straw-banded linen kerchief. They provide a flattering disguise for curlers, clips or a tired-out pony tail while you sun or sip a cool drink

NOW! The greatest flavor-saver ever developed for coffee!

It's Chase & Sanborn's pressure packed can!

Brings you fresher coffee than vacuum cans or bags!

FRESHNESS YOU CAN TASTE!

Millions have discovered that you enjoy *more* aroma, *fresher* flavor in Chase & Sanborn because it's *pressure* packed. For only pressure packing can pack coffee practically smack out of the roaster, while flavor's richest. Then all flavor-stealing air is replaced by flavor-*saving* vapor to lock flavor *in each coffee grain.* You taste the wonderful difference in Chase & Sanborn!

FRESHNESS YOU CAN TEST!

Yes, you *prove* it's fresh before you buy! The rounded top of the can tells how. *You can't test coffee packed any other way!* So discover fresher coffee—Chase & Sanborn "Dome Top" Coffee today!

AN EXCLUSIVE BLEND OF THE WORLD'S CHOICEST COFFEES

Of all leading coffees...

only Chase & Sanborn is Pressure Packed!

Why get just a sofa-bed when only Hide-A-Bed offers a famous Simmons mattress?

T-Cushion Lawson in sage tweed. Also in charcoal, persimmon and brown. Full size $249.50 with Deepsleep mattress, Apt. size $239.50. Beautyrest mattress only $20 more.

Hide-A-Bed® offers you *even more* than the sofa beauty you want. *Even more* than the seating comfort you want. Hide-A-Bed is the *only* sofa-bed that can offer you a luxurious Simmons mattress. Your *choice* of (1) comfortable Simmons Deepsleep* mattress, standard on all models, (2) famous Beautyrest,* yours on Hide-A-Bed for only $20 more. *Both* mattresses are longer, wider and deeper than those on average sofa-beds. Two can sleep without rolling together thanks to Simmons stabilizer bar. See your Simmons dealer. Convenient terms can usually be arranged.

More value inside. More value outside than any other sofa-bed

Comfortable as a sofa can be! Wider seating space than the average sofa-bed. More coils in the cushions and in the back. New, rest-easy back design. Inside, an exclusive locking system keeps bed so securely in place you never know the bed is there.

Easy to clean. You don't have to be a 200-pounder to clean behind *this* sofa. Tilt forward, and hard-to-reach places become easy to clean. For many years, your Hide-A-Bed will operate just like new. And, no wonder. It's the *only* sofa-bed with an all-steel frame!

Easy as opening a drawer. Lift lightly, and Hide-A-Bed's automatic pivot-point opening action does all the rest. Hide-A-Bed unfolds with the bed made up and ready to use. More bedding can be folded away with Hide-A-Bed than on average sofa-bed.

Only Hide-A-Bed offers all these choices. Over 30 styles from traditional to modern. Sizes from 42½" to 84" long. A size for almost *any* space. More than 100 decorator fabrics. Prices from $179 to $395. See your dealer for Hide-A-Bed, made only by Simmons.

HIDE-A-BED sofa and BEAUTYREST mattress made only by SIMMONS, the greatest name in sleep

For full-color decorator booklet, "14 Ways to Make an Extra Room" send 25¢ and name and address to Simmons Company, Dept. J-5, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Copr 1954 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

My husband lives in a dream world of decibels, distortions and ohms, with a faraway look in his eyes and an 18,000-cycle sound in his ears

I am a Hi-Fi widow

The High Fidelity bug will get your husband if you don't watch out

by Ann Goodenough

HI FI isn't just a hobby — it's a contagion. You may have weathered the golf bug and the home-shop bug, but don't let this give you a false feeling of immunity to the Hi Fi bug. You're susceptible if you and your husband love music.

My first contact with the symptoms of Hi Fi occurred one night when my husband said, "You know, with all the money we've sunk into records it's a shame not to get our music's worth out of them." Suddenly it seemed we weren't getting enough quality from quartets, enough highs from Haydn, enough fidelity from *Fidelio*. High fidelity, my husband said, was what we needed. This was the Onset.

The initiation came when my husband and a delivery man arrived loaded with Hi Fi "components." (In those days you couldn't buy "sets.") The first surprise package was a tuner ($131.50). This, he told me, "grabs inaudible energy out of the air and converts it into audible impulses." Next to the tuner he proudly placed a little metal box covered with tubes. "Amplifier," he explained ($149.50). "Frequencies converted into the audible range aren't loud enough to be heard, so this amplifies them a million times."

Then he produced the record-changer ($41.50). It looked like the one in our old radio-phonograph. But the needle wasn't a needle; it was a stylus on a magnetic cartridge ($44). "Has a diamond tip on it," he announced happily. "Saves the records."

But the real surprise didn't arrive for two days. It was 35½ inches high, a yard wide and 18 inches deep, made of blond mahogany framing a panel of monk's cloth. It was a speaker cabinet. In our living room it was dwarfed in size by nothing but the sofa. "The speaker has a tweeter to pick out the high notes and a woofer to take care of low notes," my husband informed me.

We had shunted and shifted it into every corner, searching for the accoustically — if not aesthetically — correct spot, when my hus-

Continued on page 12

ASK Mary Gordon OF TWA

how to get ready for a trip to Europe

What to take . . . Mary Gordon of TWA will tell you that the secret of traveling light is to select mix-and-match separates . . . colors that go together . . . clothes that resist wrinkles, wash in a jiffy, need no ironing. Mary Gordon's booklet "Basic Travel Wardrobes" will help you be fashion-right, travel-right no matter where you go.

How to pack . . . Ask Mary Gordon of TWA for her leaflet on "Packing Tips." It will help you pack in a third of the space . . . show you how to avoid repacking while on your trip. By following Mary Gordon's hints, you will need fewer bags, be freer from clothes worries.

How to go . . . Fly TWA, of course, and in a few short hours be in Europe, where a friendly TWA hostess meets you at the airport . . . assists you through customs . . . explains foreign money . . . provides shopping hints. In fact, TWA gives you the finest service abroad . . . service that makes you feel at home in any country. Ask your travel agent, local TWA office or Mary Gordon about tours that fit your time and budget. You'll be surprised how little a European trip costs via TWA.

CLIP AND MAIL

Mary Gordon, Dept M-54
Trans World Airlines, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the following free booklets

☐ Basic Travel Wardrobes
☐ Packing Tips
☐ See Europe for $10 a Day
☐ Skyliner Tours of Europe

NAME_____
(Please print)
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Relieves dryness... gives hair healthy-looking glow

(See! You've been missing something!)

HELENE CURTIS Suave

No other hairdressing leaves hair so natural looking

(You look prettier than a picture!)

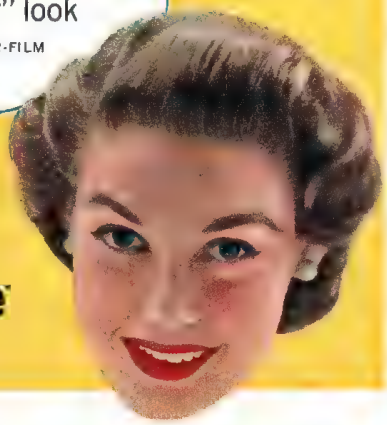
HELENE CURTIS Suave

Gives your hair that "cared for" look

WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM

(Now he'll really take you places!)

HELENE CURTIS Suave



50¢-$1 (plus tax)

No other hairdressing adds so much sheer beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol ... relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. Keeps hair in place, lovely to behold all day! No wonder women prefer it 7 to 1.

*TRADEMARK

I am a Hi-Fi widow

Continued from page 11

band announced, "The only place you can get true concert presence from this music is in the bathroom." Somehow I still don't think our guests enjoyed listening to Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" as they sat on the edge of the tub.

The speaker now stands in the east corner of our living room. Twenty-three feet away is another cabinet that houses tuner, pre-amplifier, amplifier, record-player, records, manual player and record compensator. That cabinet is his pride and joy. He built it himself at a cost of one hammer-hit thumb and one chisel-severed artery, and with a sheer dogged determination to prove that he knew how to use tools.

At first I was surprised at this sudden switch from the man who wouldn't hammer a nail a few months before. But as time went on I realized that Hi Fi had produced other character inconsistencies.

Normally my husband is not neat. Shoes belong in the middle of the floor. Neckties are looped casually over coat hooks in the closet. Ashes cascade from what I thought were the largest ash trays extant. But you should see his High Fidelity equipment! No thumb print dares mar the chrome coat of that amplifier. Each record, gingerly lifted by its edge from the case, gets a going-over with a dampened piece of linen before being played.

I look in amazement at the file he keeps so that he can find the right record for his every mood, and I'm baffled by that strange lined sheet which shows the output, response, range and rating of each component. Yet I'm the one who still has to keep his checkbook in some semblance of sanity!

I consider myself lucky, though. To the real gone Hi Fi bug, music is only for dissection, not appreciation. All he wants to know is how high he can go with his Fi. He purrs when there's no disturbing boom in the bass; he drools over an 18,000-cycle note.

Of course, I'm sure my husband envies the bug who *can* hear those 18,000 cycles per second. Acute hearing can recognize from 20 to 20,000. "I'm only a 40-to-11,000-cycle man," he told me sadly after his ears were tested at the Audio Fair.

There's a never-ending search for perfection. He'll trade in a two-month-old tuner at the drop of a decibel if he finds another with a better cascaded double limiter. But at last he seems satisfied with the system he has. And I confess I love the music we get now. We have Carnegie Hall in our living room.

"What did you say, dear? Do I know what binaural is? Well, let's see . . . it's something like this: At a concert you hear what's playing on the left side of the stage with your left ear and on the right with the right ear. And now they've worked up a system that duplicates this right in the home . . . We'll need two speakers and two needles — I'm sorry, *styli* . . . And these records only cost a *bit* more than other kinds . . . But won't we have to have twin channel amplifiers with a ganged master gain control? . . . And they say you get less than two per cent intermodulation distortion and a hum level 70 decibels below rated output."

Oh, well, you see what I mean? The bug has *me* too. THE END

It's a joy to see him blissfully settled in his beloved Hi Fi corner with remote controls at his fingertips, the world of music at his feet

Peggy tried detergent X,
Detergents Y and Z,
But when she'd seen how **Tide** *could clean,*
*She shouted, "***Tide's** *for me!"*

Sooner or later almost everyone turns to *Tide*

— FOR CLEAN, CLEAN CLOTHES!

No washday soap-no other detergent known—

NOTHING ELSE WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS *TIDE*

– yet is so mild!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Millions more women use TIDE than any other washing product in the world.

NOTHING ELSE BEATS *Tide* FOR GETTING CLOTHES CLEAN!

Test after test against every known kind of soap and detergent *proves* this over and over again! Until Tide was invented, it just wasn't *possible* to get your family wash so clean. And today's Tide has even *greater* cleaning power. Greater mildness, too. Tide is milder for your hands than any other detergent known. And Tide is truly *safe* for all your bright washable colors.

NOTHING ELSE BEATS *Tide* FOR GETTING CLOTHES WHITE!

Never before Tide, was it possible to get your clothes so *white* . . . or to keep them so shining white week after week. And today's Tide has even *greater* whitening power . . . a *miracle* whitening action that leaves your household linens even more *dazzling* white. Get Tide today—there's just *nothing* like it. (Tide is made by an exclusive, *patented* formula.)

RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF 25 AUTOMATIC WASHERS

Good reason, too! In these automatic washers, nothing else will wash as clean as Tide, yet is so mild—no washday soap, no other detergent known . . . and that includes low-sudsing products. Test after test proves it. No wonder, in *every* leading make of automatic washer, more women use Tide for clean, *clean* clothes, than *any* other product! Try Tide in *your* automatic.

Like the hugs you used to give her—
It's the thought that counts so very much on Mother's Day. So be sure to express yours on May 9th in the very finest way. You'll find perfect harmony of lovely sentiment and charming beauty in your favorite store's complete selection of finer . . .
GIBSON
Mother's Day Cards
The Gibson Art Company • Cincinnati, Ohio
Publishers since 1850
Be ready to remember
Always keep a few greeting cards at home for birthdays, anniversaries, and friends who are ill. Then you'll always be ready to remember.

Stone-skipping is a perfect time to ask, "How many steps in the walk?"

make arithmetic a game

If the cry of "I hate arithmetic!" echoes through your household, why not change it into a counting game? The world is so full of the number of things that it's easy to have fun with figures

EDWARD LETTAU/PHOTO REPRESENTATIVES

Three down, how many snapshots are left to go on a roll of eight?

Make a problem of potatoes: How many will you get in a pound?

Continued on page 16

For mammas and daughters, too...

a caution about cottons!

So simple, so smart! A ribbed cotton suit with the new collar treatment which makes the blouse an integral part of the costume. And, of course, a straight 'n' narrow skirt!

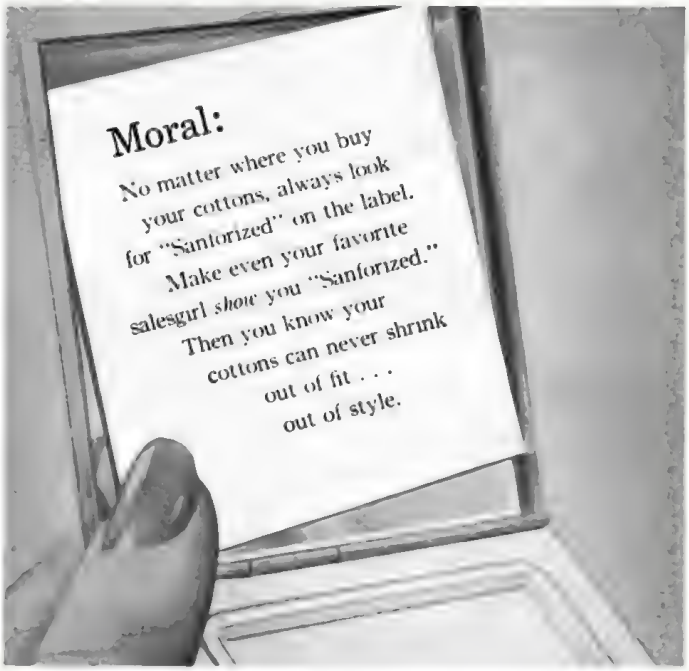
So sad, so shrunk! Let this be a lesson... never buy the handsomest cotton without checking to see if it's trade-marked "Sanforized." Then you *know* it can never shrink out of fit.

Terrific for teen-agers! A cotton sheath with cover-up jacket. So new—the straight cut of the jacket. So young—the contrasting trim. A perfect all-around outfit for a busy teen!

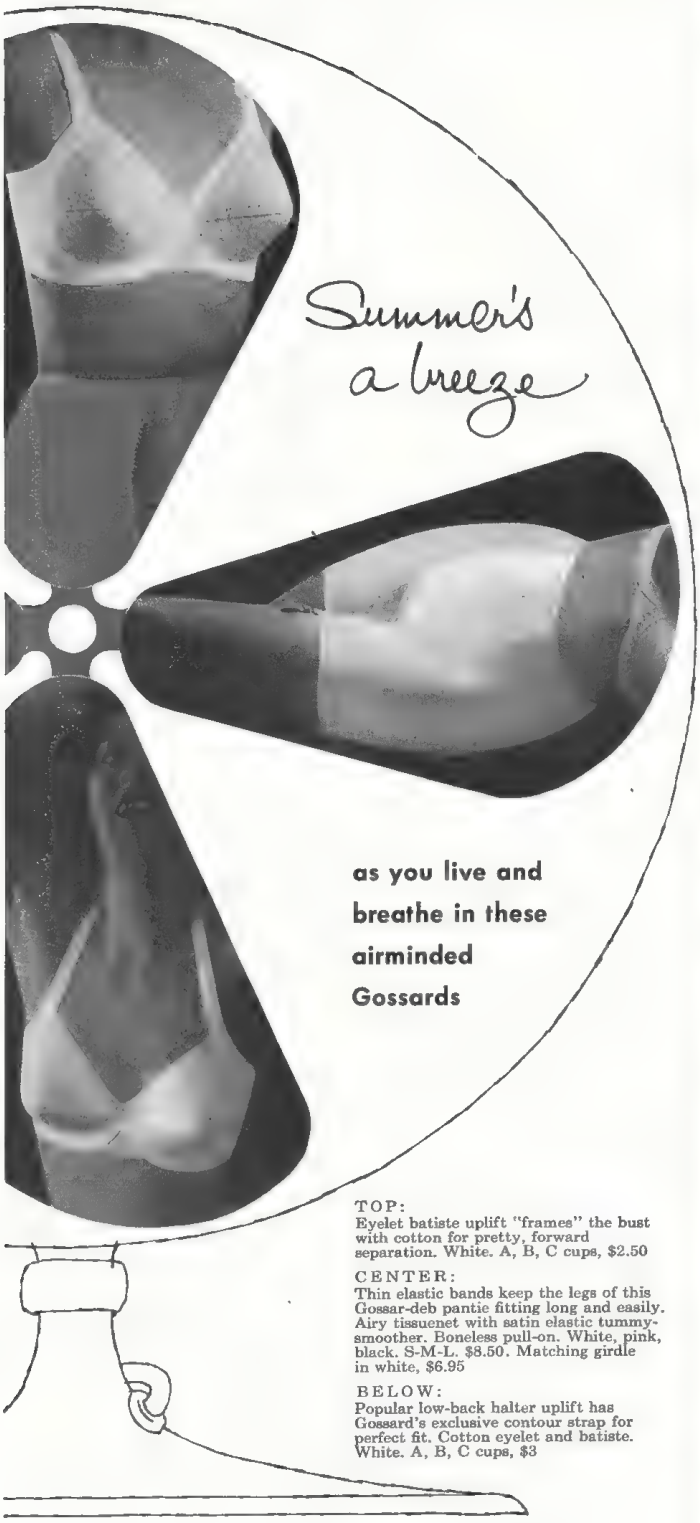
Tragedy for teen-agers! Shrinkage can ruin the looks of the best cotton. Peek at her outfit now—and promise yourself you'll never buy anything but a "Sanforized" cotton for ever after!

Awfully pretty for a glamour gal of 4! A swirly, printed cotton jumper with a pert white tailored blouse! This outfit would make a marvelous "mother-and-daughter" duet, too!

Pretty awful for a girl, 4 or 40! Shrinkage is always unpleasant... always avoidable. If the cotton you buy is marked "Sanforized" you know shrinkage horrors can never happen to you.



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.



as you live and breathe in these airminded Gossards

TOP:
Eyelet batiste uplift "frames" the bust with cotton for pretty, forward separation. White. A, B, C cups, $2.50

CENTER:
Thin elastic bands keep the legs of this Gossar-deb pantie fitting long and easily. Airy tissuenet with satin elastic tummy-smoother. Boneless pull-on. White, pink, black. S-M-L. $8.50. Matching girdle in white, $6.95

BELOW:
Popular low-back halter uplift has Gossard's exclusive contour strap for perfect fit. Cotton eyelet and batiste. White. A, B, C cups, $3

at leading stores and shops
or write us, we'll tell you where

Gossard

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. • 111 N. CANAL ST. • CHICAGO 6
NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • ATLANTA • DALLAS • TORONTO

make arithmetic a game

Continued from page 14

When it's time for new curtains, let a little girl measure windows

Have the players keep score and they'll always know who's winning

What could be more fun than counting your very own pennies?

"One, two, three, four, five . . ." How many more stairs to the top?

For sheer beauty . . . for Cushionized comfort . . . for "Million-dollar" luxury on a budget

Full-size, right or left, open-end sofa from the Bermuda Group as shown.. $165

Also available: regular sofa..... $189.50

companion chair..... $110.00

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

Once you see this exciting new furniture—
you'll know why it is indeed our proudest achievement in value!
See the sheer beauty and smart new styling . . .
feel the quality of the rich new fabrics.
Cushionized* of course, for lasting comfort like all
Kroehler Furniture. See your local Kroehler Dealer soon!

Originals by

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

KROEHLER

(Say KRAY-ler)

General Offices: Chicago 11, Ill. In Canada: Stratford, Ontario

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Wherever you live – enjoy this tempting

TEXAS BARBECUE SUPPER!

it's so easy – with today's extra-delicious canned foods!

YOU DON'T HAVE to live in the wide open spaces—you don't even have to have an outdoor grill—to treat your family and friends to this real Texas-style barbecue.

You can fix it superbly, in your own kitchen in *minutes* . . . because all of the major ingredients come right out of cans!

From the tender chunks of meat to the golden, yellow corn and sun-ripened fruits . . . you'll find them all at your corner grocery —in Canco cans made by the American Can Company.

And like all the foods that come in modern Canco cans, they're *more* than just convenient. They're *packed* with downright delicious flavor—and often with more vitamins and nourishment than you get in "fresh-bought" varieties.

This is one of *many* popular American meals you can prepare more easily, tastily, and economically today because the American Can Company pioneered in the perfection of the modern can for food. Won't you try the recipes? You'll like them!

American Can Company

Containers to help people live better

The American Can Company not only *makes* the cans that bring you today's foods at their most delicious, nourishing best . . . it also cooperates with growers and packers to help them make certain that the foods that go into these cans are the very finest in the land.

One of a series of favorite American meals brought to you by the American Can Company.

PINEAPPLE-LIME COCKTAIL

Add juice of 1 lime to 1 can (1 pt. 2 fl. oz.) chilled pineapple juice. Garnish with a thin slice of lime.

TEXAS KABOBS

1 can (4 or 6 oz.) whole mushrooms
2 cans (4 oz. each) Vienna sausage
1 can (12 oz.) luncheon meat, cut in cubes
1 can (8 oz.) whole white onions
1 can (4 oz.) pimientos, cut in pieces
Pickle slices

Arrange on 8 skewers—drained mushrooms, sausage, cubed meat and onions separating them with pimientos and pickle slices. Broil on both sides under medium heat, basting with Tomato Barbecue Sauce, until browned. Serve with additional sauce.

TOMATO BARBECUE SAUCE

1 can (approx. 1 lb.) tomatoes
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
¼ cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon chili powder

Combine all ingredients in saucepan; simmer 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Makes 3 cups sauce.

PARSLEY BUTTERED CORN

Heat 2 cans (12 oz. each) whole kernel corn. Season with butter, salt and pepper; add chopped parsley.

RANCHO SALAD

Chill and drain 1 can (1 lb.) peas and 1 can (8 oz.) julienne carrots. Combine with ½ cup diced celery. Arrange on crisp greens in bowl. Top with ¼ lb. process cheese, diced. To serve, toss with mayonnaise blended with red wine vinegar or lemon juice.

GRAPEFRUIT-PEACH DELIGHT

Arrange drained, chilled, canned peach slices and grapefruit sections in dessert dishes. Top with spoonful of honey and sprinkling of nutmeg. Garnish with maraschino cherries, if desired.

GOOD HOT COFFEE

Brew it your favorite way . . . but make it *extra*-good by using the fresh, full-flavored coffee that comes in vacuum-packed cans.

These recipes serve 4. You may use can weights that vary slightly from those given here. Recipes were developed in the Test Kitchens of the American Can Company.

Important note: Whenever you do not use a full can of food . . . cover and keep the remainder in the refrigerator *right in the can*. It's safe—and it's sensible!

For other appetizing menus and recipes send for new canned foods cook book!

Just off the press—"Quick Trick Cookery" contains 26 complete menus and dozens of delicious *tested* recipes. 48 pages, color photographs. For *your* copy—send 15¢ to American Can Company Test Kitchens, Box 268, New York 46, N. Y.; or in Canada, Box 130, Hamilton, Ontario.

CANCO Registered Trademark of the American Can Company.

A practical kitchen for a woman with 3 children and a dog

featuring **Bermuda Hues** *in Gold Seal VinylTile*

Now you don't have to compromise your tastes while the children are growing up. This kitchen is positively child-proof. There's hardly a thing they can track in, spill or scribble that will harm these light, lovely "Bermuda Hues" in Gold Seal VinylTile . . . the only resilient tile, by the way, that is as color-right for walls as it is for floors. You have a choice of 11 coordinated "Bermuda Hues" to mix and match to your heart's content. For a 9′ x 12′ kitchen floor, Gold Seal VinylTile will cost you only about **$38.**

Details of kitchen shown: The points of the stars are made simply by slicing a tile diagonally. Seafoam White complements Mid-Ocean Blue and both are carried right up the wall. Counter tops: Pembroke Yellow.

GOLD SEAL®

Satisfaction guaranteed—or your money back. Your Gold Seal dealer is under "Linoleum" in your classified phone book.
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., Kearny, N. J. © 1954.

Floors and Walls

GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

"How many grandmothers can do this?" Vivienne Lance of Elyria, Ohio, asks husband Earl. Her range of activities keeps friends breathless

Grandma— what fun you have!

A 41-year-old grandmother finds the busier she is the younger she feels. Relaxation? She never heard of it

Baby-sitting with granddaughter Terri is "a cinch compared to rearing your own children," Mrs. Lance says. "Now I have time to do things I wanted to do when I had my son Jack to worry about"

Continued on page 22

4 for the price of 3!

So pure, so mild! Yet, 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

A PRETTY CAKE FOR A PRETTIER YOU!

See how dainty this Personal Size Ivory is? As you know, it's the handy toilet-soap size of pure, mild Ivory. Beautifies your bathroom—and oh, what nice things Ivory does for your complexion, too! No wonder it's the most famous skin care in the world—this gentle Ivory care!

99 44/100% pure...it floats

NEW BEAUTY IN A WEEK—THAT IVORY LOOK!

More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than any other! So change to regular care and use Personal Size Ivory. In one week you'll have a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion—*That Ivory Look!*

THE BEST BEAUTY CARE IS THE THRIFTIEST, TOO!

Just think, you get *four* cakes of Personal Size Ivory for about the same price as *three* cakes of other leading toilet soaps! Better pick up a supply of *your* Personal Size Ivory this very day. It's your best beauty buy.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

So nice to come home to!

Marriages may be made in heaven but they must be lived on earth. And Mrs. J—finds it more livable if she lets nothing mar her charm. Like unpleasant breath, for example. Not for her, makeshifts that deodorize temporarily! She lets Listerine, with its lasting effect, look after her breath . . . lets it accent her sweetness, heighten her appeal, day in, day out. Why don't you make this a must in daily grooming? It certainly pays off in added attractiveness.

Lasting Effect

You see, Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than tooth paste. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that countless fastidious people really rely on.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. *Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

A Product of
The Lambert Company

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

what fun you have!

Continued from page 20

Bowling one evening a week with son and daughter-in-law gets all the family together. "I took it up to be with the children," says Grandma, who scores a nice 150 even though she "just started"

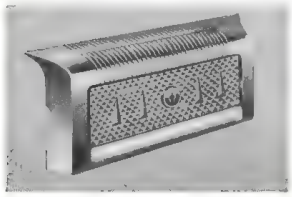
Hospital work is among Mrs. Lance's numerous community projects. As a volunteer aide she enjoys cheering up the patients. Last year she helped raise $1,000,000 for the Elyria Memorial Hospital

Grandma can cook too. On popular Alice Weston TV show over Cleveland's WXEL, Mrs. Lance gives a treasured recipe for nut cake

Continued on page 24

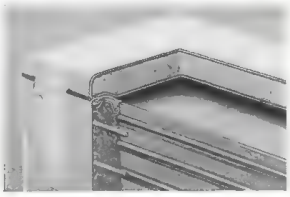
ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND!

Deepfreeze® Home Freezer



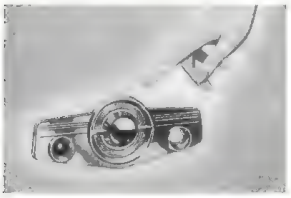
Feather-Touch Latch!

Lid opens at slightest nudge, leaving hands free for carrying food. Self-sealing, full floating. Balloon type rubber gasket holds cold in, heat out.



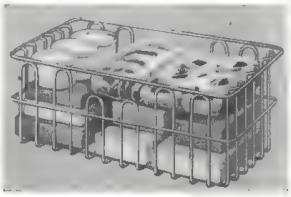
Radiant Condenser!

Deepfreeze Radiant Condenser keeps cabinet exterior dry under any humidity condition. No wiping or mopping! Eliminates moving parts.



"Silent Signal" Lights!

White light shows when power is on. Red light flashes if interior temperature is too high for safe storage. Dial temperature control.

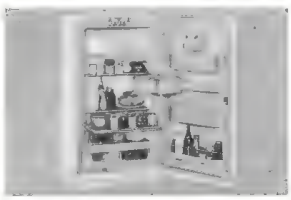


Baskets and Dividers!

Strong wire baskets and adjustable dividers keep food easily accessible, permit orderly storage and flexible arrangement.

12 Cubic Foot Upright!

Holds more than 420 lbs. of assorted frozen foods! 19 cu. ft. Institutional model holds 651 lbs. Ideal where floor space is limited.



Refrigerators, Too!

Perfect kitchen mates to the upright model Deepfreeze Home Freezer. Together, they're the perfect freezer-refrigerator team!

Deepfreeze 15 Anniversary

Only Deepfreeze has 15 years of home freezer pioneering and leadership experience! A beautiful Anniversary model Deepfreeze Home Freezer will bring you greater convenience, savings and meal enjoyment.

And Deepfreeze has the right freezer for you—whether you need the large capacity of a chest type or the space saving advantage of an upright. Some of the famous features of the Deepfreeze chest-type freezer are shown in the panels on the left.

Four freezer shelves in upright models assure maximum cold, maximum storage. Three spacious shelves in the door. Pull-out freezer basket.

See and *buy* a genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezer! Available in 8 to 18 cu. ft. sizes. Institutional models in 19 and 24 cu. ft. sizes. You'll live better, save money. Visit your Deepfreeze Dealer today!

Deepfreeze® Home Appliances

Makers of genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezers, Refrigerators, Room Air Conditioners, Electric Ranges and Water Heaters. Also sold by authorized dealers in Canada.

Mail Coupon Today!

MC-554

Deepfreeze Home Appliances
North Chicago, Illinois

Send me information on how I can save on food costs with a Deepfreeze Home Freezer—while my family eats better, more nutritious meals!

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL*

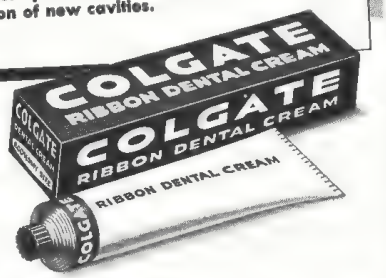
HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. **Reader's Digest** says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.
   (It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)
2. **Reader's Digest** says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.
   (Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night!)
3. **Reader's Digest** says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause decay.
   (Thus, just daily morning and night brushings guard against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)
4. **Reader's Digest** says—In full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate's with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!
   (Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)
5. **Reader's Digest** says—New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.



NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL (*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

what fun you have!

Continued from page 22

Another hobby is volunteer YWCA work. And Mrs. Lance is a favorite with her teen-age group. They love to discuss problems with her, enlist her aid in planning activities and giving parties

She also gives "Y" girls tennis lessons. A former tennis champion, Mrs. Lance still plays a fast game and loves coaching her students. "It's wonderful for the figure"... keeps her at a trim 115 pounds

"The only thing that really tires me is sitting still," says Mrs. Lance, who reads and takes beauty treatment at the same time

NOW! 3 Great Exclusive Features in One Sensational Girdle!

1. Only Playtex gives you the fabulous fit and control of latex, without a seam, stitch, stay, or bone!

2. Only Playtex gives you adjustable latex garters that let you stand, sit, stoop, or stretch in complete freedom!

3. Only Playtex gives you a fabric lining like *this*—cloud-soft and cloud-comfortable!

Playtex® FABRIC LINED GIRDLES

with 4 durably reinforced adjustable garters

No other girdles like them! Smooth latex with cloud-soft fabric lining, these sensational Playtex girdles are invisible under the slimmest clothes, and they have the world's only adjustable latex garters that give custom fit with a touch!

Enjoy these great exclusives in Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles. Discover the fabulous fit, the fabulous freedom only Playtex can give you. The comfort of that fabric lining. The 4 adjustable garters so firm yet so flexible that stockings are held with just the right tension whether you stand, sit, stoop or stretch!

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles are all one smooth figure-slimming piece. They're second-skin comfortable, wash—dry in a flash!

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

Playtex Fabric Lined Garter Girdles and Panty Girdles with adjustable garters—*at a low, low* $5.95. Extra-large size, $6.95. Fabric Lined Panty Brief (without garters), $4.95.

At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

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Dreft cuts grease the fastest way ever!

(ALL THE GREASE-CUTTING POWER YOU CAN GET FOR DISHWASHING)

...and yet Dreft is so SAFE for my hands!

(A MIRACLE DETERGENT MORE NEUTRAL THAN THE MILDEST COMPLEXION SOAP)

ACTUALLY GETS DISHES CLEANER ...WITHOUT ANY WIPING AT ALL!

New, mild Dreft is a special dishwashing detergent. *Without any wiping at all,* Dreft gets dishes cleaner—cleaner than when you wipe and polish, too.

Instant-sudsing Dreft gives you the best possible grease-cutting power you can get. Dishes practically wash themselves. *You* just rinse and let drain dry. Forget about wiping. With Dreft, your dishes will shine!

Yet with all its wonderful grease-cutting efficiency, Dreft is gentle . . . it actually pampers soft, smooth skin. So you get *both:* speedy dishwashing *and* safety for hands.

A REAL PLUS! WONDERFUL SAFETY FOR YOUR PARTY-PRETTY HANDS!

Now—a dishwashing detergent that is safe for hands—even more neutral than the mildest complexion soap. New, mild Dreft! It contains *no harsh ingredients.*

Think of it! Gentle, neutral suds that actually pamper soft, smooth skin. That means a lot to every woman who's proud of her hands, but must do dishes every day!

Yet remember—Dreft cuts grease the fastest way ever. So you get *both:* safety for hands *and* speedy dishwashing.

GET DREFT AND GET BOTH

dreft—*for cleaner dishes without wiping*

dreft—*for the safe care of your hands*

McCall's

May 1954

live the life of McCall's

If we'd made this suggestion in 1870, when McCALL'S was first published as the *Queen of Fashion* magazine, we would have been referring to a life of ease and elegance. For in the years before the turn of the century every woman aspired to be a lady and every lady envied Mrs. Astor. The world of women as reflected in their magazines was a rosy realm of fashion and folderol.

By 1902, when the *Queen of Fashion* broadened into McCALL'S, the ladies' magazines were mirroring the nature of life with Father. Those were the days when Papa ruled the roost, children were seen and not heard and women were delineated as mysterious and unpredictable creatures given to vagaries and vaporings.

Then came the battle of the sexes, followed by the First World War. You fought and won the fight for political equality. And McCALL'S, together with the other women's magazines, helped you to carve out large areas of living formerly forbidden to your sex.

Throughout the bright days of the Twenties and the twilight of the Thirties — the long years of the War, the bitter peace and the Korean conflict — in fact, right up to this moment, McCALL'S has been sensitive to your needs *as women first.*

In common with all other women's service magazines McCALL'S has been striving to widen your horizons, inspire you to lead lives of greater satisfaction, help you in your daily tasks. There's evidence that we're winning that victory.

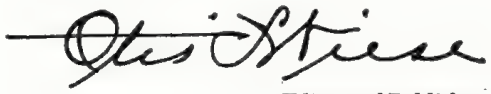
Today women are not a sheltered sex. Men and women in ever increasing numbers are marrying at an earlier age, having children at an earlier age and rearing larger families. For the first time in our history the majority of men and women own their own homes and millions of these people gain their deepest satisfaction from making them their very own.

We travel more. We earn more, spend more, save more. We listen to finer music, read more and better books. We worship more. And in ever greater numbers we enjoy the advantages of a higher education.

Thanks to our heritage of freedom, our national culture and our creative ingenuity, this wider range of living is an expression of the private conscience and the common hopes of the greatest number of people in this land of ours.

But the most impressive and the most heartening feature of this change is that men, women and children are achieving it *together*. They are creating this new and warmer way of life not as women *alone* or men *alone*, isolated from one another, but as a *family* sharing a common experience.

From this day forward McCALL'S will be edited to meet the needs and excite the interests of all of you who are or wish to be partners in this way of life — the Life of McCALL'S. And through exploring, interpreting and reporting that life we shall do our very best to help you — *as a family* — to live it well.



Editor and Publisher

a man's place is

GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

in the home

Meet a modern American husband and father...

Here's Ed Richtscheidt of Pines Lake, New Jersey, his wife Carol and their three children. They live in a gray shingle split-level house with three bedrooms, one bath and an unfinished basement room that will one day be the game room. On the north side of their lot, where they plan to build a barbecue, Ed has made a play yard for the children.

We're introducing Ed and his family because, like millions of other married couples today, they're living the Life of McCall's, a more casual but a richer life than that of even the fairly recent past.

Ed's place in this new way of living is something he takes for granted. He doesn't stop to think about the great changes that have taken place since he was a boy. Had Ed been a father twenty-five years ago he would have had little time to play and work along with his children. The running of his household would have been left entirely in the hands of his wife. Husbands and fathers were loved and respected then, but they weren't friends and companions to their families. Household chores were beneath them.

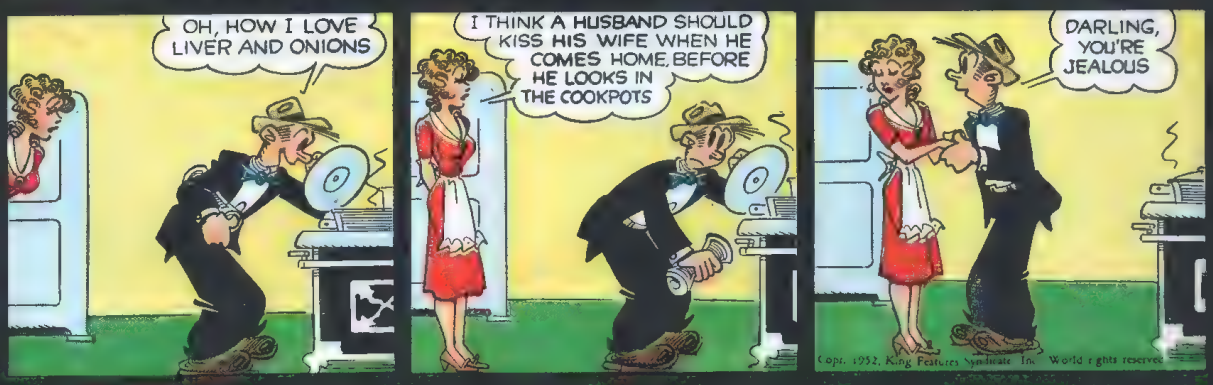
Today the chores as well as the companionship make Ed part of his family. He and Carol have centered their lives almost completely around their children and their home. Every inch of their house and yard is lived in and enjoyed. And it's a very happy place.

Continued on next page

a man's place is in the

Family changes are reflected in the comics . . .

Jiggs, of *Bringing Up Father*, has spent years in trying to sneak out of the house for corned beef and cabbage. In *Blondie* Dagwood, who represents a different generation, is an admirer of his wife's cooking and heads happily in the direction of home and family


OH, HOW I LOVE LIVER AND ONIONS
I THINK A HUSBAND SHOULD KISS HIS WIFE WHEN HE COMES HOME, BEFORE HE LOOKS IN THE COOKPOTS
DARLING, YOU'RE JEALOUS
Copr. 1952, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

and in the movies . . .

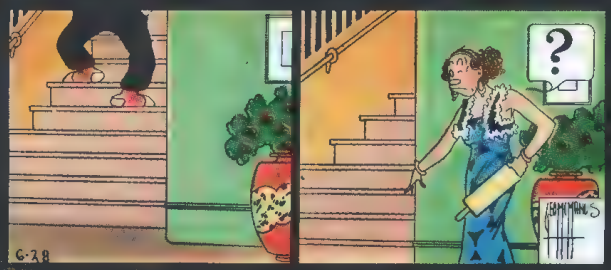
Frivolity, rather than family life, was emphasized in the '20s. Joan Crawford summed this up in *Our Dancing Daughters*

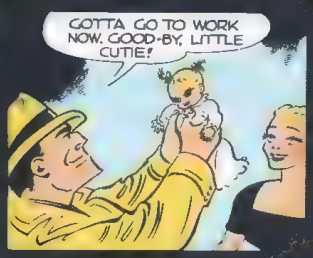
Divorce was a familiar theme in the '30s. A typical trio: Cary Grant, Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March in *Merrily We Go To Hell*

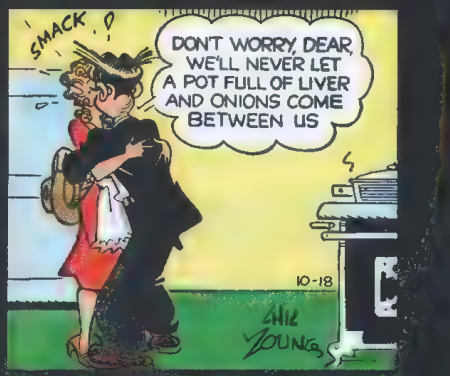
Zany domesticity was also very popular with the moviegoers of the '30s. A classic example was *You Can't Take It With You*

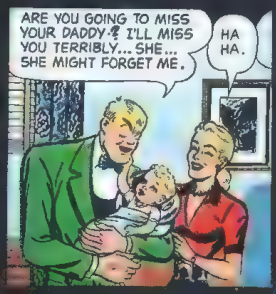
"Bringing Up Father" and "Blondie"
copyright King Features Syndicate, Inc.
"Li'l Abner" ® copyright 1953 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
"Dick Tracy" copyright 1953 The Chicago Tribune.
"Joe Palooka" copyright McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

home...it wasn't always









Li'l Abner, Dick Tracy and Joe Palooka,
once the strong, unattached
heroes of the comics,
have settled into domesticity
and been converted into doting fathers

Genuine family life finally came into its own in the postwar '40s with *The Best Years of Our Lives*, which is now being revived

and on TV...

The family's the thing,
as in "My Favorite Husband" (CBS),
"I Love Lucy" (CBS),
"Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" (ABC)

Continued on next page

Ed and his family live together and love it

Caring for three lively children—Ricky, 6, Chris, 4, and Susie, 2—makes tremendous demands on Carol Richtscheidt. But Ed is a cheerful working partner to her, helps with the children and housework whenever he can, gives everything he has to make his family happy. In return they give him all the love and affection a husband and father could hope for

Paneling that extra room in the cellar used to be the man's job. But Ed and Carol do it together

Ed likes to	Ed doesn't like to
putter around the house, make things, paint	*dust or vacuum, or to finish jobs he's started*
select furniture, rugs and draperies	*repair furniture, fix electrical connections and plumbing, hang draperies*
dry dishes	*wash pots and pans and dishes*
read to the children and put them to bed	*pick up after the children*
work in the garden	*shovel snow or mow the lawn*
feed and dress the children and bathe them	*change diapers*
pick up the baby-sitter	*take the baby-sitter home*
attend P.T.A. meetings	*visit school*
cook	*do the laundry, iron*
buy clothes for his wife	*buy clothes for the children*
buy groceries	*go back for groceries Carol forgot to list*

While Carol is home with Chris and Susie, Ed takes her shopping list and Ricky to the super market, spends $20 on week's groceries

Back home the boys help their father squeeze the oranges—a daily ritual they all enjoy. "It feels like sandpaper," says Chris

Ed and Carol are up before 7:00 every morning. Together they dress Chris and Susie, make breakfast for all three children. Then Ed joins the members of his car pool and heads for his office

Ed finds it hard to say no when the children ask him to play with them. But he doesn't always give in to their demands, saves at least part of some weekends for fishing or swimming in Pines Lake just across the road

Comfort and discipline are jobs Ed shares with Carol. When Chris bangs his head (*right*), he naturally runs to his father. But Ed can be strict too (*below*) and isn't swayed by tears. He and Carol know that sometimes children *want* their parents to take a firm stand with them

Continued on next page

Ed and his family *continued*

Carol's never had a feeding problem with Susie. But at 2 a girl can't be expected to be an especially tidy eater, and Susie spills less if she's sitting on Ed's lap, drinking from his cup

"In my father's day," says Ed, "the man of the house sometimes ate a meal in the kitchen, but he didn't ever work there. Times have sure changed"

Ed and Carol have been adding furniture ever since they bought their house in Pines Lake. Ed selects it, Carol tries it, and then they decide about buying

Carol appreciates a hand with the dishes, as well as a chance to talk things over without interruption. She's proud of the color scheme Ed mapped out for the house, admits she never could have found such handsome draperies

Since Ricky started school last fall Ed and Carol have been active in the P.T.A. They keep in close touch with Ricky's teacher, carefully follow her advice

One chore against which Ed consistently rebels is vacuuming. He considers it women's work. If Carol insists he'll start, and let her finish it

by Helen Puner

GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

Should he be a substitute mother...
disciplinarian... bogeyman... or what?

the importance of being father

THERE was a time not too long ago when nine mothers out of ten who came to the end of their patience with their children would yell, "Just wait till your father gets home!"

The father they were talking about — disciplinarian and bogeyman — has now been pretty well replaced by the father who's pal and participator. This is fine. No one wants fathers to go back to acting like tyrants. But they should wield more authority in their families than they are currently doing. They are just as responsible as their wives for the way the children are going to turn out. For the sake of every member of the family, the family needs a head. This means Father, not Mother.

A father needs to be, should be, important and respected in the eyes of his wife and children not only for the children's sake but for his own. A boy needs a model upon which to pattern his manliness. A girl needs a father she can look up to and admire as a male. Children of both sexes need to learn to recognize and respect the abilities and functions of each of the sexes. Let's take a look, then, at what a good father does these days. *(Continued on page 61)*

Have you heard about Lucy?

by Isabel Langis

JEAN PARRY took a fancy to Tom Birkett the first night Steve brought him home to dinner. It wasn't a crush-fancy, because Jean wasn't that sort. She'd been married seven years, she had a four-year-old son and her days of extracurricular activity had long been over. Tom simply happened to be that certain type of young man that a certain type of young woman takes a fancy to.

The movies generally portray young English professors in seedy tweeds, smoking briars and looking immensely sensitive and faraway. Birkett was an associate, not a full professor, but he was shy and thin and thoughtful. He was even mildly shabby. In fact, it was his threadbare collar that led Jean to ask him if he were married.

"Oh, yes," he said, losing for the first time his appealing air of withdrawal. "Lucy'll be along as soon as the apartment is available. I'm sure you'll like her."

Several times during the evening Jean revised her idea of what Lucy Birkett would be like. At first Tom seemed so young and vulnerable that she thought he might have been copped off by what she and Clare and Pris called a "Mrs. Ward." Mrs. Ward was the wife of the head of the English Department at Corinth. She had a corkscrew permanent, a Gothic jaw, a corduroy jumper, three velour berets and a pair of loafers. She had managed generations of faculty wives with a skill that would have done credit to a fight promoter.

Then, as Tom proved to be brighter and less vague, Jean decided Lucy might be one of those gypsies with gnawed-off bangs, a chintz dirndl and a volume of poetry in her pocket.

But Tom Birkett's charm had its own effect, and by the time he took his leave Jean had made up her mind. Lucy would look like Princess Fawzia, have the charm of Lilli Palmer and talk like John Kieran. She would have to, to hang onto Tom Birkett.

Lucy Birkett arrived at the beginning of October, and it was Clare Thompson who gave the tea to introduce her to the faculty wives. It was usually Jean who was delegated for such chores — her home was *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

"Never underestimate her,"
Jean murmured.
"She knows all our failings—"

True, her technique is rather obvious.
But anyone who can master it
will inevitably be
the most popular wife in town...

your sins and mine

a complete novel

The barren earth * * * tornados * * *

dust storms * * * the winter when no snow falls . . .

Are these mere freaks in the weather?

Or, rather, a warning to you

who have closed your ears to God?

by Taylor Caldwell

. . . one of America's favorite novelists.
Author of *Dynasty of Death, This Side of Innocence* and
the currently popular *Never Victorious, Never Defeated*

MY FATHER was no different from other men; he had the wisdom of hindsight. He was also a countryman, and had never been far from the place where he was born, and had always lived close to the earth. So when he told us later of what he had seen in early January — a few months before the strange and awful things had come to pass — we discounted it as superstition, for he was what used to be called a "fundamentalist."

"Yes," he would say somberly, "it was because all of us everywhere in the world were really strangers — hating strangers—every man to his neighbor and every nation to other nations. It was necessary for us to be punished so that we'd finally see the light. 'For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.' Matthew 24:21." My father knew his Bible almost by heart.

During the years when nations stood poised, armed and terrified and hating, my father used to quote Matthew 24 almost daily. His voice would take on an ominous note new to him, for he was naturally a simple and optimistic man. The seasons never failed; God never failed. The sun swung in its fiery orbit, and the green tides of the world rose and fell with it, under the hand of God. That was my father's serene faith. But after the first atomic bombs fell, and the hatred of men for men became more fierce and more insane, and the hydrogen bombs were invented, and the day of universal war seemed imminent, then my father's faith in man began to fail.

He was in his middle fifties that January, strong, almost monolithic in stature, ruddy and zestful and full of roaring laughter. He was a graduate of the best agricultural college in the country, and was known as a "student of world affairs." He had once served as mayor of Arbourville Township, and no one I have ever known, before or since, was more aware of what was happening in the world. No, my father was not senile that January, nor was he a few months later when he told us what he had seen . . .

Unable to sleep one night, he went out of the house silently, and stood smoking on the hard and frozen brown earth. He had remarked a week before that we had had practically no snow, and this had made him uneasy. But as he was a farmer he was certain that this was just another of those vagaries of nature which plague a farmer's life and cause him worry.

He told us that it had been a very calm night, full of pulsating stars and heavy with stillness. But it was not the customary stillness of a country midnight. It held a quality of foreboding, as if waiting for something enormously strange to happen. On a farm, midnight is not absolutely still: a horse will neigh, a cow complain, brainless chickens flutter and flurry in their sheds. Life, though sleeping, is still alive.

My father smoked, his plaid lumber jacket buttoned up to his neck, his feet spread apart on the brown earth in his usual sturdy fashion. It was some time before he became aware of the absolute silence all about him. The barns might have been empty, the fields uninhabited, the woods abandoned. The moon was so bright that my father could see the east meadow, where the winter wheat was already green; he could see the brook which ran like quicksilver, unimpeded by any ice. And here and there, far away, he could see a farmhouse window where a single light shone, testifying to birth or illness.

We should have snow by now, a lot of it, thought my father. We should have had it in November and December, too. He looked at the sky again, at the crowding and crackling stars, and the great white moon. He studied it all with a countryman's wisdom, searching for a single cloud. It was cold enough for snow; in fact, it was very cold.

He suddenly recalled that, according to the farm magazines, lack of rainfall and snow was causing farmers all over the country considerable uneasiness He scowled at the dry stars and the dry moon. The smoke from his pipe curled up before his face, straight as a stick. He tested the ground with his feet; it was hard as concrete. However, the winter wheat—

Then all at once, according to my father, the moon was gone.

He looked up alertly, pleased and expectant. It was clouding up.

But it was not "clouding up." The stars flared into greater brillance now that the moonlight was gone, and the frail shadows of them lay on the cold earth. My father waited; he was certain it must be a cloud. He watched for the moon to emerge.

It did not emerge. Where it had been was a small black roundness like a hole in the purplish sky of midnight. It was barely perceptible, and had there not been a moon a few moments ago my father would not even have noticed it. It's surely a cloud, just as big as the face of the moon, thought my father. Again he waited. And now the silence had a quality of terror in it. *(Continued on page 87)*

It wasn't surprising that Liz was fooled by the man next door . . .
He didn't look like a man who hated children
by Hilda Cole Espy
do

MARIO VERDI stood in one corner of Hobson's General Store waiting to pay for his paper and his tobacco. He was a taut young man with a lean face and dark, wavy hair. He wore a navy blue shirt open at the collar and gray trousers. He was listening with a small, secret smile to a voice. It was a warm, gay voice with a trace of huskiness.

"Peter, give the man your nickel. Paul, don't make such a mess with the cone, darling. Gale, put those caramels back and pick something else. They'd goo up your braces so that you'd go crazy— What, Paul? *No*, Paul. A thousand times, no . . ."

Mario was tempted to stick his head around the magazine rack that hid the noisy group from his view. The sound of children's voices awakened mixed emotions within him. He was a little homesick for family bedlam, being the eldest of seven Verdis. He was also thinking, There, but for the grace of God, go I. There, but for the success of *Sauce for the Goose*, the score of which he had composed, and the existence of summer camps, to which he had been able to send five brothers and sisters (the youngest, six-year-old Tia, remaining with Mom), would Mario be — surrounded by yelping siblings.

Mr. Hobson, making change for Mario, saw his smile, decided that it was wistful and went into action.

"Johnny! Come here," he called.

At once a bright-eyed boy about eleven appeared.

"Now, never say I didn't do you any favors, John," said Hobson. "Know who this is? This is maybe *(Continued on page 70)*

not disturb

ILLUSTRATED BY

by Mary Davis Gillies

it doesn't look like the same place

The living room of a 30-year-old house in St. Paul takes a new lease on life with soft colors and imaginative remodeling

Whether to buy a new or an old house is often a question. If you like large rooms and a gracious air an old house may be the best buy. Here you see how one family transformed the ordinary living room of a typical house of the 1920s by throwing two rooms into one, simplifying the architectural details and providing a unifying color scheme. Against the soft gray-blue of walls, carpet and curtains, the old family pieces and modern ones get along together as comfortably as a group of old friends. The accessories acquired over the years are almost a directory of vacation trips.

Remodeling the fireplace was the simplest change. The high, nondescript mantel was removed, the brick facing was painted black and framed with a heavy bolection molding. Above it a painting in smoky grays is hung off-center, balanced by a figurine of Bonnie Prince Charlie on the shelf. Color highlights are provided by ruby-red velvet chairs and a charcoal sofa opposite fireplace

DRIFTWOOD PLANKING, WEYERHAEUSER SALES COMPANY
CARPET, NEEDLETUFT RUG MILLS
DECORATOR, MARY I. BRANDT

Taking down the wall that divided the old living room from den made one long room extending from front to back of the house. (The ceiling beam indicates the original partition.) The furniture is arranged so that the whole room may be used for large parties and for small conversation groups as well. This end, planned for reading and record playing, is paneled in driftwood-finished boards. Bookshelves and an enclosed radiator frame the front window

The two photographs below were taken in the original living room. One shows the wall blocking off one end of the space; the other was taken after the wall came down, and the big room was planned

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEDRICH-BLESSING

TURN TO PAGE 119 TO SEE REMODELED HALL

The glorious years of a marriage

This is the third installment of Mary Pickford's autobiography. In preceding installments Miss Pickford has described her early years as an actress. At the age of five, shortly after her father's death, she went on the stage. Later she toured with her mother and her younger sister and brother, Lottie and Jack. She had her first Broadway role in a David Belasco production when she was thirteen. At fifteen she began her moving-picture career, earning $40 a week at the Biograph Studios in New York City. Eight years later, as a $10,000-a-week star, she had become the focal point of the entire moving-picture industry. Success did little, however, to compensate for her tragic personal life. Involved in a disastrous marriage to actor Owen Moore, Mary had given up all hope of happiness, until she met Douglas Fairbanks.——THE EDITORS

I NEVER for a moment thought of my first meeting with Douglas Fairbanks in a romantic light — at least not at the time — and I'm quite certain Douglas didn't either. I don't recall giving him much thought afterward. I buried myself in my work and, in fact, tried to do as little thinking as possible about myself. After the bitterness of my marriage to Owen Moore I hadn't the remotest suspicion that I would ever fall in love again. Resolved to grin and bear my marital situation, I was prepared to devote my future entirely to my career.

Then I met Douglas for the second time. I was living at the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York City, and he at the Algonquin. Frank Case, the proprietor of the Algonquin and a very close friend of Douglas' (later to become, with Mrs. Case, beloved friends of mine too), gave a dance, to which I was invited. Since it was Saturday night, I again did the unusual thing of accepting. Between dances Douglas and I sat on a couch in the hotel lobby and talked about motion pictures.

"Do you know who are the two outstanding artists in pantomime?" he asked, and amazed me by naming Charlie Chaplin and me. He went on to say that I had mastered the art through a great economy of gesture. "You do less apparent acting than anyone else I know, and because of that you express more," he said in that warm, emphatic way of his.

I thought at first that he was joking, and told him so. I was so unaccustomed to being spoken to that way. Owen, for reasons of his own —human and understandable, no doubt—had only pushed me down with the most merciless gibes about my work. It was like a breath of new life, listening to this praise, amazing and encouraging at the same time.

I hugged the echo of Douglas' words for days, repeating them over and over again to myself. I had been living in half shadows, and now this brilliant light was suddenly cast upon me, this sunlight of Douglas' approval and admiration.

How can I possibly convey the impact of this man's personality, the terrific vitality, the complete, childlike *(Continued on page 127)*

that couldn't last

Honeymooning abroad in 1920, Mary and Doug were besieged by crowds everywhere they went. Enthusiastic London fans snatched Mary halfway out of a moving car

Charlie Chaplin, Douglas and Mary were inseparable friends. Charlie's and Doug's real-life antics were wilder and funnier than anything they did in moving pictures

Mary in a scene from *Pollyanna* (1920), one of the many children's roles she played when she was grown up. "My only real childhood was lived through these roles"

Only family and intimate friends attended Mary's and Douglas' wedding in Los Angeles. *Left to right:* Charles Chaplin, Edward Knoblock (playwright), Marjorie Daw, Robert Fairbanks, Mary's brother Jack Pickford and her mother

The freshest, prettiest cottons

on the summer scene to wear from now till fall

Cottons

A casual, completely charming long-sleeved shirt dress, peppermint-striped, with billowing skirt. The narrow elastic belt cinches the case for a little waistline. About $13

Wide bands of stripes are set diagonally into the gently flared, gored skirt of a cool, beautifully detailed sun dress. It has a wide V-neckline both front and back. About $13

Three-toned stripes worked into a V-patterned bodice give an enchanting little-girl look. The dress has tiny-buttoning puff sleeves, full gathered skirt. About $13

ALL BY McKETTRICK OF AVONDALE'S MIGNONNE CHAMBRAY AT STORES ON PAGE 51

by Estelle Lane Brent

that bloom in the summer

FURNITURE DESIGNED BY PAUL McCOBB
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARMEN SCHIAVONI

For starlight or sun, a bare-shouldered charmer of Bates Disciplined cotton, the organdy bodice embroidered in red. Tiny hug-me-tight jacket not shown. About $23

A neatly tucked bodice, tiny waist and soft unpressed pleats for a beguiling cotton sheer in frosty white. The woven stripe is composed of little red flowers. About $18

The brilliant plaid is outlined with delicate hemstitching in this fully lined tissue chambray dress. The draped handkerchief bodice ties at the shoulders. About $23

ALL BY MAXINE BENTLEY FOR YOUTH GUILD AT STORES ON PAGE 51

Continued on next page

Cottons that bloom in the summer

as fresh and gay as a rose garden

1

2

1 A bright fisherman's shirt with tiny roses and white stitching is matched to white shorts cuffed with the same rose print. Both about $6

2 Wonderful matching separates, massed with roses, have little bows at the shoulders and sides of skirt. Blouse about $8, skirt about $11

3 Brilliant white coverall has a deep plunging halter. In Wellington Sears Top Sail. About $13. Rose print tote bag by MM. About $17

3

ALL BY KENN BARR FOR CASINO CLASSICS AT STORES ON PAGE 51

1 A deep portrait neckline threaded with black velvet ribbon, little cap sleeves, on a princess dress which has its own built-in petticoat. About $13

2 Soft, pretty sleeveless dress cut for easy comfort, striped with little roses. Notice the face-framing bow, swirling skirt of unpressed pleats. About $11

3 Romantic, full-skirted dress with its own petticoat has pale pink roses on misty green. The molded torso displays a neat, pretty waist. About $13

PARASOLS FROM UNCLE SAM UMBRELLA SHOP

1

2

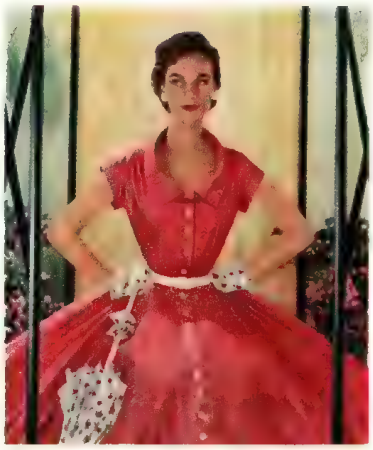
ALL BY JERRY GILDEN OF TEXTILE LOOMS EVERGLAZE COMBED COTTON LAWN AT STORES ON PAGE 51

3

Continued on next page

Cottons that bloom in the summer

bright with hothouse colors



1

3

CORO JEWELRY

2

1 A glowing carnation color for our cover coat dress. The scoop neckline is framed by a stand-up collar, the tiny waist emphasized by a flaring skirt. About $15

2 Carnation-colored blouse has a square neckline, triple collar. About $6. Tapered pants, printed with rosebuds, have an attached cummerbund, zip in back. About $9

3 Leaf-green coat, with patch pockets and back belt, about $15, over a sleeveless sheath. The dress, printed with rosebuds, has a wide green tucked cummerbund. About $13

ALL BY KORET OF CALIFORNIA IN PIMA COTTON WITH AN EVERGLAZE FINISH AT STORES OPPOSITE

1 Brilliant tangerine for narrow toreador pants. About $10. To match, a demure white shirt, the collar, cuffs and the button-front outlined with tangerine scallops. About $10

2 Fern-green poplin, allover embroidered in white, for a slim, mandarin-collared coat dress that buttons all the way down the front. Skirt has a pocket on either side. About $23

3 Citron yellow little-girl play dress with demure white collar has a narrow patent belt, ends just above the knees. About $15. Little matching rompers. About $6

ALL BY JEANNE CAMPBELL FOR SPORTWHIRL
IN WILLIAM SIMPSON'S EVERGLAZE POPLIN AT STORES BELOW

1

2

3

ALL THE DRESSES ON THESE SIX PAGES AT THESE STORES
AND ALSO AT STORES ON PAGE 134

Billings, **Hart-Albin Company**
Brooklyn, **Abraham & Straus**
Columbus, **The F. & R. Lazarus Company**
Denver, **The Denver Dry Goods Company**
Indianapolis, **L. S. Ayres & Company**
Lincoln, **Ben Simon & Sons**
Los Angeles, **Bullock's Downtown**
Milwaukee, **Boston Store**
Newark, **Kresge-Newark**
Omaha, **J. L. Brandeis & Sons**
New York, **Bloomingdale's**
Philadelphia, **Strawbridge & Clothier**
Richmond, **Thalhimer's**
St. Louis, **Scruggs Vandervoort Barney**
St. Paul, **The Golden Rule**
Seattle, **Frederick & Nelson**
Toledo, **LaSalle & Koch Company**
Wilmington, **Brannstein's, Inc.**

Eleanor Roosevelt

if you ask me

PETER MARTIN

Mrs. Roosevelt enjoys a weekend at home, inspecting the trees and flowers on her farm in upstate New York

Q ***You have said so many people in public life act scared today. I'd be more interested to have you name a few people who, in your opinion, are acting courageous in public life today.***

I should say that Senator Herbert H. Lehman has always acted courageously and with great integrity. I also think President Eisenhower acts with courage and integrity, but I am inclined to feel that on occasion the President lets things drop when it would be better to put more power back of them. There are, of course, a great many other people acting with courage and integrity.

I would like to say that I have great admiration for people who are willing to state where they stand and who do not fall into the habit of using the methods of Fascists and Communists simply because they have heard that this is the only way to protect ourselves from Fascism or Communism.

Q ***Do you and your immediate family say grace before eating a meal? Could you tell us what you say?***

No, we don't say grace except when a minister is present. Then I always invite him to say it.

Q ***In his memoirs the late Harold Ickes quotes your husband as follows: "My missus, unlike most women, hasn't any sense about money at all." Are there really any grounds for the President to have made such a statement?***

I don't know. My husband felt when I earned money that I sometimes gave away too much of it and that it slipped through my fingers in some worthless extravagances. He was probably right, and I should have been more careful and saved some of it for the future, but I never did. As far as my husband's money was concerned I think I was always very careful, because he only allowed so much for running the house and for the things for which we paid on a fifty-fifty basis, and it would have been impossible for me to misuse his money.

Q ***In his book,* The President Was My Boss, *William Hassett indicates that the food was not up to par while you and your husband were in the White House. Was there any special reason for this?***

I understand that Mr. Hassett believed this, and I know quite a number of my own family felt it was so. I imagine the real reason is that I do not know much about food. I have a good appetite, and I eat what is put before me. When my husband was young he used to feel the same way, though there were certain things he always liked, such as game and terrapin, and he used to be particular about how these were cooked. To be sufficiently fresh, it seemed to me, the wild duck was supposed to fly through the kitchen. I can't bear gory meat, and therefore I never ate it, but our wild duck was always cooked that way, and probably it was among the few things really done as a connoisseur would like it. I accept the criticism with regret and the realization that I should have done a better job.

Q ***To what person do you turn for help when you have a deep spiritual problem?***

I don't think I turn to anyone. One must face things oneself. I have, of course, one or two friends with whom I talk things over occasionally, but if it is a personal decision of a spiritual nature I don't see how anyone could make it for one. This is a case where one must pray for guidance but decide for oneself.

Q ***I know you never wanted to be famous, but I get the feeling that celebrities can't help developing a taste for fame and would feel lost and lonely without it. Am I at all right about this in your case?***

I really don't know, because I never thought about it. I have never felt famous. I have done whatever was offered me to do whenever I could, but if opportunities did not come I am quite sure I should not feel either lost or lonely. I would go about my own business, narrowing down to a more intimate, personal circle and in many ways, I imagine, being happier for this opportunity of deepening contacts rather than spreading them so thin.

Q ***Have you ever taken an I.Q. or similar intelligence test, and do you know how you came out?***

No. In my younger days there were no such tests.

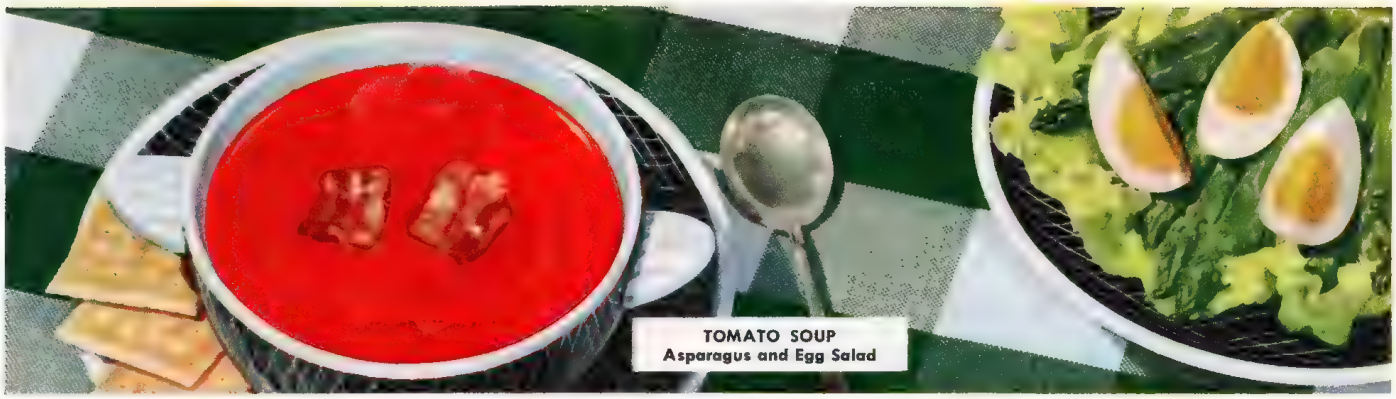
Q ***Do you agree with the idea that a woman can usually size up people better and faster than her husband can? I'd like to know whether this was the case with you and Mr. Roosevelt.***

I do not think that all women are better at judging people than men. I know that certain women have very keen intuition, but I have also known extremely intuitive men, so I think it is not really a question of sex but of the kind of person you happen to be.

Q ***Do you ever take sleeping pills?***

No, I have never taken sleeping pills.

Address letters to Mrs. Roosevelt care of McCall's magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



See what grand, easy meals you can plan around Soup!

BY Anne Marshall

ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

You don't need a lot of time . . . or a lot of fussing—to serve tempting, nutritious meals! They can be quick, easy and *delicious*, if you plan them around big, appetizing bowls of soup.

Tomato Soup, perhaps, tasting of glorious, vine-ripened tomatoes blended with butter. Or Vegetable Soup, with its rich array of 15 garden vegetables in beef stock. Or that great favorite, Beef Noodle Soup—a combination of tender beef and golden egg noodles in beef stock.

Just the thing—any one of them—to high-spot a tempting, easy menu.

Good cooks keep a full soup shelf

VEGETABLE SOUP
Western Sandwich on Whole Wheat Bread
BEEF NOODLE SOUP
Fresh Pineapple and Strawberry Salad
MAY SUGGESTIONS FOR USING Campbell's SOUPS

Starring extra tenderness!

They're Libby's!

ENJOY THESE OTHER LIBBY VEGETABLES, TOO:
Spinach • Beets • Asparagus
Lima Beans • Tomatoes • Pumpkin
Stringless Beans • Peas and Carrots
Garden Mixed Vegetables

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago 9, Ill.

Libby's extra tenderness means EXTRA FLAVOR! They taste almost as though you picked 'em yourself in your own back yard—Libby's are so summer-sweet and *tender!*

And the prices are such budget-helpers, you'd better stock up with plenty of Libby's Peas and Libby's Corn (both whole kernel and cream-style).

GET LIBBY'S . . . NONE PICKED FRESHER . . . PACKED FASTER!

Women's Club Notes From All Over

by Christine Sadler

SPARE-A-DIME DEPARTMENT: Clubwomen become chorus girls once a year in Coral Gables, Florida, to raise money for the dental clinic they operate for public-school children. "It's a wonderful way to get off those extra pounds," says Mrs. E. B. Arnold. The take from their musical efforts is around $4,000.

"Nickels for Nurses" enable the Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs to continue its nursing scholarship program. Girls really interested in nursing receive outright gifts from the group, are not expected to repay except in service.

Tag days and stock-car races help the Junior Woman's Club of Billings, Montana, operate a receiving home for homeless, abandoned or neglected children. Three years old now, the home has given temporary care to more than 400 babies, won praise from county officials and other citizens. Mrs. T. R. Barnes, 2601 Glenwood Lane, will tell you how it operates.

Ever travel 300,000 miles without packing a suitcase? Helen Irwin, national head of Business and Professional Women in Des Moines, says it's easy to do if you live in Iowa. Iowa BPW members see that she is packed to go on a minute's notice, do her shopping, keep her apartment in order and are ready to type for her day or night.

A favorite clubwoman in Georgia is Mrs. Marcus B. Calhoun, Jr., of Thomasville, who turned her toddler daughter's playpen into an "office" and let the tot have the rest of the room—so she could get more club work done. (Among other things, she is state director of Junior Women's Clubs.)

How much pocket money should you give your child? This is a question which Home and School Associations, sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Women, are giving an airing. They are getting answers from "jury panels" of parents and schoolchildren. "We thought both sides might benefit from this," says Mrs. George A. O'Sullivan of St. Louis, Missouri, national chairman.

In Rutland, Vermont, the Council of Jewish Women operates a bookmobile in the hospital. The patients enjoy the visits as much as the books.

Soroptimists of Portland, Maine, bought a Geiger counter and isotopes for cancer research at the Maine Medical Center. Other members of the same group refurnished a kitchen for the Convalescent Home for Children in Washington, D. C.

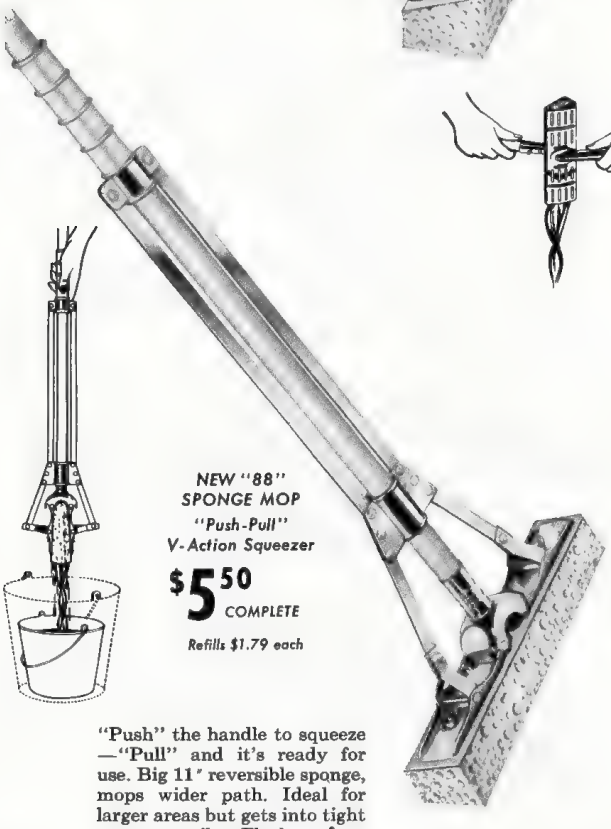
A Girl Scout Troop for the handicapped is the pride of Cabot Club, which sponsors it in Middleboro, Massachusetts.

Shoppers and visitors can rest their feet and park their babies in Yakima, Washington, and Douglas, Wyoming, in lounges sponsored by club groups and operated under their supervision.

Continued on page 56

FAMOUS
"76" SPONGE MOP
$4.50 *COMPLETE*
Refills $1.49 each

You simply press the water out of the thirsty cellulose sponge with the handy built-in squeezer. Keeps hands dry—saves mopping time.



NEW "88"
SPONGE MOP
"Push-Pull"
V-Action Squeezer
$5.50 *COMPLETE*
Refills $1.79 each

"Push" the handle to squeeze —"Pull" and it's ready for use. Big 11" reversible sponge, mops wider path. Ideal for larger areas but gets into tight corners easily. Flushes clean in smallest pail.

For Quick Clean-ups in Every Room!

There's nothing quite so handy as an O-Cedar Sponge Mop for daily clean-up jobs. Use it damp to give your floors that sparkling, just-scrubbed look—use it as a practical worksaver in dozens of additional ways. For complete satisfaction, get a genuine O-Cedar Sponge Mop with a five year written guarantee.

O-Cedar SPONGE MOPS

...the wet mops that keep your hands dry!

Washing Walls

Waxing Floors

Cleaning Windows

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Tune in "Meet Millie"
CBS Television Network

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On fresh, frozen, or canned peas, the flavor of new Allsweet stands out!

Open your mouth and say A-a-allsweet!

that fresh, natural flavor you love!

Help yourself and heap 'em high . . . green peas have never tasted so good!

Melted and mingling with the good green peas, new *Instant*-Flavor Allsweet brings you that fresh, natural flavor you love . . . the moment it touches your tongue.

Maybe you thought you'd never find such flavor in a margarine. But Allsweet is now made a new way, to give you all its delicate, natural flavor, all at once. Equally as wonderful on hot foods or cold.

It spreads easily, almost as it comes from the refrigerator. It gives you the maximum in margarine nutrition, with each quarter foil-wrapped. No artificial flavoring is ever added.

A very good way to prove all this is to get some peas and some new *Instant*-Flavor Allsweet. The Allsweet package is blue and yellow. The pleasure's all yours—instantly!

BE ALLSWEET'S GUEST
. . . ON ABC RADIO,
Don McNeill's Breakfast Club
. . . ON CBS-TV,
The Garry Moore Show

SWIFT . . . TO SERVE YOUR FAMILY BETTER

Women's club notes

Continued from page 54

Dropped during Depression years, kindergartens are again part of public school in Fargo, North Dakota, because the P.T.A. worked patiently to get them back. "The classes are not for baby-sitting purposes, but important to a child's education," says Mrs. Clifton Miller, district P.T.A. president.

The City Council of Boise, Idaho, doesn't meet until Mrs. E. B. Carpenter arrives. Observer for the League of Women Voters for nine years, she is called the "fifth councilman." She's in charge of a two-year study of state taxes among the Leagues of Idaho, but travel never keeps her from council meetings. "I threaten to become a permanent fixture at City Hall."

A Dutch farm woman has had a free trip to America, thanks to Miss Blanche Coit, internationally minded home demonstration agent of Pennsylvania. As a retirement present to Miss Coit the women of Bradford and Sullivan counties contributed $900 to Associated Country Women of the World to bring a leader of Dutch country women here.

ADD A STAR TO THE CROWN OF North Carolina's Federation of Women's Clubs for its new "Help a Home" program launched in co-operation with the state's department of public welfare. The aim is to improve living conditions of needy families with donations of used household articles, clothing and sometimes cash. Items given are listed, examined and kept where they are until the agency has a specific need for them. Mrs. W. J. P. Earnhardt, of Edenton, club chairman, says cribs for all babies, study lights for schoolchildren, chairs and eating utensils for all members of a family are part of the goal. For more on the program write Nelson W. Stephenson, Consultant on Community Services, Department of Public Welfare, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Three Homemakers Clubs of Rockville, Maryland, are set for their third summer of recreation for preschool children of Twinbrook subdivision. A paid supervisor, assisted each day by six mothers, keeps 300 tots busy and happy. A show for parents—usually a Dress-Up Day with Little Bo-Peep and tiny "Miss Bikinis" in evidence—ends the summer.

Two hundred new dresses a year for needy schoolchildren are made by the sewing group of Ravenswood Woman's Club in Chicago and distributed through the Children's Aid Society. This club started its women's chorus a half-century ago, and its voices —new and old—are still singing.

Women of 15 churches co-operate in holding Sunday-afternoon song and worship services for elderly residents of the Marion County Home in Fairmont, West Virginia.

Husbands are members of the League of Women Voters in Dallas, Texas, with all privileges except voting, which they now want. Discussions rarely divide along male-female lines. "But you should have heard us on jury service for women," says Herbert Rogers. "Frankly, we men were against it."

Unwilling to have their state's primary interests listed as "divorce" and "gambling," Business and Professional Women have a program of publicity on other interests and opportunities in Nevada.

McCall's *How To Plan a Club Program* is a basic text for every program chairman. It will help you plan speaker meetings, lecture and panel forums, buzz sessions and discussion meetings for your own organization. Send 25¢ in stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada write to 133 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario.

ROBERT FRANK

Found: a way to prevent

miscarriages

Even for those who've had them repeatedly, this simple method works 91 per cent of the time

Jim and Betty Lowell had been married for eight months when Betty became pregnant. The day Betty's doctor confirmed the news she and Jim celebrated by going out to dinner in high style. They changed the baby's name a dozen times during the evening and thought of eight different ways to fit a child into their apartment.

Betty Lowell wanted a baby, and she didn't miss dotting an "i" or crossing a "t." She followed her doctor's instructions to the letter—drank eight (not seven) glasses of water a day, took her calcium pills (even when she was downtown for lunch), allowed herself only one sundae a month (right after the visit to her doctor). For good measure she listened intently to the advice offered by her mother, who had five children, and Jim's mother, who had raised a family of three. Despite this diligence she woke with severe pains one night during her fourth month. Jim rushed her to the hospital, where she had her first miscarriage.

In the next eight years Betty Lowell became pregnant six more times and had six more miscarriages.

Two years ago, at thirty-one, Betty was a childless woman. But she still had not learned to make her peace with that fact. In each successive pregnancy it seemed as if surely "This time it will be all right." Each time there was new hope for a few months, and even a touch of that wonderful excitement she and Jim had showed when they first found that she was going to have a baby.

During those eight heartbreaking years the Lowells tried everything. Both of them were examined by *(Continued on page 58)*

by Jane Whitbread and Vivian Cadden

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New Booklet Tells How

You'll bake, broil and cook—easier, faster, more economically with a modern LP-Gas range. Have all the advantages of fully insulated ovens, any degree of heat from low, low simmer to instant high-speed; a cooler, cleaner, more attractive kitchen, and all the latest automatic features.

Your friendly LP-Gas Dealer can help you select the model best suited to your needs. Also, ask him about LP-Gas refrigeration, water heating, home heating, clothes drying, incineration and the many other ways LP-Gas lends a helping hand. And remember—*dependable* Liquefied Petroleum Gas is the fuel you can store and always have plenty on hand!

See the wonderful, new LP-Gas refrigerator that actually makes ice cubes and stores them in a basket. No trays to spill or forget to refill—it's entirely automatic! Frozen food compartment, Quick-Cold shelf, Dew-Action food freshener, big storage space, Automatic Defroster. Positively silent—no moving parts to wear out!

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My whole family wants to see the new booklet, "Better Living with LP-GAS." My dime is enclosed.

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STATE_____

A way to prevent miscarriages

Continued from page 57

several specialists. No one ever found anything wrong with either of them that might explain Betty's inability to carry a child beyond the fifth month.

In 1949 Betty heard about stilbestrol, a synthetic ovarian hormone which some specialists believed would help curb miscarriage. With a doctor's encouragement she decided to try again. She became pregnant and took the hormone religiously for the four months the pregnancy lasted.

The "stilbestrol pregnancy" was the last Betty had with anyone's approval, or with any hope for results. By then, however gently he put it, each doctor she turned to said the same thing: "Mrs. Lowell, I can't see any promise in a case like yours. In fact, you are tempting fate if you continue trying to have a baby. Miscarriage is often nature's way of casting off a defective embryo or fetus. You must consider your own health. In all conscience I must discourage you from trying again."

Betty's mother and Jim's echoed the doctors. Underlying their pleas was real anxiety for her. They urged her to adopt a child and to take stringent precautions to avoid what would surely be another disappointment and even a tragedy.

The strain on Jim finally told. He angrily demanded that they call a halt to the endless cycle of hope and anguish, to the staggering doctors' bills, and to what he called the senseless threat to Betty's health.

It took two more miscarriages to convince her. Then, overwhelmed with guilt at her own inadequacy, and filled with revulsion for her unnatural body that could not even perform the fundamental task of womanhood, she vowed, "Never again."

In the summer of 1951 the Lowells were on a brief vacation in Vermont and Betty met a woman, even older than she was, with a five-month-old baby. Betty speculated as to whether she had married late or adopted the baby, and finally asked her. When the woman told her the child was her own first baby, born after years of repeated miscarriages, all Betty's resolution went out the window.

BACK home in New York, Betty made an appointment with her new friend's doctor.

In the doctor's office she submitted to a battery of tests—most of which were all too familiar to her. Then she went through the story of her seven futile pregnancies in wearying detail. She found it excruciating to relive the disappointments, and experience again the shame and sorrow she felt each time Jim had taken her home from the hospital with empty arms. Time and again she broke down and cried.

The doctor's reaction was friendly, but not commiserating. In fact, at one point his apparent lack of concern drove Betty to accuse him of treating her as if she had nothing more serious than a common cold. With that he assured her there was no reason why she would not have a normal baby if she decided to try again. He wanted to see her frequently, even before she conceived, and he wanted to see Jim too.

She went home filled once more with the unsettling mixture of anticipation and fear she had known so often, but determined to persuade her husband that he should at least *talk* to the doctor.

Last September Betty delivered a lusty seven-pound, three-ounce baby boy. The birth of a child is always a wondrous event, especially to his parents, but to Betty and Jim this baby was a miracle of the ages.

Prelude to the miracle was the therapy that started on that very first visit to the doctor, months before she conceived, and carried through nine months of pregnancy. It is a method of handling what doctors call repeated or habitual abortion, reported on by Dr. Carl T. Javert of New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center at the annual meeting of the Academy of Obstetrics and Gynecology in Cincinnati last December.

Miscarriage has always been a major obstetrical problem, as well as an urgent human problem. At least one in every ten pregnancies ends in miscarriage. Despite this high incidence, the woman who has had only one spontaneous abortion has a better than 95 per cent chance of going through pregnancy and delivery perfectly normally the second time. But with each successive miscarriage the odds against her ever having a baby drop sharply. When a woman has had three miscarriages with no babies her chances of becoming a mother drop to less than three in ten.

It is these repeaters that Dr. Javert and his colleagues at the Woman's Clinic of New York Hospital undertook to study and treat. The 100 women reported on had experienced a total of 420 pregnancies before treatment, and 95 per cent of these had ended in spontaneous abortion. Each woman had had at least three, and some as many as seven, consecutive miscarriages. After following the prescribed treatment they completely reversed their habitual pattern, and 91 of the 100 women delivered fine healthy babies. This study proves that repeated miscarriage can be stopped. It also disproves the widely held belief that spontaneous abortion is nature's way of casting off a defective fetus.

THE treatment that brings such spectacular results begins, as in the case of Betty Lowell, well before conception. A woman who has been through one miscarriage after another is tired and discouraged. The very thought of trying again galvanizes all her fears and anxieties.

The doctor's first job was to make Betty believe that she could have a baby. He was able to assure her, by tests and examination, that she was physically fit. He encouraged her to tell him about her worries. His own confidence in the outcome did much to persuade her that this time it might really be different. The doctor banked heavily on having Jim on his side. Explaining the treatment to him helped win Jim's cooperation.

Betty, like any other woman with a problem, was helped by learning that she was not alone in her despair and that other women, even worse off than she, had triumphed over their difficulties. On her first visit to the office the doctor showed her a scrapbook full of records and pictures of other patients and their babies. In the waiting room she met a woman who was seven months along, past the danger point, and one who was back for postnatal care. A third woman was well into her second successful pregnancy.

From the beginning Betty took 5 mgs. of vitamin K and mammoth daily doses of vitamin C—150 mgs. in tablet form and 350 mgs. in fruit (four large glasses of orange juice a day, for example). She continued this throughout her pregnancy.

(Continued on page 60)

Watch for Special 25th Anniversary Sale

At your favorite store soon!
Bargains by the dozens!

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BETTER BUY BIRDS EYE—SPECIALLY DURING THE 25th ANNIVERSARY SALE!

(Continued from page 58)

As soon as she became pregnant Betty began to follow a rigid regime which she and Jim had agreed on with the doctor at her first visit.

They refrained from sexual intercourse, and even from sex play during the entire pregnancy.

Betty stopped taking hot baths and used no mineral oil.

There were times, especially through the third and fourth months, when Betty was so tense and worried that she couldn't sleep at night and her days were spent in expectation of the imminent recurrence of the familiar pattern of abortion. Every crick or growl in her stomach, every slight wave of nausea seemed to her to signal another miscarriage. During these months the doctor prescribed mild sedatives for her. He encouraged her to telephone him at any time, day or night, and during these anxious months she saw him weekly.

These visits were not the kind of checkups she was used to, but opportunities to talk about what was on her mind. She always came home with more confidence in the final outcome. As the weeks and months went by her fears abated. She dared to believe she would actually have a baby. From the start the doctor had urged her to keep busy, and now she really found herself wanting to make plans and preparations for the new child—something she hadn't done since her first brief pregnancy seven years back. Once the fifth month had passed she visited the doctor only once a month and slept without sedation.

While the treatment Betty followed was new in many ways, it also eliminated some measures she had come to expect as routine. Dr. Javert reports that thyroid, which is often given to women with a history of miscarriage, is given only when the basal metabolism rate is below normal. Vitamin E has been discontinued from treatment with no ill effects. Most important, however, is the deletion of stilbestrol and progesterone. These two hormones have been widely used in recent years on the theory that they help provide a healthy environment for the ovum. When Dr. Javert and his colleagues found that patients who went without them fared as well or better than those who took the hormones they were eliminated entirely without affecting the rate of success.

THE philosophy behind this new treatment is that miscarriage results from a combination of physical and emotional factors.

Dr. Javert believes one of the physical factors is a nutritional defect. In a medical paper some years ago he noted that patients who come for threatened abortion often report other bleeding as well: nosebleeds, chronic bleeding gums, easy bruising. He began testing the vitamin C content of the blood of these patients at the time of the threatened miscarriage, and found many of them seriously deficient in this important antihemorrhagic nutrient. This is why he starts women off on massive doses of vitamin C at the first visit.

He also noticed these patients often had such a sensitive uterus that gentle pressure on the abdomen would cause a contraction. No one knows whether the woman with a "jumpy" uterus that contracts this easily is born that way or whether it is just another expression of a generally jumpy personality. In any event, one of the major objectives of the treatment at New York Hospital is to forestall premature contractions by eliminating the direct causes.

The danger of sexual intercourse in the occasional interruption of pregnancy has been a subject for obstetrical debate since ancient times. Doctors today notice that miscarriage often happens within twenty-four hours after intercourse, especially at the time of the usual menstrual period, and many of them warn all their patients to refrain from intercourse at that time. Dr. Javert himself noted 20 of 28 patients questioned at the time of miscarriage had had sexual relations just prior to the onset of labor. Clearly sexual intercourse is dangerous for women who are predisposed to premature contractions.

On the psychic side, doctors have long observed that the uterus, like the skin, is a remarkable outlet for tension and fear. Anxiety may make the hands perspire. It can also make the uterus contract. Fear and stress work on the endocrine glands affecting the uterus and cause contractions and hemorrhage—the two common events in any spontaneous abortion. For this reason the doctors working on the study believe building the self-confidence of patients and allaying their fears is an indispensable part of the psychological treatment.

DR. JAVERT'S momentous study will give new hope to the hundreds of thousands of couples who are childless because of repeated miscarriage. It brings close the time when the woman who cannot carry her baby will be a medical rarity. The treatment which has broken the pattern of miscarriage in such a high percentage of cases is not only inexpensive but simple, and well within the capacity of all well-trained obstetricians and physicians. It takes a little more time and personal attention than the average maternity patient usually receives, but the end clearly justifies the means. For once the pattern is broken and the woman succeeds in becoming a mother her problem is apparently licked forever. With much less anxiety, and much less attention, she goes on to future pregnancies with the same success. Eighteen of the hundred patients in the study have already experienced forty-five additional pregnancies and have second or third children, and one is the mother of seven. THE END

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VEGETABLES		FRUIT	MEAT	FISH
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Cabbage	Radishes	Citrus juices*	Broilers, fryers	Rock lobster tails
Corn*	Snap beans	Grapefruit	Canned meat	Scallops
Cucumbers	Spinach	Oranges	Frankfurters	Swordfish steaks
Lettuce	Sweet potatoes*	Pears*	Veal	Whitefish
Onions	Tomatoes*	Pineapple		
Peas*		Rhubarb		DAIRY
*Canned		Strawberries		Eggs

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A FULL QUART!

SUNSWEET
PRUNE JUICE

Importance of being father

Continued from page 35

He is not just a substitute mother, even though he's ready and willing to do his share of bathing, feeding, comforting, playing. He is a link with the outside world he works in. If in that world he is interested, courageous, tolerant, constructive, he will pass on these values to his children.

But even if he personally feels like yesterday's leftover milk toast he represents to his children everything they know and feel of strength and protectiveness. He may be browbeaten by his boss all day, but listen to his son talk. "My pop could make that thing work in a minute." "My pop and me can make a kite fly for hours 'n days." "That's nothing. *My* pop won tournaments." It's out of the example of his strength that his children build their own strength and bolster up their feelings of inadequacy.

A good father is a man who spends time with his children, of course. He lets them see what goes on in his office. He takes them to watch the foundation of a building being dug, or to a motorboat show. He puts their first carpentry tools in their hands. He passes on his enthusiasm for his own hobbies.

And, very importantly, he's a person who *approves* of his children as he goes along, who praises them for a job well done instead of condemning them for getting dirty doing it.

And he watches out for the pitfalls in the things they do together. He *doesn't* take his son to the circus when the boy is three, even though he remembers he went wild with pleasure when he was taken at that age. He's smart enough to remember that he also ended up in bed, completely exhausted after the circus, and to wait until his boy is old enough to tolerate all the excitement and noise. He keeps his homemade stories simple, familiar and reassuring — doesn't people them with witches, evil godmothers and bogeymen.

He enjoys the adoration of his little daughter, is affectionate, interested in what she's saying and doing, but detached enough not to overemphasize her hero-worship or to overvalue it.

He expects something from his children in return for what he gives. It is a positive disfavor to a child to let him be all get and no give. A father is, after all, not only Pop — a man whose life is bounded by his children — but Mr. Joseph P. Doe as well. He has his own individuality, his own career, his relation with his wife, his personal and public interests.

Often the different kinds of lives he leads come into conflict. Sometimes, when he's particularly preoccupied with a problem of his own, the kids just plain annoy him. And he feels like slamming the door and going off for a long walk by himself, or sitting down to a good game of cards with the boys.

He isn't always entranced at the idea of explaining the workings of a paper mill to Junior at the end of a long, hard day. Some young fathers, in their eagerness to do well by their children, act as if putting their own feelings or interests first on occasion was high treason. They seem to consider reasonable denials, limits and rules the same thing as harshness, punishment and emotional starvation. But reasonable authority isn't the same thing at all.

Children look to their parents to set up controls and limits, or to restrain them when they cannot restrain themselves. Often clamoring children who are firmly but kindly denied that "one more story" at bedtime end up by accepting the refusal with a feeling of relief. It's as if they themselves knew they had been overstepping the boundary of reasonable demands.

They look to their fathers to guide and lead them, to exercise an authority based on reality — one that educates, instead of restricting.

This doesn't mean that a father must constantly tell his children what's right and what's wrong, what's good and what's bad. Telling a child about good behavior is never so effective as demonstrating that behavior oneself.

But if a father is a good, decent human being, trying to be a better one, thinking, learning and growing, he's leading his children well, whether or not he thinks of himself as a leader. If because of what he is he respects himself and is respected by others, his children will automatically respect him.

And children need this respect for their parents, not only for the security it affords but for happy family life and healthy growth. **THE END**

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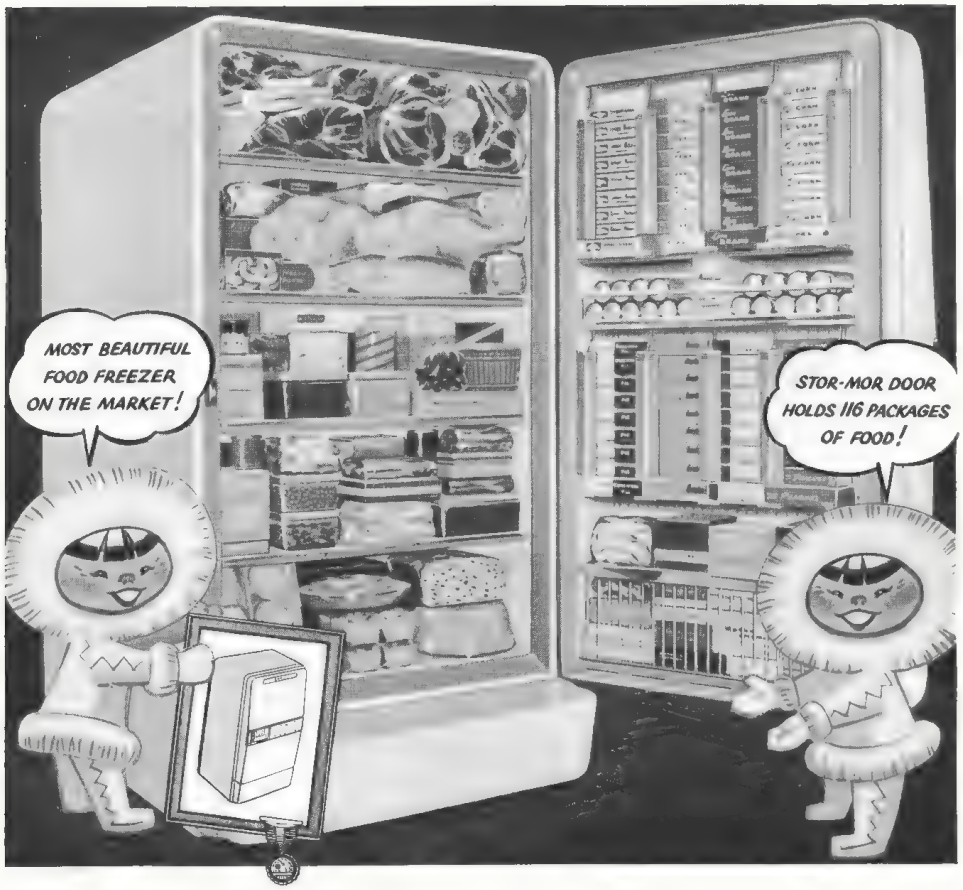

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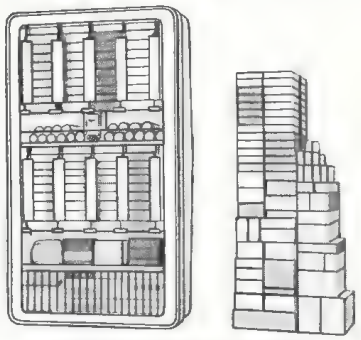

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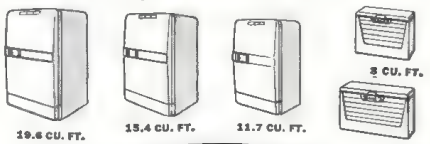

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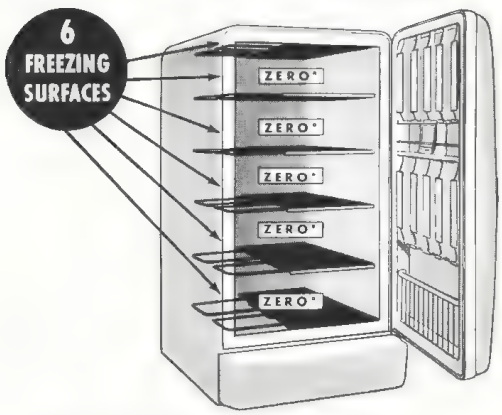

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Have you heard about Lucy?

Continued from page 36

charming, she was a genius at anything from snacks to buffets for twenty and she enjoyed it—but this time Jeff had had an upset stomach and needed all her attention. The day of the tea he was fine, and Jean put on her new seven-fifty hat that was nothing but a velvet doughnut and a twist of veil.

I'll sacrifice something, she thought, looking in the mirror. Jeff can eat hamburger instead of liver.

She left explicit instructions with the sitter, collected her friend Priscilla Sands from next door and they walked to the tea together. Pris was a thin, curly-headed girl, at thirty-one as gawky as a teen-ager. Jean had once told Clare that Pris had the arms and legs of an octopus, though, unfortunately, not the protective screen. But Pris was a good kid, and she and Clare were Jean's closest chums.

As they made their way past various knots of chatting ladies, nodding and smiling, into Clare's living room, Priscilla gasped audibly.

"No! Jean, it can't be *her*!"

Jean was too intent on following Priscilla's scandalized gaze to correct her English.

"Impossible!"

But Clare was signaling them to come up and meet the woman she was talking to—a plump, thirty-five-ish woman in black crepe with sequins and a gray suede beret.

"I can't believe it." Priscilla whispered, upsetting an ash tray. "Oh, dear. He isn't a day over thirty."

"And get the outfit." Jean muttered. "Sequins, yet! For this I blew my son's college education on a hat."

Mrs. Birkett—for it must be she—was smiling at them with interest. Clare, looking nervous and distracted, made the introductions.

"Tom has spoken of you, Mrs. Parry," Mrs. Birkett said, extending her hand. "He told me you had him to dinner and served a veal loaf that he was simply crazy about. He never notices what he eats, so it must be extraordinary."

"How nice," Jean said. "You both must come to dinner soon."

"How good of you," Mrs. Birkett said, as if nothing could delight her more. "And Mrs. Sands. Of course—your husband's Milton lectures are famous. I do hope I'll be able to go to some. And I shall want you all for dinner the minute we're settled, although you'll probably get spaghetti."

"At last, here comes Mrs. Ward," Clare said. "She's going to pour."

Mrs. Ward, in brown velour and matching loafers, bore down on them. Priscilla and Jean, murmuring properly, melted into the crowd.

"Well, she's pleasant," Priscilla said, looking baffled. "Certainly not pretty, but pleasant."

Jean nodded. "A bit on the gushy side, though, don't you think?"

"But she looks right at you," Priscilla said, fracturing glassware and elbows in her course toward the tea table. "As if she meant every word. Can you gush and mean it?"

"I'm sure I—" At that point Jean got distracted. "Pris, would you mind telling me what Bea Scott has on her head? It can't be a tennis racket. Or can it? Bea, dear! What a simply stunning hat!"

THE day of the Homecoming Ball, in mid-October, appointments at Mimi's Beauty Box were as plentiful as Rhodes scholarships. Nonetheless, Jean and Clare, by virtue of long experience, were both under dryers reading last year's movie magazines when Lucy Birkett came in. Jean saw her in the mirror and gasped afresh. She had on a pair of plaid slacks, a red cardigan, and a flowered cotton bandanna over her hair. It just didn't seem possible that she was Tom Birkett's wife.

While Jean was being combed, Clare was waiting to be combed and Lucy was waiting to be done, Lucy said:

"Clare, I've been meaning to ask you about those cookies that you served at the tea. Would you give me the recipe?"

Jean's eyes bulged. This was undoubtedly the first time Clare had ever been asked for a recipe. She was a clever girl, a Phi Bete, a Ph.D., but when it came to homemaking she was innocence abroad. She even took a kind of pride in being deemed a brain instead of a drudge.

"Those gingersnaps?" she asked a bit dazedly, and Lucy nodded. "Why, it's on the side of any package of Puritan gingerbread."

Lucy's look changed to surprise. "But that's the one *I* use, and mine don't come out crisp like yours. You must do something I don't." She added humbly, "But perhaps you'd rather not say. I know one shouldn't ask a cook for her secrets."

Jean's eyebrows shot up. A cook for—! Mimi combed out the last pin curl, whisked off the bib and Jean got up to give Clare her chair. Clare said, rather importantly, "Well, of course I do roll them as thin as paper. That might be it. I never thought they were anything special."

"They are perfect," Lucy said, as if she had polled the college and found one-hundred-per-cent agreement. "I must make mine too thick."

Jean paid Mimi and left.

AT THE dance that night Clare and Brad Thompson shared a table with the Parrys and Warren and Priscilla Sands. They were talking and watching the kids dance when Lucy and Tom arrived.

"Oh, dear," Priscilla said. "What has she got on?"

"From here it looks like a Dr. Denton," Jean murmured.

"It's a white lace dress with a brown sash," Clare said.

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

"My, my," Jean said. "She thinks it's a masquerade and she's come as a peanut-butter sandwich."

"Birkett's working out fine," Steve said. "Good boy."

Clare was beckoning to Lucy. "Brad, get a couple of chairs."

"How nice everyone looks," Lucy said. "Is there anything prettier than a college dance? How wonderful to be eighteen."

"Do join us," Clare said. She introduced all the husbands, and after a few get-acquainted remarks Brad asked Lucy to dance. Shortly afterward, Warren saw someone he wanted Tom to meet and the three men left the table.

"Mrs. Thompson wore beige crepe; Mrs. Sands, green taffeta." Jean said; "Mrs. Parry, her usual navy; and Mrs. Birkett, her usual enthusiasm."

"Oh, for goodness' sake," Clare said. "Why don't you like Lucy?"

"She's too well-adjusted." Jean laughed. "Clare has a crush on Lucy because Lucy thinks she founded the Cordon Bleu."

Surprisingly, Clare didn't laugh. She had laughed over her leather omelets, her rawhide soufflés and her cakes that looked like Dali watches, but this time she just smiled rather woodenly.

"She's a very genuine kind of girl," she said. Nobody replied because just then Amy Banner danced by with Professor Ward.

"My word, she's blued her hair," Pris said. "Looks nice."

"No woman over eighteen ought to wear a page boy," Jean said. "And I'll bet you fifty thousand dollars she is. Is she still on the wagon?"

WHEN Lucy returned from her dance with Brad, she took the chair beside Jean.

"I saw your darling little boy at the playground this morning," she said. "He told me his name was Jeff and he was four years old."

"Right," Jean said. "For once he didn't embellish it."

"Oh, a little." Lucy laughed. "He also said he was a doctor and he had done three operations this morning. He looks just like some child in the movies."

Tom and the others came up just then. Tom laughed. "Always someone has to look like someone else. I look like Cary Grant."

"You do," Lucy said seriously, and Tom cocked an eyebrow at her. He seemed, Jean thought, much more outgoing and relaxed than he had that night at dinner, but of course they were no longer strangers to him. Lucy went on, "Now, that distinguished-looking older man dancing with the lady in purple velvet. He looks like Sir Cedric Hardwicke."

"You'll come to think of him more in terms of Captain Bligh," Jean said, and everyone laughed, because the distinguished man was Dr. Peel, head of the Science Department, distinguished for a Pulitzer Prize and for his remarkable brevity of temper.

"We'd better dance," Tom said, "before you get too involved in this game."

"So that's the famous Dr. Peel," Lucy said, getting up. "I don't recall meeting his wife."

"He's a widower," Steve said. "Has two sons."

"What a shame. Well, then. I'd like to meet him. I think he is a credit to the college, and I want to tell him so."

"Wow!" Jean said when the white and brown had disappeared into the crowd. "Is he in for a thrill!"

Lucy hadn't much idea of protocol, because before Jean had even got around to calling on her, Lucy telephoned to invite her for coffee.

"I know I should make it tea," she said, apologizing for the lesser breach, "but since we're not really settled, I thought perhaps you and Clare and Priscilla might come by tomorrow morning for coffee and doughnuts." She added, laughing, "Bakery doughnuts, at that."

"I'd love to," Jean said, although she wouldn't

"I hope we aren't expected to stay long," Pris said as they mounted the steps of Lucy's apartment house. "This coffee business may be stylish, but my dishes are still in the sink."

SO, IT seemed, were Lucy's. She met them at the door, in a pair of dungarees and the red cardigan with a bit of limp chiffon knotted around her throat, and led them into the living room. The room was pleasant enough, although the curtains weren't up, and the pictures were quite good; but there was a tent of newspapers on the floor, the ash trays spilled cigarette butts and dust motes crowded a beam of sunlight.

"I thought it would be nice to have our coffee in the kitchen," Lucy said, moving a stack of books from a chair so someone could sit down. "but I haven't finished the dishes. Everything is late today because Dr. Peel came in last night and never left until two. Now, you help yourselves to cigarettes and I'll get the coffee."

Jean glanced at Priscilla. Dr. Peel? Since when had the august and arrogant doctor taken to dropping in on new associates?

"I didn't mean he *shouldn't* have stayed till two," Lucy went on, coming in with a tray. "He's so charming, so fond of his two boys. Tom said it was very forward of me to ask him to dinner, but I imagine he gets sick of eating his own cooking."

"He has a housekeeper," Jean said, keeping a straight face. "But that certainly was thoughtful of you." Charming! Dr. Peel had all the social graces of a man-eating tiger, and a disposition to match. Lucy must have drugged him.

"Well, I met him in the super market, and he looked so kind of lost I just brought him along home with me," Lucy said, pouring the coffee. "How is Dr. Jeff? He hasn't been at the playground for two mornings now."

"His stomach acts up periodically," Jean said. "He'll be there tomorrow. What do you do at the playground?"

"I go to watch the children," Lucy said. "Cream. Clare?"

Then she asked them what kind of curtains they thought she should buy for the living room, and they discussed that for a while.

"Maybe you'll go with me and help me pick them out," she said. "And you'll definitely have to help me buy some shoes."

"Shoes?" Priscilla said, and Lucy nodded.

"I'm ashamed to admit I don't own a pair of high heels. And I must have some. Corinth is much dressier than the University. But I dread it, because I'm so awkward in them."

Pris chuckled. "Don't let it worry you. I am too. We can hold each other up."

Lucy's face took on that surprised look. "You? *Awkward?* But you can't be! Why, Tom especially commented on your dancing."

The only comments Jean had ever heard on Pris's dancing would not have borne repeating under torture, and even Pris looked skeptical.

"He said you tangoed divinely," Lucy said, "and from Tom that's high

(Continued on page 68)

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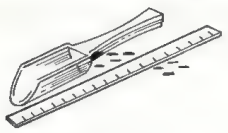

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It's a scientifically proven fact, no less than 20,000 units of Activol (natural estrogenic hormones) PER MONTH in prescribed daily amounts can have a maximum effect on skin cell structure to give a firmer, fresher skin, a look of glowing YOUTH.

The fabulous cream

Scientifically balanced formula, rich in lipoids, lanolin, and Activol (selected natural hormones) brings life-giving aid directly to skin cells, begins to erase the years in a months time.

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See what your skin can *feel* like . . . Send 25¢ in coin for handling, mailing.

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Hirestra Laboratories, Inc.
Bethpage, Long Island, N. Y.

So pretty! So unusual! It's salmon loaf in a biscuit crust

and it tastes marvelous with peas with flavor range ☆

☆ a happy blending of sweetness and richness because DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas are selected from all the flavor-filled middle sizes

WHEN Nature visits our pea fields she tucks her richest and sweetest flavors into the middle-size peas.

And *that's* our happy hunting ground, among *all* the middle-size peas. Here we painstakingly seek out the tenderest of the *sweet*-tasting and the tenderest of the *rich*-tasting peas.

This fussy selection is *our own special* way of getting the best of all possible peas. *Your* way is easier: just ask for DEL MONTE Brand *Early Garden* Peas.

They'll make salmon loaf "special"...

SPECIAL SALMON LOAF

- 1 can DEL MONTE Salmon (1 lb.)
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 9 or 10 pimiento-stuffed olives
- Medium white sauce based on 1½ cups milk
- 1 No. 303 can DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas, drained

Empty salmon and liquid into mixing bowl. Remove any skin and bones. Break salmon into flakes; add lemon juice, eggs, bread crumbs, onion, salt. Mix thoroughly. Prepare dough from biscuit mix as directed on package; roll out on waxed paper to 9x12-inch oblong. Press olives into dough across one of the 9-inch ends. Spread salmon mixture evenly on rest of dough. Starting with the 9-inch side with the olives, roll up like jelly roll, pinching edge to seal. Slide roll onto a double thickness of waxed paper (5x12 inches), and lift into well-greased 9x5x3-inch loaf pan. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 40 to 50 min. Remove from pan to serving dish; peel off paper; serve with peas heated in white sauce. Serves 6.

Del Monte BRAND

your natural buy in peas

THE BRAND YOU KNOW PUTS FLAVOR FIRST

Work at waist level is the order of the day for *all* food preparation and cooking in this "dream" kitchen. Ovens, food mixers, cupboard shelves come up out of the work-counter surface or down from the overhead cabinets at the touch of a button or a mere wave of the hand

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY NYHOLM-SCHERER

A KITCHEN

A recipe viewer magnifies menus and recipes as you start to cook or bake. Spice rack at left suspends shakers magnetically

Ice maker deserts the refrigerator and has its own place between kitchen and dining area. Three controls produce ice water, cubes or crushed ice

Electric mixer disappears into the work-counter top by push-button control when not in use. A blender hides beside it

Electric range with stainless steel cooking top includes built-in four-slice toaster, dual griddle and Dutch oven, deep-fry well. One of its ovens is electronic, the other has a removable rotisserie and a charcoal-cooking device

Chopping block adjusts to handy height whether you sit or stand. There's a leeway of six inches. Just pushing the dowel pin starts the elevator

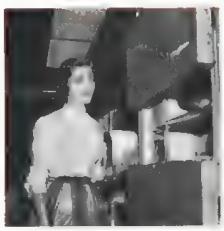
Wall-cabinet interiors behave like elevators, the cupboard shelves dropping down for use. It's done by a wave of the hand creating an electrical impulse which activates the switch that does the business

Dutch oven built into the range top comes with two covers, a deep one for braising and a flat top which provides extra range-top working surface. Without cover, Dutch oven converts to a griddle

TO COOK IN TOMORROW

by Anna Fisher

This kitchen doesn't exist quite yet.
It's a working model, a forecast
of things to come made by one manufacturer.
It lifts you into the realm of promise
where a wave of your hand
will open cabinets, lift or lower shelves,
where a push button will produce anything
from an ice cube to a blender



Freezer is built-in, of horizontal design. Sliding plastic doors yawn up or down, one at a time or together. Interior baskets and shelves glide effortlessly out. Matching refrigerator performs in the same way

BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAPHIC HOUSE

In a jiffy! BRILLO cleans pans bright!

BRILLO Soap Pads
Whisk off **scorch**,
shine pans **fast!**

There's polishing soap right in every BRILLO Soap Pad

Sturdy metal-fiber pads— *loaded with special soap!* No more hard scrubbing! No more lengthy soaking! Brillo® Soap Pads *zip off* every bit of scorchy crust *easily*. And the special-formula soap that's right in every Brillo Soap Pad *cuts grease* fast!

Scorchy pans shine like new! Every pan you scour with Brillo Soap Pads gets a bright shine, too, because Brillo's grease-cutting soap contains *jeweler's polish*. And use Brillo to *lift off* gummy cooked-on food and grease from stove burners and ovens!

THRIFTIER!
5 and **12**
pad boxes

BRILLO Soap Pads (*Red Box*) soap-filled pads
BRILLO Cleanser (*Green Box*) pads plus cake of polishing soap

Twice the shine—in half the time!

(Continued from page 64)

praise. He thinks I dance like a turtle on casters."

Jean sighed. This was too much. She was wise to the girl now. Lucy had one thing, and only one thing, to offer—heaping spoonfuls of crass, unadulterated flattery. But not quite the usual sort. In Clare's case, one could praise her wit, her brains, the fact that at twenty she had won a fellowship. But Lucy had by-passed those. She had, wittingly or accidentally, chosen Clare's weakest point—her utter lack of domesticity. And the most ridiculous part was, Clare had gobbled up the bait.

Now Lucy was giving Pris the same treatment. Pretty soon, Jean realized with a start, it's going to be my turn! What would Lucy choose? Certainly Jean had her failings—she'd be the last to deny it—but it would be interesting to see which was the most obvious to the naked eye. She grinned to herself. This was going to be amusing.

After that, it became a kind of game with Jean to be on guard for the Compliment—the Compliment in Reverse, as it were. Once Lucy admired a skirt of Jean's and Jean waited warily for Lucy to tell her she had a good figure. That would mean it was time to start eating lettuce and playing badminton. Happily, Lucy didn't say it, and the tape measure reassured Jean.

Lucy took them all in. Dr. Peel and his sons had become practically boarders at her apartment, which caused some talk, the doctor not being a particularly gregarious creature. Jean thought there was something a bit fishy about it, but the girls poohpoohed her. But it was Jean who had insisted Amy Banner had gone to the hospital with D.T.'s, not gallstones, and she'd been right. Maybe Lucy just thought Dr. Peel raged beautifully, but Jean didn't think it was quite as innocent as that.

At the Faculty Wives' Club, Lucy endeared herself forever to Mrs. Ward by telling her what a thrilling speaking voice she had. (Mrs. Ward's voice, as Jean had once remarked, was like a nail file on a sheet of brass.) Mrs. Ward blushed maroon and thereafter read aloud a good deal. At least Lucy did give the campus a joke, because it wasn't a week before the news got around that Mrs. Ward was taking singing lessons.

Lucy also told little Mrs. Archer, who sat through all the meetings looking like a very pretty deaf mute, that she would like to hear her express herself more often because her thoughts had "value." After that there was no shutting Mrs. Archer up. She wasn't nearly as dense as she looked.

But Lucy never said a word about Jean.

"Steve," Jean said finally, "am I a pleasant, likable, nondescript girl?"

"Sure," Steve said amiably. "Well, not nondescript."

"I mean, I have no glaring faults, flaws, sins, vices, omissions?"

"Yes," Steve said. "Sometimes you forget to turn on the hot water when you get up, and I have to shave with the cold. I would hardly consider it grounds for divorce, but you asked."

"Thanks for being completely frank," Jean said, "and promise you won't tell anyone."

"You know," Clare said one day, "Lucy has been such a surprise. And to think we wondered how she got Tom."

Jean raised an eyebrow. "I still wonder. Haven't you caught on to her?"

"Sure," Clare said, grinning. "She dishes out the flattery with a shovel. I know it. But so what? She makes you feel good."

"Clare," Jean said, laughing, "don't you suppose Amanda Ward knows, deep down, that she is not Helen Traubel, or even Jimmy Durante? Don't—"

"That's not the idea," Clare said. "Lucy has a way of knowing what a person would like to be—or *ought* to be. Pris is clumsy and she's self-conscious about it. Lucy told her she was a good dancer and it made her feel swell. And since she asked me for that recipe, Jean, I've really *cooked*. It did me more good than all of Brad's teasing. Lucy just gives you a push in the right direction."

"I guess I'm a realist," Jean said. "In my book, she's a hyprocrite."

"No," Clare said firmly. "She just wants everyone to be happy."

"Oh, *Clare*!" Jean said.

"She's crazy about your Jeff," Clare said, as if that proved Lucy's worth. "She loves children."

"She seems to." Jean said. "If she loves children so much, why doesn't she have some? She's a phony, dear."

That night when Jean got home, she read over some old poems she had written in college and then tore them up. Presumably Lucy wasn't psychic, but it didn't do to have one's unrealized ambitions lying around.

Corinth had survived major catastrophes, from the fire in the field house to Communists in the history department, but the news that Lucy and Tom Birkett were separating came as a shattering blow.

"It's true," Pris said to Jean on the telephone, in a voice bordering on hysteria. This was January. "I know it for a fact, because Tom told Warren she'd left him. And I never suspected they weren't getting on well. No one did."

"I bet Dr. Peel is mixed up in it," Jean said. "He's been practically living at their apartment. You wait and see."

"I'll never believe that," Priscilla said dramatically.

That evening Jean had just got Jeff to sleep—it had been another of the upset-tummy days, but Dr. Barber assured her it was nothing -when the front doorbell rang. Steve was at a meeting, so she hurried down to answer it, expecting one of the girls with the latest news. Instead, there stood Tom Birkett.

"Why, Tom," she said in surprise. "come in."

He followed her into the living room. He seemed composed, but he was rather pale. He sat down, offered her a cigaret and lighted one himself.

"Of course you've heard about Lucy," he said.

"Yes. What got into her? Surely she'll come to her senses."

"She never left 'em." Tom said. "This is entirely my fault."

Jean raised an eyebrow. Didn't the poor boob know about Dr. Peel?

"She loves children." Tom continued, not waiting for her to speak, "but we were never established enough to start a family—or so I thought. I kept telling her next year or the year after. And lately I've been so darn busy on my doctorate thesis I've begun to take Lucy for granted. But if it weren't for her, I'd still be teaching verbs to high-school kids."

"How's that?"

"I didn't think I was capable of anything more," Tom said simply. "Lucy was teaching history at the same school when I met her. She got me to taking courses for my master's, and now she's shoving me through my doctorate. But I can't write a blasted word now that she's gone. Lucy has a way of bringing out the best in people."

"Oh, Tom," Jean said, exasperated. The boy was positively maudlin, and this soggy eulogy was really too much. Why, Lucy didn't even mend his shirts! "Don't give anyone else the credit."

Tom smiled. "Well, that isn't what I came to talk about," he said. "I want your help, Jean. Lucy would listen to you. Would you go and talk with her? She's at her family's, fifty miles away—I'd drive you."

Poor Tom. He looked shy and ill at ease, just as he had that night at dinner. Maybe Lucy really was his morale-builder. At least she had convinced him of it.

"I'm sorry," Jean said. "Jeff isn't feeling too sharp, and I can't leave. Besides, I'd rather not stick my nose in. Clare and Priscilla are a lot closer to her than I. I'm sure one of them would go." Jean had no intention of playing John Alden in this sticky situation.

Whether or not he did ask one of the others, Jean didn't know, because just after midnight Jeff was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. Jean and Steve spent the night in the waiting room and got home at seven the next morning. Jeff was all right, as Steve and the doctor reassured Jean over and over, but she still couldn't stop shaking.

After two hours' rest and numerous cups of coffee they went back to the hospital, where the nurse told them Jeff was still groggy but coming out of it nicely. "He asked for his mother and someone named Lucy," she said. "A little friend, no doubt."

"Everywhere I go," Jean sighed.

"I didn't know Lucy was a little friend of Jeff's," Steve said.

"She goes to the playground." Jean yawned.

THE next afternoon when Jean arrived at the hospital with comic books and a calico horse named Rex Morgan, M.D., she saw a woman entering Jeff's room. She quickened her steps to tell whoever it was she had the wrong room when she recognized the red and black plaid coat. Lucy Birkett!

"Lucy!" she cried in amazement, and Lucy turned. She was carrying an enormous beribboned package.

"Oh, Jean!" Lucy ran up and flung her arms around Jean. "It was just luck that I called Clare last night to give her a message for Tom, and she told me Jeff had had an emergency operation. I came just as soon as I could get a train."

"You came—to see *Jeff*?" Jean asked incredulously.

"Why, of course," Lucy said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. They went into the boy's room, and he cried, "Lucy! Hi, Lucy! What's in the box?"

She kissed him and put the package on the bed. "Now what is my favorite physician and surgeon doing in bed?"

Jeff was delighted to see her, and when he had examined the stethoscope and other paraphernalia in the box she briefed him on some radio programs he had missed. Jean looked on in complete wonderment. Was it possible Lucy had come back just to see Jeff? Was she really sincere about something, after all? Or was this just a ruse to see Tom? Watching Jeff's round eyes, Jean softened. Well, she thought, if Jeff is her method of getting to me, she's bound to win. But Jean still felt wary.

At four o'clock the nurse turned them out, and Jean offered Lucy a ride to wherever she was going. At that point she felt kindly enough toward the woman to drive her to Reno.

"Where to?" Jean asked as they got in the car.

"I may as well go home," Lucy said. "I had lunch with Clare when I got here, Jean, and she made me see how foolish this all is. I love Tom and he loves me. I don't suppose I really intended to go through with it." She chuckled. "I hear there were rumors that something was going on between Dr. Peel and me. Did you ever hear anything so absurd?"

"Ridiculous," Jean agreed.

"He's a marvelous man, and I hope he and the boys will continue to feel our home is their home."

Jean burst out laughing. "What a wonderfully simple philosophy you do have, Lucy."

Lucy beamed. "That's very sweet of you. You know, Jean, there's something I've been meaning to tell you for ever so long."

Jean nearly stalled the car. "*Something I've been*—" Huzzah! This was D-Day! Time, at last, for the Compliment. Jean's mind raced. My feet are kind of wide, I voted for Stevenson, I love Walt Disney, I read in bed—what would Lucy select? Now it was coming, the Compliment in Reverse. Jean was going to find out the truth about herself.

"Yes, Lucy?" she prodded.

"You're so loyal," Lucy said simply. "I've never heard of your saying an unkind word about anyone."

Jean had expected to laugh, but instead she felt herself turning pale. This was not at all what she had expected. When she got it interpreted and thought over, she knew she was not going to like it at all.

Nor, probably, herself. THE END

by Joan Adams
Kelvinator Institute for Better Living

4 Ways the New Type Kelvinator Ranges save time and work of cooking

We have never seen so many new features for easier, faster, better cooking. It's no longer a job to get things done at once! A bonus broiler, a Kelvinator 40th Anniversary extra, gives you double-oven convenience in a single-oven range. And no more waiting on surface cooking. New "Instant Heat" units are so fast water boils for tea almost as fast as you can cut the lemons. Cleaning? Pure joy, no job. Removable oven bottom, chrome surface rings and bowl-type drip pans all go to the sink for quick washing.

Sterilize baby bottles . . . with formula . . . the new way! It's quick and easy in the deep-well cooker. The underneath heating unit on this Kelvinator electric range lifts out at finger-touch to make a 4th surface unit.

Birthday bonus broiler! Steak broils while the rest of the dinner bakes. The left-hand compartment converts quickly to a high-speed broiler. It's a Kelvinator bonus value, double-oven convenience in a single-oven range.

Look! A removable oven bottom! Yes, the bottom of your Kelvinator oven slides out, goes to the sink for scouring. No more time spent over hard-to-reach spill-overs. It's brand-new cleaning ease you get with Kelvinator.

Bake a feathery cake every time! New rod-type oven unit eliminates hot spots...gives perfect browning. For a new free recipe booklet, *Mmm Meals in Minutes*, write: Kelvinator, Dept. C, Box 302, Detroit 32, Michigan.

IN HOME DISHWASHERS...

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Will I have to pre-rinse my dishes? Does it wash thoroughly...really dry completely? How much will it hold? Will it remove grease, lipstick, egg yolk? Can I add after I've started it?

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Is it easy to install? Does it require much service? How much water will it use? Is it easy to operate...to load and unload? How do I know it will perform better?

ONLY KitchenAid ANSWERS THEM ALL!

Yes, only *KitchenAid* answers them all to your complete satisfaction. For *KitchenAid* features were pioneered and proved in the large Hobart dishwashers used in the world's finest hospitals, hotels and restaurants... real proof that *KitchenAid's* exclusive Hobart revolving wash and rinse action gets dishes really clean with *one* wash...without pre-rinsing.

Only *KitchenAid* has a separate motor and blower fan that dries *thoroughly.* And, *KitchenAid* has independently sliding, plastisol-coated racks for easiest loading...an adjustable upper rack for greatest capacity.

KitchenAid's automatic cycle can be interrupted to add a forgotten piece ...without loss of water or detergent. And, only 7 gallons of water used for entire wash and double rinse. Installation is easiest of any permanently installed dishwasher...dealer records show *far less* service calls.

KitchenAid will answer *all* your questions. For information, write Dept. KM, KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Div., The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio. In Canada, write 175 George St., Toronto 2.

Display Headquarters: Room 1145, Merchandise Mart, Chicago

The Finest Made KitchenAid

World's Largest Manufacturer of Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines

Do not disturb

Continued from page 41

a tennis partner for you. This is Mr. Verdi, who has the cottage down the hill from you."

Johnny's smile was explosive. "Gee! Do you play? Liz—"

Beyond Johnny, smiling at his bumptious eagerness, stood a strikingly lovely girl. Her eyes were warm and brown, with laughter signs around them, and her mouth was tender and lively looking at the same time. She was all in yellow—a yellow shirt, yellow shorts, golden hair.

"He lives in the cottage!" Johnny announced excitedly.

"Why, I'm surprised at Peter and Paul," she said, smiling. "Nobody ever moved into the cottage that Peter and Paul didn't make friends immediately—but then, they've been down with chicken pox."

"Tell him, Liz." Johnny evidently had implicit confidence in his sister. "We'd be glad to have him come up and play tennis, wouldn't we? It's dead around here this summer, isn't it?"

"Not exactly, dear," she replied drily. But her smile was disarming. "If ever you get lonesome, come see the Lambs. You just take that lane in front of your cottage and keep going, and when you get to the top of the hill, that's us. But Johnny probably won't wait for the spirit to move you—he'll come get you. He plays a darn good game."

Somehow the thing Mario had to say said itself. He spoke a little stiffly, because this sort of stubbornly standoffish reply was unnatural to him.

"Thank you, but, as a matter of fact, I won't have any leisure time. I'm going to be very busy."

He felt that he sounded coldly unappreciative, even rude, but he had to be specific. With the working schedule he expected to keep, he couldn't get involved.

"Oh," she said. She *was* taken aback; he could feel it. "Well..." She smiled. "I'll tell my little brothers that the summer occupant of the cottage is an ogre."

He bowed regretfully. "Thank you."

Swiftly she collected her brood; he heard her ushering them all into the car.

When they had driven off, Mario strolled out of Hobson's. She hadn't asked him if he'd like a lift; she had sensed that he would have refused. He swung up the road, letting the loneliness of the summer he had chosen to make lonely close down on him.

NEXT day he was walking back from the cluster of mailboxes on the highway to his cottage when he heard sounds—little-boy sounds. Two towheads about five years old were clambering over his porch railing talking together in high, laughing voices.

"Maybe he has long, sharp, pointed teeth and a big, long, curly tail..."

"And maybe he talks in a deep, spooky voice..."

"Or maybe he has long, long fingernails and wings like a bat and black glasses and no eyes..."

"Or maybe," Mario said, standing at the foot of the porch steps, "he just looks like anybody else and there's nothing wrong with him except he's busy."

The boys looked at each other and giggled.

Mario sat on the top step.

"I know who you are," he said. "You are Peter and Paul Lamb. I told your sister I didn't have any time to play and it's a fact. I don't have any time. I can't talk. I can't sing songs. I can't do tricks. I just work. See? And there's no point in making friends if you can't have any fun with them, so I think you'd better go home."

"We have to get somebody first," one said after a moment.

"You mean *something*," the second one corrected. "She's a animal."

"Her name is Minute. She jumped over the fence and ran away because a dog barked at her."

"She's a donkey, but we can't get her because she went inside and she won't come out."

"Went inside where?" Mario demanded.

"Inside your house."

"Inside *there?*" Mario pointed incredulously to the cottage door. "A *donkey?*"

The little boys nodded.

He sprang up and strode inside. They were right. A donkey was in his kitchen, a small, fat, gray donkey, and she was eating an apple out of his fruit bowl.

Mario's arms rose and fell.

"I leave home because of blacksnakes in my sock drawer and travel two hundred miles to find a donkey in my kitchen!"

"Here, Minute!" urged one of the boys. "Come on, Minute!"

"Ho!" shouted Mario, making threatening gestures. "Haw! Giddap! Go on!"

Minute made a face. She had a long, loose, floppy, camel-like mouth and she flapped back her upper lip and showed a number of square, yellowish teeth. She put her ears back at the same time and made a sound like a wheezy organ.

"Is that nice?" asked Mario. He moved to seize her mane. Quick as a wink, she wheeled and flicked her heels at him.

"She won't hurt you," one of the Lambs said. "She's just pretending. When you get to know her—"

He had learned to cope with the peccadillos of lame crows, parakeets, white mice, blacksnakes. He did not wish to get to know this donkey any better.

"You two—" he turned to the boys —"run and get your sister."

HE SAT on the porch railing and watched the Lambs go running up the lane. They ran like little goblins. He smiled after them. Then a sterner expression came over his brow as he lit a cigarette. This was the sort of thing—exactly the sort of thing—that happened when you got involved with people. Any people. He realized that he had rather enjoyed Minute's intrusion; he was beginning to be bored after three weeks of peace and quiet. The point was that he *needed* the peace. He would explode into production with twice the enthusiasm and dedication of one distracted or amused by neighbors. He intended to compose the best music he had yet done.

He had signed a contract to do three TV musicals, the first based on the life of Christopher Columbus. He'd somehow written the score of *Sauce for the Goose* in the midst of family bedlam: Roberto throwing a baseball through a neighbor's picture window (*that* had been a dandy afternoon!), Tia untying his shoelaces, dear Pietro drawing cowboy pictures on his manuscript paper. What could he not achieve in an empty cottage with no interruptions from sunup to sundown?

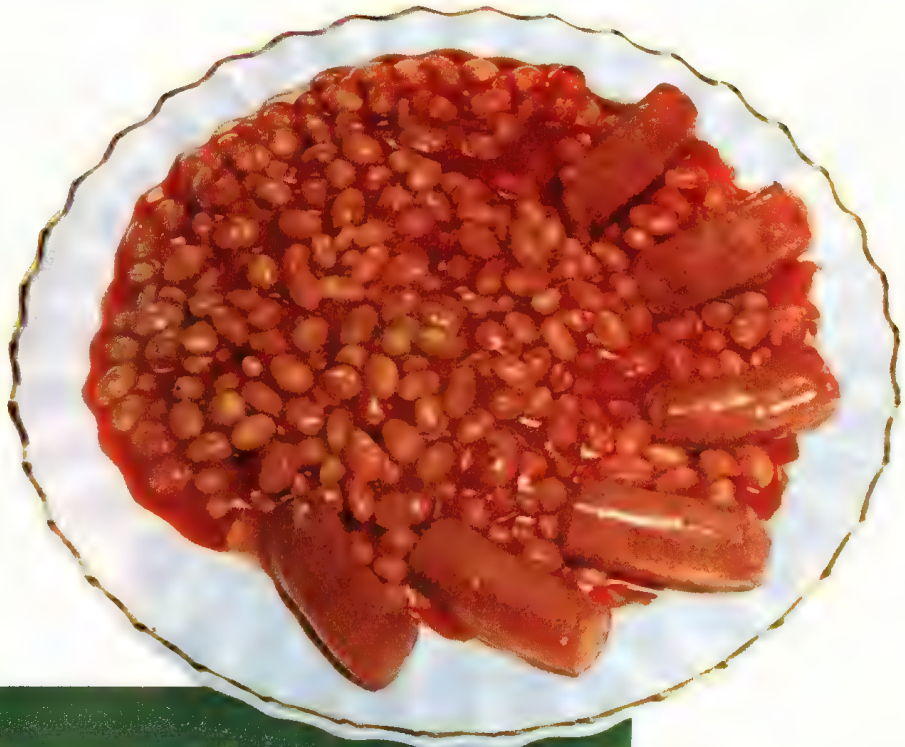
Here came two more Lambs, Liz and Johnny, walking swiftly. He steeled himself to stay aloof.

(Continued on page 74)

The Best Cooks way to QUICK MEALS

2 QUICK-TO-MAKE DISHES *made more delicious with* **Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS**

Van Camp's PORK and BEANS with Van Camp's Vienna Sausage —ready to heat... eat... enjoy.



Stokely-Van Camp

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For Richer Flavor! Creamier Texture! Easy Digestion!

CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • BUTTERSCOTCH • COCONUT CREAM

How to make delicious

For pure deliciousness you can't beat this easy-to-make recipe for tender, crisp-crusted rolls

by Eleanor Noderer

MARTIN BRUEHL

1

Sprinkle yeast over lukewarm water to soften. Melt fat and cool. Beat eggs until thick. Stir in the cool, melted fat, sour cream and yeast

2

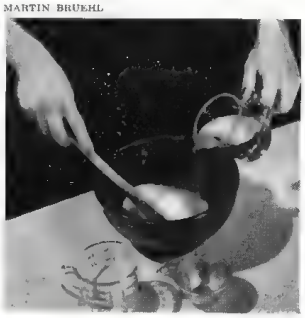
Sift flour, salt and sugar together. Beat one-half the flour mixture into egg mixture smoothly. Knead in remaining flour mixture thoroughly

How to make McCall's

Everybody loves doughnuts! Here's our favorite recipe for the puffy, light, raised kind

by Helen Flynn

MARTIN BRUEHL



1

Pour boiling water over shortening and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Soften yeast in **lukewarm** water (when drop tested on wrist can't be felt, it's right). Sift dry ingredients

2

Mix milk, well-beaten eggs, vanilla extract, yeast and half the flour into shortening mixture. Beat hard. Beat in remaining flour, cover and set in warm place until double in bulk

*Our sour cream rolls freeze beautifully once they're baked. Toss the rolls in a freezer bag, stow them away in your freezer, and the job is finished. Whether they've been baked as dinner rolls or sweet breakfast rolls, they'll thaw and heat up perfectly in a 350F or moderate oven in 10 to 15 minutes while you go about your meal preparation. The smart trick is to take out only as many as you think you'll need for one meal.

sour cream rolls*

1 pkg active dry or 1 cake compressed yeast
½ cup lukewarm water
¾ cup butter, margarine or shortening
2 eggs
1 cup sour cream
6 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1¼ teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar

This versatile dough can also be rolled out, sprinkled with butter, sugar and cinnamon, rolled pinwheel style and sliced, raised and baked.

3

Put dough in a greased bowl, let rise in a warm spot until double. Punch down, shape into little balls and let rise on greased baking sheet

4

Start your oven at 375F or moderate. When rolls are double in size bake 10 to 15 minutes or until golden. Makes about 18 delicious rolls

raised doughnuts**

1 cup boiling water
¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 pkg active dry or 1 cake compressed yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
6 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup evaporated milk
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Fat for deep frying

3

Dump dough onto a heavily floured board. knead several minutes until dough doesn't stick to board. Roll ½-inch thick, cut with doughnut cutter. Let rise again until double

4

Fry several at a time in deep fat (fat must be 375F on fat thermometer or hot enough to brown bread cube in 1 minute). Drain on paper towels, toss in sugar. Makes 24 puffy beauties

Doughnuts freeze beautifully too. After frying and tossing in lots of granulated sugar, confectioners' sugar, sugar-and-cinnamon mix or sugar-and-grated-chocolate mix, put doughnuts on a tray or cookie sheet. Freeze until solid. Then bundle doughnuts in a freezer bag, and when you feel the urge for something sweet take out as many as you need and let them stand at room temperature for about 30 minutes. They're wonderful!

Takes only 1 cup of meat for 4 generous servings

Beef Gravy Shortcake

½ cup finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy
1 cup cubed cooked beef
Dash of black pepper

Brown onion lightly in shortening; blend in gravy, beef and pepper. Cook uncovered over low heat about 10 minutes; stir frequently. Serve over split biscuits. Enough for 4 nice big biscuits.

Rich Beef Gravy-

READY TO USE...

turns leftovers into a meal to please a man

Dad will be sure to love your meal whipped up from leftovers—when you have Franco-American Beef Gravy on hand! This smooth brown gravy with the rich beef flavor stretches even a little meat into a savory hash, meat pie or stew he'll love. And be sure you try the Beef Shortcakes shown above.

Use Franco-American Beef Gravy

- **IN CROQUETTES**—keeps them moist, gives much richer flavor, too. It's made from such fine, selected beef.
- **FOR HOT MEAT SANDWICHES**—turns a few slices of leftover roast into a meal!
- **FOR STEWS,** meat pies or hash—you'll be pleased as pie (*meat* pie, that is!) with what a can of Beef Gravy can do.
- **WHENEVER YOU'RE GRAVY HUNGRY**—don't wait for a roast. Open a can of Franco-American Beef Gravy, heat and pour over rice, potatoes or noodles. Tastes like the real home-roasting-pan kind.

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(Continued from page 70)

"Sorry!" Liz called. She was wearing a simple sun dress of green and white stripes. She moved freely, fluidly. He was charmed as he had been charmed at first sight of her in Hobson's. He was as guarded as he had been then.

"Do you have a dog?" she asked, coming closer.

Mario shook his head.

"The boys tell me a dog barked at her. She *will* jump the fence when she's barked at. I wonder whose dog—she's in there?"

Mario inclined his head. "Eating apples," he said.

In a throaty contralto Liz sang out, "Minute, where are you? Where are you?"

There was an answering bray so brassy, so shattering that Mario winced, and out trotted Minute. She advanced to Liz, ears back and upper lip raised. Liz regarded her, arms akimbo. She shook her head reproachfully.

"Don't smile at *me*. You mustn't go dashing into people's houses, Minute. It's our fault, really," Liz offered Mario, looping a rope around the donkey's neck. "We let her do it when she was little. I'm awfully sorry for the commotion." She turned and was about to lead the donkey away when a stentorian bellow from the lower lane startled everyone to a standstill.

"Hey, there! Wait a minute, there!" bawled the voice.

A LARGE man with a round bullet head and an expensive Hollywood shirt stalked angrily to the clearing in front of the porch. He turned to Mario.

"Are you the owner of that donkey?"

Mario shook his head. He glanced toward Liz, who smiled nervously and cleared her throat.

"Mr. Verdi," she said, a trace of laughter in her voice, "is involved with nothing, and obviously longs to remain so. My father and mother being in Europe at the moment, I'm in charge, and will speak for the donkey."

"Name is Fred Ferndorf," said the man. He was carrying a cigar, which he put in and took out of his mouth. "I bought the Rickman place, up the hill there."

"Beautiful place." Liz smiled. "Congratulations."

"It *was* a beautiful place," Ferndorf corrected in an ominous voice, "before that donkey dug up the lawn."

Mario was aware that Johnny Lamb was looking at him. He knew the look. He had seen it often enough on eleven-year-old Roberto when Roberto was in a jam. It said respectfully: "You take over, Mario." With a feeling of guilt, Mario averted his eyes. I have no responsibility here, he told himself firmly.

"You have a dog, don't you, Mr. Ferndorf?" Liz was asking.

He nodded. "My dog is limping. He was kicked by that vicious beast."

"I'll tell you what happened, Mr. Ferndorf," Liz said. "Your dog came over to our place and barked and barked. The little boys tried to get him to go home, but he wouldn't. He kept on barking and teasing Minute. So she jumped the fence and chased him home. Now, I'm sure that when Daddy gets back he will be glad to cover any expense involved in restoring the divots Minute took out of your lawn. Meantime, it might be wise if you'd try to keep your dog home."

Ferndorf's face was growing redder by the moment.

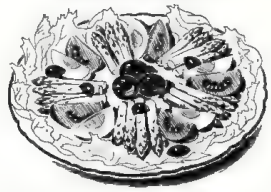
"I'm warning you, Miss. If that animal comes on my property again, I won't hesitate."

How to make Summer Salads

Sing with California flavor

TAKE ANY SALAD—vegetable, meat or fish (many fruit salads, too) and add Ripe Olives generously. *Then* see what happens! *Taste* what happens! Taste the bright, new flavor—the *California* outdoor flavor—Ripe Olives bring to every salad. Try this one for a starter:

Garden Salad Bowl



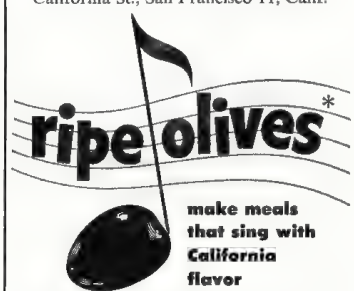
1 lb. fresh asparagus	2 tbsps. wine vinegar
1 cup ripe olives	1 tsp. salt
2 green onions	¼ tsp. dry mustard
4 radishes	Freshly ground black pepper
1 carrot	2 hard-cooked eggs
1 qt. broken salad greens	1 large tomato
⅓ cup olive oil	Whole ripe olives for garnish

Cook asparagus until tender. Drain, cool. Cut olives into large wedges. Combine olives, thinly-sliced onions, radishes, coarsely-grated carrots and salad greens. Blend seasonings, oil, vinegar; pour half over lettuce mixture. Toss lightly. Top with asparagus spears, egg and tomato wedges. Drizzle with remaining dressing. Garnish well with whole ripe olives. Serves 5 to 6.

For your warmest friends—set out your warmest welcome—that's Ripe Olives, of course—in a handy "welcome bowl" or tempting appetizer tray.

Free Ripe Olive Recipe Booklet

For dozens of exciting ways to add this California flavor to everyday cooking, send for "Elegant but Easy Recipes with California Ripe Olives." Write Olive Advisory Board, Dept. H-45, 24 California St., San Francisco 11, Calif.



*Ripe or green-ripe...whole, pitted, chopped or sliced!

Liz was holding down Minute's butting head by pressing on her gray nose. Johnny was stroking her rump.

"I'm afraid I don't understand just what it is you won't hesitate to do," she said.

"I got a shotgun," said Ferndorf.

He turned and walked slowly, ominously, down the lane again.

Liz hugged Minute. "Come on, Johnny," she said shakily. "Maybe we can make the fence higher, somehow. Let's go."

They led Minute up the trail.

"I thought Mr. Verdi would help, didn't you, Liz?" Johnny's voice came back from around the bend. "I thought he might help fix the fence. But he looks at us kind of funny, don't you think?"

"He does make one feel rather two-headed," Liz replied. "I implore you, baby, don't jump any more fences. Let them bark—dogs or people—but don't jump!"

Troubled and restless, Mario went back into his living room, sat down at a worktable near the front window, opened a folder and glanced at a few notations. He sat quietly, but a vein had popped out on his forehead. Suddenly he pushed back the chair and stood up, running a hand over his hair.

He started for the screen door, propelled by an impulse to catch up with Liz and Johnny. He could help them figure out how to make the fence jump-proof. It would be fun, with Liz to talk to and the boys to help. He felt powerfully drawn to them. He pushed open the screen door, then let it bang shut again.

"Don't be a fool," he said darkly.

He told himself that he had been the Verdi trouble shooter in problems involving children and pets since Pop's death and now he felt responsible. It was ridiculous. Suppose he had not rented this cottage? Liz and Johnny would have coped with Minute and Ferndorf without his assistance then.

"Make sense," Mario growled. "Get going on Columbus."

The first theme he needed for the score was the sound of a dream—a big, driving dream. Mario paced the room.

What did people tell Columbus? They insisted the world was flat. They told him if he sailed on the ocean beyond the fishing fleet he'd drop off, plunk, like the sun disappearing at the end of the day. . . Liz Lamb probably thinks I'm somebody arty with a capital *A*. I have to be alone with my black coffee and my work with a capital *W*. . . I bet she couldn't picture me mending a fence. I suppose she thinks that I hate animals and children—wait a minute! We're thinking about *Columbus*. He had a dream. TV wants that dream—by late August. Get to work.

NEXT morning Mario piled his breakfast dishes in the sink and decided to take a walk. Maybe walking would make him feel less thickheaded.

He strode uphill into the woods, making notations, none of them musical.

The sky is blue, he thought. The leaves are green. The birds are singing. It's beautiful.

He began to concentrate on a musical feeling for Columbus' three brave little ships as they rode the bouncing blue ocean. He was humming and suddenly, as he walked, he burst into song.

"Minute," he sang. "Where are you?"

This amazed him, as he thought he had been thinking of the "Nina," the "Pinta" and the "Santa Maria."

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Here's another wonderful trick you can do easily with Kraft De Luxe Slices. Use medium-mellow Kraft *American*, or for sharper flavor, *Old English Brand*. Both are delicious because, like all Kraft De Luxe Slices, they are *not* cut from a loaf. Instead they're *formed* right as the fine process cheese comes from the pasteurizers so the wonderful flavor is sealed in. For each sandwich toast a bread slice (crusts trimmed) on one side and place a Kraft De Luxe Slice on the untoasted side. Cover each with a peeled tomato slice. To top 6 sandwiches: beat 2 egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold in ½ c. Kraft Mayonnaise, 1 tsp. salt, dash of pepper. Heap on each tomato slice. Bake in 350° oven until puffy and brown. Serve hot. Be sure to try the other three varieties of Kraft De Luxe Slices, too.

Cheese Puff Sandwich...easy with Kraft DE LUXE Slices

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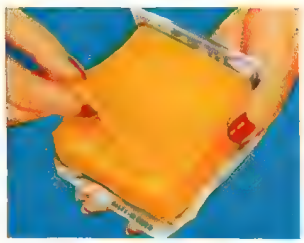

8 PERFECT, FULL-OUNCE SLICES
EASY AS PEELING A BANANA

A brassy bray sounded, close at hand.

He shook his head at such stupidity and resumed walking. Then he stopped and listened. Through the woods, to the right, there were shouts.

"Catch her! Minute! Johnny, head her off!"

A moment later he heard the donkey coming, crashing through the brush. He stood perfectly still. Minute burst onto the trail, galloped up to him and skidded to a stop. She raised her upper lip and made a sound like an accordion with an almost empty bellows.

"Minute!" Liz was coming too. She sounded scared. "Minute!"

"Hey, cut that out!" Mario said, fending off the donkey. Minute was nipping. She nipped his shoulder. She nipped his arm.

Behind him was a fallen tree propped diagonally against another tree. He scrambled up the trunk with amazing agility and wondered why scientists insisted there was a missing link.

Liz emerged from the brush, looking frantic and disheveled and beautiful.

"Oh!" With relief she threw her arms around Minute. "Johnny! Here we are! Johnny! I got her!"

"It's a good thing you did," Johnny panted. "She might have run over to Mr. Ferndorf's or bothered Mr. Verdi."

"Mr. Verdi," said Liz with deep feeling. "can go climb a tree."

"I did," said Mario.

(Continued at bottom page 76)

Lunch-time!
Snack-time!
Anytime!
FIG COOKIES 'N MILK!
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Buy California figs in packages for delicious fig muffins, cakes, cookies. For adding zest to salads. A tempting confection, right out of the package.
DRIED FIG ADVISORY BOARD, FRESNO 1, CALIFORNIA

(Continued from bottom page 75)

She turned with a start as Mario jumped to the ground.

"She nipped me, that's why." He found himself sounding winsome. "But it's my fault. I shouldn't have called her."

"*You* called her? *Why* did you call her?"

Mario shook his head. With every move, with every word, he felt more of a fool.

"You see, I am a composer." Smile. "I suppose that the melodic way in which you call Minute lodged somewhere in my unconscious. Your voice is like music."

Her beautiful eyes darkened. "Mr. Verdi." The husky contralto was angrily tremulous. "My voice is not like music. Never tell an overwrought, worried, angry, put-upon woman that her voice is like music!"

"Look," he said, "I know what you think—"

"But you don't know," she said angrily. "You only know what you *want* to think. Children—what a bother. Animals—ugh! Girls, when accompanied by animals and children—also ugh! But the *voice* is like music!" Liz gave this a particularly exasperated inflection. "*That* you'll buy!"

She exhaled, wheeled and went crashing into the brush with Johnny and Minute.

Mario walked home, reverberating like a Chinese gong.

He worked the remainder of the day, trying to force Columbus' dream to materialize into a score. After dinner he stared morosely out the window, watching the fireflies.

The great music I knew I could write, he thought ruefully, if only I had a little peace and quiet!

Next morning he stood by the mailbox ripping open envelopes. Eagerly he read the letter from Mom, the card from Pietro; he sniffed the pine needles from Roberto. They were all having a wonderful time and wished he could have some fun too. Anyway, they hoped he was getting a lot of work done. Mario sighed, pocketed his mail and plodded back to the cottage. Then he stopped moving and listened. He turned and looked down the lane.

Liz was behind the wheel of a low black convertible which was parked at the mailboxes. She was dressed in city clothes—a wide-brimmed black hat, black dress, white gloves. She let out the three boys, and as she turned to speak to them Mario got a long and disturbing view of her profile.

"I'll be gone all day, and I won't draw an easy breath unless you promise to keep a close watch over Minute. Daddy'll have something done to the fence when he gets back next week, and meantime she's in real danger. Just remember that awful man *does* shoot. We saw him. He does absolutely nothing but stalk about his place shooting crows and groundhogs and stray cats. It's his only fun."

"We'll take care of her," Johnny said.

"Don't take too long walking home!"

"We won't."

With a final wave and a blown kiss, Liz zipped off.

Silence. Bees buzzing. The Lamb boys looked after her for a moment. They looked as lonesome as Mario ridiculously felt, knowing Liz was not up the hill and would be gone all day.

"Do you think Mr. Verdi would tell Mr. Ferndorf on Minute if she jumped the fence?" piped one of the small boys.

"No," Johnny said firmly. "You know something? I think Mr. Verdi likes us but he's afraid of us."

"Why?"

"What have we done to him?"

"I don't know," Johnny said. "But he's afraid."

Mario smiled, feeling a trifle salved, understood. He returned to the cottage to work.

SHORTLY after three he threw his pencil across the room. As he rose to retrieve it, he heard a terrible succession of sounds—barking, a shot, a frightened braying, another shot, human screams.

He rushed onto the porch. Hesitating only a moment, he galloped up the trail. More barks, another shot, more screams.

Mario cupped his hands. He called in his loudest, most penetrating tenor, "Minute, where are you? . . . Minute, where are you?"

To his immense relief there was an answering bray. But also more barking and more shouts. He waited. Now he heard hooves. The donkey came galloping down the trail and skidded

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to a stop before him, raising her upp lip. She made a sobbing kind of nois in her throat, breathing in and out.

"Come. Minute." he said. He walked fast and she followed, crowding him, butting and pushing. She followed him up the steps and into the cottage. He gave her an apple. She nipped at it and let it fall to the floor. The hollows in her temples gave her a melancholy look. She suddenly stretched out her neck and put her head on his shoulder.

"She loves me," Mario said bitterly. "They always love me. They always wind up in my sock drawer."

He patted her nose and went out on the porch. He cupped his hands to call the children, when he heard them coming.

They ran toward the cottage, all wailing at once.

"He's got a gun—"

"He's going to shoot us!"

"He *means* it!" This came from Johnny.

"He shot Minute—"

"Wait a minute," Mario shouted. "Quiet! Now, listen. Minute is safe inside the cottage. Mr. Ferndorf's not going to shoot anybody."

"He's coming. He said—"

Mario shook his head against their rising voices. "*I said he's not going to shoot anybody!* Go on. Go on inside there. Now calm down."

Mario sat on the top step and lit a cigarette. He could hear Ferndorf coming, smashing down the trail. As he listened, thinking of what he would say, there sprang into his melody-conscious mind the theme of Columbus' dream. For a moment he forgot Ferndorf and listened to the melody. Why, it was there—all there, just what he had wanted, what he had been struggling for. It was there; it had only to be put down! Why, his muse had come riding in on Minute's back. It had always come in the midst of family confusion. This seemed to prove something that made him jump up from the step in exhilaration. He was not cut out to be a recluse—he could have his cake and eat it too. What more could a man possibly ask for?

MR. FERNDORF stood in the clearing. His face was purple and he carried a shotgun.

"You have no business using a thing like that around children," Mario said. "You scared them to death. Ferndorf. Isn't it about time this affair of barking dogs and stray donkeys was settled sensibly?"

Behind him the screen door banged open and Minute shot out on the porch. Ferndorf raised his shotgun. Mario leaped, all muscles and temper, and wrested the gun from Ferndorf. Breathing hard, he backed away, emptying the shells. Then he threw the gun into the weeds.

"Now," he said, feeling the vein on his forehead swell and throb, "you go home. I'll meet you there later and we'll discuss this reasonably."

Ferndorf stared. The children were crying.

"Get out." Mario said. "Get off the premises. Now!"

He began to walk toward the man. Ferndorf turned without a word and stalked away.

"I don't know how to thank you." Liz was standing behind Mario. Her face was blanched and her eyes were dark and full of tears.

"Excuse me," she said. She went and sat on the bottom step. Minute nipped off her hat. Johnny grabbed the hat from Minute and smacked her nose. Paul and Peter were both talking at once.

"Stop," Liz pleaded. "I can't hear you. I can't hear anybody for a minute." She fanned herself. "Whew." She looked at Mario. "You deserve a medal. Fortunately not the Purple Heart."

Mario sat on the opposite end of the bottom step. He pulled Paul onto one knee and Peter onto the other.

"The world is full of people who can't abide children or animals," he said.

"Yes," Liz said. "Oh, yes. Their number is legion, and I must say—" she sounded dry— "that I thought you were among them."

He smiled. "I come from a very large family myself—I've got six brothers and sisters. That's why I thought I'd get more work done without so much commotion."

"I see," said Liz. "That's reasonable."

"Only it didn't work that way," Mario said. "I composed more in the last half hour than I did in three weeks."

"Well," Liz said, "Johann Sebastian Bach did all right, and he had twenty children."

They all sat still for a moment, getting used to feeling comfortable together.

Softly then, for the benefit of Peter and Paul, Mario began to sing a song Pietro liked.

When he glanced over at Liz a few minutes later, he saw that the color had come back in her cheeks and that she was smiling.

"Hi," he said.

The sun glinted on her hair. She looked very happy.

"Hi," she said. THE END

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by HELEN McCULLY

4 wonderful dinners from quick-frozen foods

GEORGE LAZARNICK

If your grandmother and mine could have foreseen the way you and I cook today, they'd have done a Rip Van Winkle.

"They say they have corn on the cob in January. Do you really *believe* that?"

"Nonsense. Sheer nonsense. Why, the snow is on the ground."

"... And strawberry shortcake for Christmas!"

"Imagine! Do you think it can *possibly* be true?"

Yes, Grandmothers dear, it's true. Miracles in an age of miracles. Summer the whole year round.

For these delicious dinners that "wake up" young, the world owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Clarence Birdseye, the man who first gave us frozen foods a short thirty years ago.

MENU

*Oven-Fried Chicken**
*French Fried Potatoes** *Buttered Green Beans**
Endive and Chicory Salad
*Sour Cream Rolls***
*Peppermint Ice-Cream Cake**
Coffee

**Quick-frozen*
***Picture recipe on page 72*

OVEN-FRIED CHICKEN

1 pkg (2 to 2½ lb) frozen chicken
½ cup sour cream
1 tablespoon lemon juice, fresh, frozen or canned
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon celery salt
½ teaspoon paprika
2 cloves garlic
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 cup dry bread or cracker crumbs

Thaw chicken according to package directions and drain. Start your oven at 350F or moderate.

Mix together sour cream, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, celery salt, paprika, chopped garlic, salt and pepper. Dip chicken pieces into this mixture and cover with bread or cracker crumbs. Grease a large baking pan and arrange chicken over the bottom. Bake, uncovered, for 45 to 60 minutes or until chicken is tender when tested with a fork and surface is crusty brown. Serves 4.

PEPPERMINT ICE-CREAM CAKE

10-inch angel cake (a mix or your own recipe)
6 chocolate peppermint patties
½ cup nuts
1 qt vanilla ice cream
½ teaspoon peppermint extract

Bake and cool your angel cake. Then cut into 4 layers. This is easy to do when you use a good bread knife or any long serrated knife.

Chop up peppermint patties and nuts. Soften ice cream slightly and stir in candy, nuts and peppermint extract. Spread thick layer of ice cream between cake layers and rebuild the cake. Cover top of cake with thick frosting of ice cream and keep in freezer until firm. This can be served straight from the freezer to 6 or 8 — no thawing is necessary.

Thaw chicken the right way. And the right way for maximum tenderness and juiciness is to thaw in the refrigerator. If time's awasting, thaw at room temperature, and if you're really pressed, let the bird stand at room temperature with an electric fan focused on it. Remember to keep bird in original freezing paper. **Frozen French fries are favorites.** Just scatter them, unthawed, on bottom of pie or cake pan. Dot with butter, margarine or shortening, bake 10 to 15 minutes in a 450F or hot oven. Sprinkle with salt or onion salt and eat immediately.

Do remember that frozen vegetables cook in half the time it takes to cook fresh vegetables. Always follow package directions carefully and don't, for heaven's sake, overcook or the flavor, texture and appearance of vegetables will suffer.

Nice flavor for frozen green beans. Mix melted butter or margarine with a tablespoon of prepared mustard and toss in with the hot, tender beans before serving.

wonderful dinners

continued

Here's a rule to remember. If you need two packages of frozen vegetables for your family, put the two unthawed vegetable blocks side by side in a large shallow pan. Use the amount of water suggested for cooking only *one* package of vegetables.

Frozen fruits are wonderful. They taste even better and look even prettier when you serve them only partly thawed or just before the last of the ice crystals disappear.

Storage-time statistics. The experts tell us that safe storage times for completely thawed foods in the refrigerator vary, but usually the time does not exceed twenty-four hours.

There's a good reason for keeping frozen foods in their original packages during thawing. It keeps out the air and prevents unattractive discoloration.

CHICKEN LIVERS, CHINESE STYLE

1 pkg frozen pineapple chunks
1 pkg frozen spinach
1 lb (2 pkg) frozen chicken livers
¼ cup salad oil
1 tablespoon soy sauce
½ cup blanched almonds, halved
¼ cup vinegar
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cornstarch

Thaw pineapple chunks, spinach and chicken livers according to package directions. Then drain pineapple and add enough water to juice to measure 1¼ cups.

Heat salad oil in a large saucepan. Cut chicken livers in half and dip each half in soy sauce. Brown in salad oil for 10 to 15 minutes. Add pineapple and almonds and cook 1 minute longer.

Mix diluted pineapple juice, vinegar, sugar, salt and cornstarch in a bowl until smooth. Add to liver mixture, dump in the spinach, cover and cook 5 minutes. Stir occasionally. Serve with hot steamed rice to 4.

PEACH CRISP

2 pkg frozen peaches
8 slices white bread
½ cup butter or margarine
4 tablespoons brown sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Thaw peaches according to package directions. Start your oven at 450F or hot. Trim off bread crusts and cut bread in quarters. Melt butter or margarine and dip one side of each bread square in fat very lightly.

Cover bottom of a 10"x6"x1½" baking dish with bread, buttered side down. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons brown sugar and half the cinnamon. Pile thawed peaches over top and sprinkle with remaining sugar and cinnamon. Cover with remaining squares of bread, this time buttered side up, and bake 10 minutes or until bread is crisp and golden. Serve with or without cream to 6.

MENU

*Chicken Livers, Chinese Style**
Steamed Rice *Panned Asparagus**
Spring Salad
Melba Toast
*Peach Crisp**
Coffee

**Quick-frozen*

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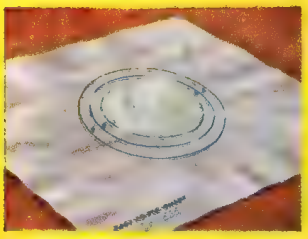

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wonderful dinners

continued

Try panning frozen vegetables. Thaw peas, green beans, asparagus or spinach. Put 1 to 2 tablespoons of butter, margarine or bacon fat in a heavy skillet or saucepan, dump in the vegetable, sprinkle with salt and toss vegetable until coated with fat. Cover tightly, *do not add water* and when you hear a sizzling sound in the pan reduce heat and cook slowly until the vegetable is tender. This is the way the Chinese treat vegetables.

Have you tried frozen mashed potatoes? They're excellent prepared according to package directions, but if you want an extra fillip toss in some chopped chives or spring onion tops, some chopped pimiento or chopped parsley.

Another easy, delicious sauce for Cottage Pudding: Mash a banana, stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons cream, 1 tablespoon sugar, mix in a package of partly thawed raspberries.

STUFFED MINUTE STEAKS

1 medium onion
1 stalk celery
4 slices bread
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons garlic salt
12-oz pkg frozen minute steaks
10½-oz can consommé
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup water

Chop onion and celery fine. Remove crusts from bread and pull bread into small pieces. Heat butter or margarine in a large skillet, toss in onion, celery, bread crumbs, salt, pepper and garlic salt. Cook until bread is lightly browned. Transfer to a bowl.

In this same skillet put 3 *unthawed* steaks. Pile 3 tablespoons of bread mixture on each steak and cover with another unthawed steak. Pour in consommé, cover tightly and cook 5 minutes over a medium heat. Turn steaks with a broad spatula and cook an additional 5 minutes. Remove to hot serving plate.

To make gravy: Mix flour and water to a smooth paste, pour into liquid remaining in skillet and stir until slightly thick.

NOTE: This makes enough stuffing for 3 stuffed patties. These steaks are packaged in 12-ounce packages containing 6 steaks, or 8-ounce packages containing 4 steaks. So adjust the amount of stuffing according to the number of steaks needed in your family. The consommé, flour and water measurements remain the same.

COTTAGE PUDDING WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE

COTTAGE PUDDING:
1¾ cups sifted cake flour
1 cup sugar
½ cup butter, margarine or shortening
2 eggs
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
1¾ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

STRAWBERRY SAUCE:
1 pkg frozen strawberries
Grated rind of 1 orange
1 teaspoon lemon juice, fresh, frozen or canned
½ cup currant jelly
½ cup heavy cream

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Grease a 9-inch square pan. Sift flour and sugar into a mixing bowl. Add melted butter, margarine or shortening, unbeaten eggs, milk, salt, baking powder and vanilla extract. Beat 2 to 3 minutes with a rotary beater. Pour into baking pan and bake 30 minutes. When pudding is cold serve with **Strawberry Sauce:**

Thaw berries according to package directions. Stir in orange rind and lemon juice. Separate currant jelly with a fork and add to strawberry mixture. Now whip the cream stiffly and gently mix or fold into the sauce. Enough for 4 to 6 servings.

MENU

*Stuffed Minute Steaks**
*Fluffy Mashed Potatoes**
*Peas Panned in Butter**
Tossed Green Salad *Rolls*
*Cottage Pudding With Strawberry Sauce**
Coffee

**Quick-frozen*

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Here's a double demonstration with a moral. Mom is tasting salad greens tucked away days ago in an "envelope" of Reynolds Wrap...and stored in the refrigerator. How fresh they keep in that pure aluminum foil! And Sis is at her favorite treat...cookies kept crackling crisp in a wonderful gleaming package. Full-flavored, delicious!

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wonderful dinners

continued

Frozen squash is perfect just as is, but if you feel the need for a change of pace try sprinkling in a bit of ginger or cinnamon or mace. A little grated orange or lemon rind is nice too.

Have you seen or, better yet, tasted frozen tuna pies? They're a new member of the frozen food family, and mighty good they are.

We love this trick with frozen limas. Just mix some chopped chives or chopped spring onion tops and a bit of salt into sour cream. Serve on top or mixed in with cooked lima beans. So good! So easy!

You're missing something good if you haven't tried frozen scallops. They are so adaptable they can be used any way you use fresh scallops. Possibly we're prejudiced, but our Scallops au Gratin are completely delectable.

SCALLOPS AU GRATIN

1 pkg frozen scallops
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
1½ cups soft bread crumbs
1 small green pepper
1 medium onion
4 stalks celery
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 cup light cream

Butter a 1-quart casserole or baking dish and start your oven at 350F or moderate. Cover scallops with cold water and bring to a boil. Drain immediately.

Now melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and mix with bread crumbs. Cut green pepper, onion and celery into chunks and cook slowly in remaining butter or margarine for about 5 minutes.

Arrange layers of scallops, vegetables, bread crumbs and cheese in casserole. Season layers with salt and pepper. Pour cream over the top and bake 30 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

BLUEBERRY CRUMB PUDDING

2 pkg frozen blueberries
1 cup zwieback crumbs (about 12 pieces)
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
3 tablespoons butter or margarine

Thaw berries according to package directions. Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Grease a 1-quart casserole or baking dish.

Roll zwieback into fine crumbs and mix crumbs with sugar, cinnamon, melted butter or margarine. Arrange a layer of blueberries on bottom of baking dish and cover with a layer of crumbs. Continue with berry and crumb layers until you end with a crumb topping. Bake 30 minutes. Serve warm or cold to 4.

MENU

*Scallops au Gratin**
*Hubbard Squash** *Buttered Lima Beans**
Relishes
Hot Biscuits
*Blueberry Crumb Pudding**
Coffee

**Quick-frozen*

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4 perfect recipes that freeze perfectly

by Margrit Lutz

If you're looking for important recipes that go into the freezer and "wake up" like new, here are four beauties. Two main dishes and two desserts. Tested over and over again in McCALL's kitchens, they're as tasty as can be and should be a joy to any cook whether she owns a freezer or not.

CHICKEN PIE

STEWING INGREDIENTS:	PIE INGREDIENTS:
5-lb stewing fowl	Pastry for topping (about 1 cup)
2 carrots	6 to 7 carrots
2 stalks celery	10-oz pkg frozen peas or 1½ lb fresh peas
Few sprigs parsley	6-oz can mushrooms
2 small onions	2 cups chicken stock
1 lemon	⅔ cup light cream
2 teaspoons salt	4 tablespoons cornstarch
5 peppercorns	½ teaspoon salt
1 bay leaf	Dash pepper
	¼ teaspoon celery salt
	¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Put whole chicken in a large kettle. Add water, enough to reach the halfway mark on chicken, and toss in carrots, celery, parsley, onions, lemon slices (peel and all), salt, peppercorns, bay leaf. Cook to boiling point, cover and cook slowly until fowl is very tender. Cool in stock. Meanwhile make up the pastry (your own, a mix or the frozen kind) and chill in refrigerator until needed. Remove skin and strip meat from chicken bones in large chunks. Strain vegetables from broth.

Scrape carrots, cut in large pieces and cook in ½ cup of chicken broth and ½ teaspoon salt for 10 minutes. Thaw frozen peas until they separate or shell the fresh ones. Drain mushrooms.

Divide chicken and vegetables into 2 9-inch piepans.

To make the sauce: Mix 2 cups chicken stock with cream. Cook to boiling point and stir in cornstarch mixed smooth with a little chicken stock.

Cook until sauce is slightly thick, add salt, pepper, celery salt, monosodium glutamate. Pour over chicken mixture. Cover with pastry. Cool, wrap for freezing.

To defrost and serve: Put pies in a 300F or slow oven for 30 minutes, then increase heat to 425F or hot and bake 30 minutes longer. These pies can be made and baked without freezing. If so, put pies in a 425F oven and bake 20 to 25 minutes.

STEAMED FISH PUDDING

1-lb pkg frozen sole, haddock or perch or 2 cups cooked leftover fish	¾ cup dry bread crumbs
1 medium onion	1 tablespoon dry mustard
Few sprigs parsley	2 teaspoons lemon juice, fresh frozen or canned
3 eggs	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup melted butter or margarine	1 teaspoon salt
	Dash pepper

Work frozen fish through your grinder. Or if you're using leftover fish fork it into flakes. Chop onion and parsley fine.

Separate egg yolks from whites and beat whites stiffly. Mix yolks with fish and remaining ingredients. Mix or fold egg whites into yolk mixture and pour into a greased 1-quart mold or pudding pan. Cover tightly. Place mold in a large kettle, pour in boiling water up to the two-thirds mark, cover tightly and steam over a low heat for 1 hour. Replenish with more boiling water if necessary. Serves 6. Serve immediately or *freeze.*

To defrost: Thaw at room temperature for 6 to 8 hours. Reheat over boiling water for 15 minutes.

STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING

2 sq (2 oz) unsweetened chocolate	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 egg	1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon melted butter, margarine or shortening	½ teaspoon salt
	½ cup milk

Melt chocolate over hot water. Beat egg until frothy, add sugar gradually and keep beating until smooth. Add melted chocolate, cool melted butter, margarine or shortening and vanilla extract.

Sift dry ingredients together. Add alternately with milk to batter. Beat smooth after each addition. Pour into a greased 1-quart mold or pudding pan, cover tightly, place in large kettle, add boiling water up to the two-thirds mark. Cover kettle tightly and steam over a low heat for 1½ hours. Add more boiling water if necessary. Unmold and serve hot or *freeze.* Lovely with whipped cream, ice cream or hard sauce. Serves 4.

To defrost: Let pudding stand at room temperature 4 to 6 hours. Reheat over boiling water for 45 minutes.

FROSTED LEMON PIES

1¼ cups crispy rice cereal	1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
3 eggs	5 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup sugar	1 cup heavy cream

Crush cereal and sprinkle half the crumbs over bottoms of eight 4¼-inch piepans or paper plates of the same size.

Separate egg yolks from whites and beat whites until fluffy. Add sugar gradually, continue beating until stiff and smooth. Now beat in yolks very thoroughly. Stir in lemon juice and rind. Beat cream until stiff and mix gently or fold into egg mixture. Pour into each plate, sprinkle tops with remaining crumbs and *freeze.* Remove from freezer 30 minutes before dessert time.

If you serve this dessert right away, chill in refrigerator several hours.

Your sins and mine

Continued from page 39

It was as if the earth had drawn in a great breath and, with it, all sound. Petrified, his face upturned, my father watched the sky. He must, he said later, have watched for at least half an hour. Then he saw a thin curved thread of bright orange in the hole where the moon had been. Ah, the cloud was passing. But why was the thread that awesome color? It was becoming red, like a heat blade fresh from a tempering fire. It thickened, became a crescent, then a half, then a full moon—not rapidly, but with awful slowness. It was larger than before, and as scarlet as blood. And the stars retreated into a diffused pallor.

. . . *And the moon shall not give her light*, thought my father, remembering his Bible. The moon, though the color of blood, and larger than even a harvest or a hunter's moon, did not give any light. The earth was dark.

It was an eclipse, he thought with a desperation alien to him. He watched a little longer, then the horrible thing in the sky became unendurable. He went back into the house, and it was not until he felt its warmth that he realized he was very cold, colder than he had ever been in his life. His hands were so stiff that he had to fumble a few moments before he could turn on a lamp in the parlor. Then he began to shiver uncontrollably; his very bones trembled. He sat, still huddled in his lumber jacket, near a table where he kept his farm journals. His unyielding fingers could hardly turn the pages.

No eclipses of the moon were forecast for this time of the year.

He sat in his worn leather chair and the journal dropped from his knees. He heard the old clock ticking away. He had spent an hour outside and he had seen an appalling thing. The silence that lay over the land permeated here too. It must have been my father's imagination, for all at once he could no longer hear the clock. He waited, and a ring of moisture ran around his forehead. Through the Venetian blinds came a fiery glare, like the reflection from a burning building.

With a supreme effort he went into the hall and switched on the light. He looked at the old walnut clock, which had belonged to his grandfather. The pendulum was not moving. The hands stood still, the chimes silent.

"I couldn't stir, I tell you," my father told us months later. "I wanted to call one of you boys, but I couldn't. I just sat on the stairs and looked at the clock. At least I couldn't see the blazing moon from there."

He was never certain how long he huddled on the steps. Perhaps half an hour. But all at once he was aware that the clock was ticking again, feebly, hesitantly at first, then with strong assurance. The chimes sounded the hour of half-past one, then, without pause, they struck two. The hands on the clock had moved to that hour, as if turned forward by an invisible hand.

The silence of the earth had gone. Now a sleeping horse neighed in a dream; one of the dogs barked, another whined. A wind suddenly took the house and shook it gently. My father, trembling again, stood up and went back into the parlor and pulled up the blind on one of the windows. The moon was white and clear and shining in a peaceful sky.

He picked up his Bible with cold hands and reread Matthew 24, not once, but many times. It was three o'clock before he climbed upstairs to bed, to lie beside my sleeping mother until morning.

He was exhausted when he came to the breakfast table, but he did not say what he had seen—if he had really seen it and it had not been all a dream—until months later.

There was, of course, no report of any of this in the newspapers. He must have dreamed it.

Soon after this we noticed the absence of newspapers and periodicals in the house. My father had stopped all subscriptions. Finally he would not even listen to the radio. He would sit alone in the parlor, his Bible heavily in his hands, and though no son or grandchild had ever before feared him at any time, they feared him now. It was as if he had withdrawn for contemplation, and even Mother, to whom he was so devoted, left him alone near the fire and her merry face lost its merriment.

But my father was a farmer, after all. We have a fairly large farm, some seven hundred acres, stock and truck. My brother Edward and I had no longings for the city and city life, and from our early youth we had taken it for granted that even when we were married we would remain on the farm. Edward and I had served our time in the Army—I in Korea, he in Europe. We had enlisted. Father had resigned himself to the wars with a countryman's fatalism. After all, there were

(Continued on page 88)

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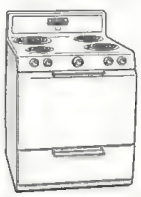

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(Continued from page 87)

always the seasons and the sun—and God. The eternal verities which man could never destroy.

We had two tenant farmers and their families on the farm, and my father and I ran things profitably and with great success. But my brother Edward could not help us very much. He had been blinded in Europe in 1945.

Edward had never been blessed, or cursed, with much imagination. He was calm and matter-of-fact, like our mother. He underwent a period of training, and, as he had always had a gift for mechanics, he soon learned how to repair farm machinery. So while he could do little on the land, he kept himself busy and was happy enough. He and his wife Lucy and their two boys occupied two of the large rear bedrooms in the white clapboard house, while Jean and I and our new son had the two front bedrooms.

My father took Edward's blindness philosophically, it seemed, until after I returned from Korea. Then I would see him looking at Edward, and his kind face, so broad and strong, would become tight and he would turn away without speaking. Once, soon after my return, when I was talking about my experiences in prison camp, he said to me: "Yes, we are all strangers to each other, and that's why we hate each other so much and want to kill each other. Pete, don't talk to me about war any more."

At Christmastime we had bought a television set, but we soon learned not to tell Father about the news. He made it plain that he wanted no information. However, he would sometimes say in a voice of new harshness: "Well, how many hydrogen bombs have we, or they, exploded recently? Let me see, Pete, your boy will be ready in about seventeen years, won't he? And yours, Ed, in less than that, eh? Better have some more children quick; we'll need them."

However, he did not neglect his work, and would talk cheerfully enough about crops and cattle. So we thought this bitterness a passing phase.

A LITTLE rain, hard with sleet, fell twice in January. But the brook shrank under shards of ice, and then it was just a narrow frozen bed. The river near Arbourville fell to the lowest level in history. There were complaints in all the cities that the water level was falling, and people were warned to be careful and to ration themselves. Texas was dry as a bone, but then, farmers said to each other, Texas was usually dry. No real alarm was felt until the Midwestern states declared an emergency. That was early in February, and we were still not alarmed. We would have a very wet spring, we said to one another.

Washington was silent. I think now —Why were they silent? No conferences were held; no newspapers reported anything except "the unusual dryness" all over. The drought, if it was one, was reported to be all over the world, said the newspapers comfortingly. Rainy England was "enjoying incredibly dry, mild weather." Italy was warm as summer, and there were gay reports that in Scandinavia hardy bathers were even "taking dips" along the beaches, while complaining that there had been little or no snow for skiing. India, of course, was suffering drought, but when did India not suffer drought? Asia was dry as paper, but, thought millions, when was Asia not dry as paper? From beyond the steel borders of Russia and her satellite countries no news came at all. At first.

posed by Janice Dingler

"Something wonderful happens each time my children receive a box of CRAYOLA"

Writes Mrs. Sherman V. Parker of Little Deer Isle, Maine: "When I purchase a large box at intervals for each of my daughters, I almost wish I could be a child again and receive an enormous box full of those beautiful colors . . . Even as a youngster I knew CRAYOLA Crayons were the finest made."

48 beautiful (non-toxic) colors in the familiar yellow and green box.

BINNEY & SMITH INC.
380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN

of HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS

get FAST RELIEF with

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

CLICKS WITH EVERYBODY

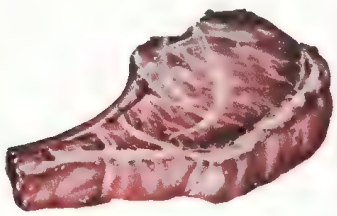
the BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Camera country! Where every turn in every road reveals a snap-worthy scene of natural magnificence. Shoot majestic Mt. Rushmore, the Badlands, the Old West in living action! This year, take your camera and plenty of film to the Black Hills, vacation land and camera country unsurpassed!

WRITE for FREE color folder

SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HIGHWAY COMM.
A. Z. Pankow, Pub. Dir., Pierre, S. Dak.

Presto Pork Chops



12 minutes

Presto!

Recipe

5 pork chops, ¾ inch thick	1 egg, beaten
Salt and pepper	1 tbsp. milk
1 cup corn flake crumbs	3 tbsp. fat
	¼ cup water

Season. Roll in corn flake crumbs—milk mixture—again in crumbs. Heat cooker, add fat. Brown chops on both sides. Add water. Place cover on Cooker. IN JUST 12 MINUTES . . . THE MOST FLAVORFUL, TENDER BREADED PORK CHOPS YOU'VE EVER SERVED!

Unbelievable speed 'n ease, and delicious results at nickels per serving . . . reasons why you need a PRESTO Cooker. Foods retain vivid, fresh color appeal and *all* natural nutritional value. Vitamin packed meals are yours when you use a PRESTO Cooker.

BE SURE IT'S A

National Presto PRODUCT

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC.
Eau Claire, Wisconsin
OVER 21 MILLION SATISFIED PRESTO USERS
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Not until later did we learn that the oases in the deserts everywhere had sifted into endless sands, the palms filtering into dust under a sun that was never dimmed. Not until very much later did we learn of the retreating seas which shrank from the accursed earth, and the rivers which dwindled and dwindled.

But this was all much later, as you may remember. There were now few signs of what was to come.

My father had a special devotion: trees. It did not matter what kind of tree it was, he loved it—fruit tree or birch, peach or willow, oak or pine, the bearer of food or the bearer of shade. A tree against a glittering orange sunset was, to him, the most beautiful thing in the world. He would walk among the trees in the summer and touch their leaves and talk to them as one talks to a dear child, half-chiding, half-laughing, but always with affection. If Father ever found a sapling wilting, he would pat its trunk lovingly and murmur to it. I remember that, as a child, it seemed to me quite natural that a few days later the sapling would be lifting its little branches resolutely and that its leaves would be flourishing.

It was his custom, toward the end of February, no matter how deep the snow, to visit the orchards and some of his favorite trees, such as the enormous clump of elms on the knoll.

But there was no snow in which to walk on this 25th of February. There had been no snow at all.

Father came into our warm, brick kitchen and indicated with a movement of his big gray head that he wished me to accompany him. He walked out of the room in his heavy boots and I followed. I glanced back at Edward who, with the acute perception of the blind, undoubtedly knew what was going on. He was just sitting there, his hands helplessly on the table, his head bent. Edward was a thin, brown young man, soft-spoken and easy in manner. We had become accustomed to the blurred glasses he wore, but now all at once I saw them as if seeing them for the first time, and I was shocked to the heart. I closed the kitchen door quietly behind me, sick with compassion for my brother.

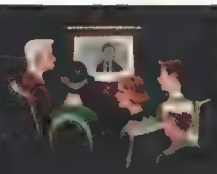
The parched and sullen earth lay before us, and it came keenly to me that the lawns about the house were showing no grass except in little yellowish patches. But it had been so dry a winter; when the rain came the earth would start to life in a green sea. I looked far in the distance to the jade stand of wheat, and was mysteriously comforted. My father was moving fast now, and I hurried to catch up with him. He stopped at the maples. The buds were swelling and turning to a dim rose, and he touched them with the gentlest of hands. We went to the white beeches, and the buds glimmered frostily. Then we entered the orchards. For the first time my father spoke to me. "They'll be flowering early this year."

Then abruptly he was silent. He had taken hold of a gnarled apple branch and was looking at it. I joined him, for he had become rigid and his highly colored face had grayed. Speechlessly he moved the branch toward me. There were no buds. My father moved to the next tree and the next, and I trailed him, our shadows following us on the brown earth. There were no buds at all on any of the apple trees. I broke a twig, and the wood was green. I did not know how constricted my throat had become until I tried to speak. I had to swallow a few times before I could say: "Well,

(Continued on page 90)

Looking for TV suppers? Try

HORMEL Chili



Tamales, too!

Easy Meal-on-Tray Features

HORMEL CHILI CON CARNE WITH HORMEL TAMALES

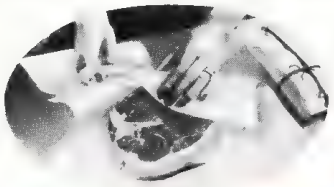
Easy to eat—in more ways than one—is this savory combination! Start with Hormel Chili. It's made with lots of lean beef, gives you a zesty "just-right" sauce. Serve it bubbling hot and fragrant over Hormel Tamales, tender golden "blankets" of cornmeal wrapped around fine-chopped beef. Good go-withs: crisp coleslaw, buttered toasted buns. Dessert could be fresh fruit cup with crisp gingersnaps.

HORMEL CHILE CON CARNE is America's favorite . . . why shouldn't it be yours, too? Try it!

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL GOOD FOOD

How to Wrap Meats for Freezing



To Preserve ALL The Natural Flavor and Juicy Tenderness

Rolls are 15, 18, 24 inches wide.

Start with good meat, wrap and seal tightly to shut out air. Follow freezer manufacturer's temperature recommendations. Don't store too long. (Date packages and use oldest first.) Do this and you'll always have good results from your home freezer or refrigerator freezer compartment.

For the wrapper, use KVP Freezer Paper. It hugs the meat, guards against moisture loss and freezer-burn. (Wrapping instructions with every box.)

KVP originated freezer paper — has kept it the leader in low-cost protection. Look for it in locker plants, retail stores, markets.

Your Guarantee of Quality

Paper Maids SAVE TIME — SAVE WORK

Shelf Papers • Freezer Papers • Heavy and Fancy Waxed • KVP and Mrs. Hayward's Dusting Papers • Pie Tape • Baking Cups • Place Mats • Cookery Parchment

KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT CO. • PARCHMENT, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN
In Canada Buy KVP—APPLEFORD Paper Products

WEST BEND'S GIFT SUGGESTION FOR MOTHER'S DAY

GIVE *Mom* A COFFEE ECONOMIZER

2 to 5 cup *Flavo-matic*®

THE FULLY AUTOMATIC PERCOLATOR

This beautiful electric percolator makes two, three, four or five cups of delicious coffee automatically; you never have to make more than you actually want. It's a real "economizer" because (1) exclusive percolation method requires less ground coffee to make a full-flavored brew and (2) it will make as few as 2 cups at a time. Available in "sunset gold" aluminum at $12.95* or polished aluminum, only $11.50*.

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO., Dept. 625, West Bend, Wisconsin

OTHER WEST BEND GIFT IDEAS

At leading housewares, gift and appliance stores; prices slightly higher in Canada.

*INCLUDES CORD AND EXCISE TAX

ELECTRIC FRYER-ROASTER-SERVER

Sparkling 8-in-1 appliance is a deep fryer, electric roaster, server, cooker, stewer, blancher, steamer and food warmer. Complete with basket, trivet, filters, cord and booklet. $24.95*.

ELECTRIC SERV-IT

Keeps any hot food "piping hot" at the table after you've taken it out of the oven. Has 2 qt. glazed stoneware casserole, electric base and cord, stainless steel cover. $7.95*.

TRIG TEA KETTLE

Mom would love a Trig, too — if she doesn't have one. Trigger operates spout cap. Holds 2½ quarts. In chrome on solid copper, $4.95 or cherry red or sunset-gold aluminum, $4.75.

(Continued from page 89)

it's been a dry winter, but the trees are alive, and so—"

"And so," said my father, and his voice trembled. We were silent as we went to the cherry orchard. We examined tree after tree, not speaking. We went to the peach orchard, and the pear. There was not a single flower bud on any tree.

We stood there and looked at each other.

Finally my father said: "You remember that we lost all our female calves this year, and only a few of the young bulls lived."

"Yes," I said. "And it's happened to all our neighbors, too. There are practically no milch cows in this whole area."

"And our hens are laying only a few eggs, and none of them has been fertilized," Father continued. He turned to stare at me. "Do you think this is just local? It's been reported all over the country. 'Dryness,' they say."

"What do you say, Dad?" I asked.

But he shook his head and he looked at the sky for a long time. It was as though he were saying to something or someone: "I know."

We went to the winter wheat, and as we approached it it lost much of its greenness. And when we stood among it we saw it was dying.

When we returned to the house I found I was shivering. Father went to the telephone and called his Grange office in Arbourville. He spoke very little, and asked a few questions. He then said to me: "Yes, it's all over the state; none of the fruit trees are showing flower buds, and there are reports of dying wheat and truck from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The Florida crop was almost nothing."

"We'll have to irrigate," I said. We stood in the hall, and suddenly I had to sit down. I remembered the reports of the sinking rivers and I also remembered that our well's level was dropping and the pump was working almost constantly.

"We've never had to irrigate," said Father, and his voice had lost its strength. He added, as if to himself: "It would do no good anyway."

He went out of the house again and I followed like a child. We found Edward in the barn tinkering with the engine of one of the plows. He heard us come and lifted his head. My father moved to him and put his hand on his shoulder. "You're being avenged, Ed," he said, and his voice broke. "The world forgot you. But God has remembered."

THE newspapers, even country weeklies, seemed to ignore the farmers. The farm journals, too, were curiously silent. We know now that Washington had directed them not to print what was happening. A "panic" was feared, not so much in the country as in the hard and stony cities. Perhaps Washington was right; cities panic easily.

Farmers always laugh heartily at the advertisements in city newspapers: country vegetables, creamery butter, dairy milk, garden peas, and so on. "Where d'you suppose city people think their vegetables come from?" they ask. "The subway? Whoever heard of butter that wasn't 'creamery' and milk that didn't come from a dairy? Do they think cows live on penthouse terraces and only a few special vegetables come from the country?"

Maybe Washington was afraid that if the city people heard, perhaps for the first time, that everything they ate came from the land, and the land was not bearing fruit, the shock would be too great.

RICH BROWN *Gravy*

MADE WITHOUT EXTRA MEAT JUICES FOR ONLY 1½¢ PER SERVING*

*Amount of B-V required

Also soups, bouillons, meat flavoring, hot drinks

The Wilson label protects your table

DOWN COMFORTS *Beautifully* RE-COVERED

Also Wool Comforts Re-Covered . . . and . . . Feather-Fluff Comforts Made from Heirloom Featherbeds. Write for FREE samples of coverings, testimonials and picture folder. No salesmen — Mail order only!

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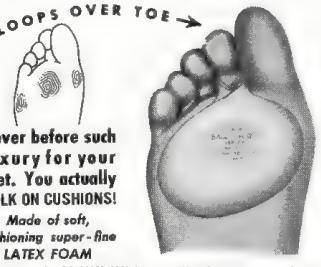
ALDEN COMFORT MILLS-MC
Box 6070 Dallas, Texas

NEW! Dr Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion

FAST, GRATIFYING RELIEF FOR CALLOUSES, TENDERNESS, BURNING AT BALL OF FOOT!



Never before such luxury for your feet. You actually WALK ON CUSHIONS!

Made of soft, cushioning super-fine LATEX FOAM

It's entirely NEW! Without adhesive or strapping, scientifically designed Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION loops over toe and nestles under ball of foot. Relieves painful callouses, burning, tenderness at once. Gives priceless walking ease. Snug fitting tailored Rights and Lefts. Worn invisibly. Washable. Three kinds—35¢, 60¢, $1.00 pair. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. If not obtainable locally, order direct, enclosing price. State if for man or woman.

DR. SCHOLL'S, INC., Dept. 9B, Chicago 10, Ill.

Longing to redecorate your home? Want to see the newest ideas in decorating fashions? See Godell's new catalog of beautiful curtains, drapes and bedroom ensembles . . . in the finest fabrics; in a huge assortment of styles and sizes. All at Godell's amazing direct-to-you prices. Send 10¢ to

HOME FASHION CATALOG

godell's Dept. 5-M
31 West 27th St., N. Y. 1

Meadow Gold Mealtime Adventures

by *Beatrice Cooke*

Supreme Hollandaise Sauce
Mushroom Sauce
Lemon Butter Sauce
Almond Butter Sauce
Curried Shrimp Sauce
Creole Barbecue Sauce
Polonaise Sauce
Clear Lemon Sauce
Chocolate Cream Sauce
Fluffy Hard Sauce

FREE! BUTTER-RICH SAUCE RECIPES

Want to enhance your reputation as a good cook? Send for the 10 delicious sauce recipes listed above. (Types for seafood, meat, poultry, vegetables, and desserts.) And be sure you use top-quality Meadow Gold Butter in each. It's the churned-fresh butter that *keeps* its delicate flavor and aroma, even at the melting point. A *must* in fine sauce cookery! Why not try this special Hollandaise sauce over broccoli tonight?

Recipe for Supreme Hollandaise Sauce

½ cup Meadow Gold Butter
2 Meadow Gold egg yolks, well beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of white pepper
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Beat egg yolks with egg beater or electric mixer (low speed) adding butter gradually. Cook in double boiler over hot, *not boiling*, water until thickened, stirring constantly. (It's boiling water that causes separation.) Remove from heat and stir in salt, pepper and lemon juice. Serve immediately or cool and re-heat over hot, *not boiling*, water. Note: if sauce should separate, beat in 2 tbsp. boiling water, drop by drop. Serves 4.

Shiny aluminum foil wraps each quarter pound of Meadow Gold to keep it fresh 'til the second you serve it.

FREE
10 NEW SAUCE RECIPES
The special assortment listed above, on standard file cards. Write Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. MC-54, 120 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.

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Anyway, Washington was silent. Congress met and discussed the possible amounts of atomic and hydrogen bombs which Russia was producing, and they talked of "allies" and human rights and investigations into the drug traffic. And all the time the earth stood barren, and the ground dried and blew in brown storms over the land. The sun shone, cloudless, in every sky, and the universal rivers dropped and the seas shrank and the creeks and brooks dried up and the mountains became seared and the valleys yellowed—all over the world.

The land hated us, the violated land, the faithful land, the obedient land, the exploited and gentle land. The land had decided that we must die, and all innocent living things with us, unavoidably. The land had cursed us. Our ways and our murders and our hatred for each other, our lying politicians and our masters of intrigue, our plotters and our constant clangoring voices without compassion or reason or kindness—these had finally sickened the wise earth. "Cursed am I for thy sake," said the earth, but we did not hear.

We did not know, at first, that we stood indicted as the irreconcilable enemy of all life.

It was March; in our part of the country the weather was as fair and gentle as May. We awoke every morning to the calm and relentless sunshine. Such sun and warmth ought to have electrified the earth. But it did not. It is true that the fruitless trees daily brightened into thickening green, and even the fruit trees, though never showing a single flower, sprang into leaf. But corn did not sprout; the meadows lay in hot brownness under the polished sky, giving birth only to prickly weeds inedible for man and beast. Some of the weeds, which had disappeared years ago under constant cultivation, had unaccountably returned and were definitely poisonous, so that we had to keep our large flocks out of the fields.

We had considerable hay stored in our barns, and feed in the silos. We fed the cattle as we fed them in winter. But for some reason the cattle did not thrive. They were restless in the sunshine and their flesh dwindled. Their eyes gazed at us plaintively, and with fear, and they threw up their heads and drew deep breaths into their lungs and I was positive that they, too, stared anxiously at the sky. The few calves we had left sickened and died. The cows' milk diminished until we had only a thin bluish fluid which produced almost no butter. The milk companies were silent.

"Well," said my father with grim humor, "the government will have to disgorge those millions of pounds of butter it's been buying from the farmers and put it on the market. I've noticed the grocery stores are having sales on it, at low prices, too. Keeping the cities quiet, I suppose."

The government not only disgorged its hoarded butter but began to disgorge the bursting warehouses of wheat it had been hoarding. But we did not know that. Nor did we know that all shipments of wheat to overpopulated and equally stricken countries had been halted. We read nothing of it in the newspapers; we read nothing of the millions dying of famine in India and Asia, millions once kept alive, in a measure, by our wheat.

Our children, fed with the pallid milk, gained little weight and were almost constantly crying. At night their wailing disturbed our sleep. I would lie beside Jean, who had always been as bright as a new flame and as sparkling as a river in full sunshine,

(Continued on page 94)

All aboard for Flavor... Texture... Color and points best!

Climb aboard DOLE'S through express to eating pleasure! California's juiciest whole peaches and pears, *gem-cut* into firm cubes, DOLE'S famous Hawaiian pineapple, plump sweet cherries and tender grapes . . . no wonder kids go for colorful DOLE Fruit Cocktail the way they go for choo-choo trains!

LOOK FOR THE DOLE LABEL ON TRUE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE—THE TREASURED ISLAND FRUIT

by Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert

which is the freezer for you?

Your choice depends on your kitchen space, the freezing program you plan. One of these should just fill the bill

Need space to store some frozen food? You might find a refrigerator with a separate freezer compartment perfect for your needs if you need space for only one or two weeks' supply of frozen foods. The freezer section has a separate door, its own refrigerating system and lots of insulation to assure zero-safe holding and freezing of foods. This generous refrigerator offers a little more than 2 cubic feet of freezer space holding up to 77 pounds of food

Freezer ambitions, but no kitchen space? This freezer occupies the lower portion of a refrigerator, takes up no more floor space than a refrigerator alone. Today families are consuming twice the frozen food they used to, and freezing units have started to take over some of the space formerly used for storing fresh food. The freezer portion fills more than one-third of this refrigerator, with 3.4 cubic feet of space holding up to 125 pounds of frozen food

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM-SCHERCK

Plan a full-scale freezer program?
This is the kind of freezer that could change your whole way of life. It holds 500 pounds of food, has fast-freezing plates lining the shelves to assure freezing on each. There are adjustable door dividers that hold packages of various sizes, feed out the packages from the bottom of each file so that the first one stored is the first one out. In this way you don't have to worry about keeping food too long

Lots of freezing — little space?
This "baby" of the freezer family may be ideal if you have a small family; live in an apartment; have a perfectly good, large "standard" refrigerator; live some distance from your locker plant in town. Although it takes only 24 inches of wall space, this convenient little upright can store up to 200 pounds of food in its 4 cubic feet of space. A bit over one yard tall, it can hold a counter top for extra work space

Want a lot for your money?
If you have enough floor space in your kitchen, pantry, basement or wherever, your choice may be a chest type — the big economy model. You'll find yourself taking advantage of weekend specials, buying in case lots and cooking and freezing extra batches of your family's favorite foods. New models have shelves on the cover for small packages, nesting baskets to keep things in order, a pastry rack to take care of your delicate pies and cakes

Pillsbury's GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE WINNING

SOUTHERN PECAN BARS

made with

Funsten's VACUUM PACKED PECANS

Always Fresh!

Always delicious... vacuum packed to assure perfect cooking and baking results. Smart cooks everywhere rely on Funsten's Pecans... always fresh... always crunchy... always tasty.

SOUTHERN PECAN BARS

BAKE at 350° F. for 35 to 40 minutes. MAKES about 30 bars

Sift together... 1 cup sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**
¼ teaspoon double-acting **baking powder**

Blend together. ¼ cup **butter** and
⅓ cup firmly packed **brown sugar**, creaming well.

Add ..... the dry ingredients; mix with an electric mixer or spoon until mixture resembles coarse meal.

Stir in .. ¼ cup **Funsten's Pecans** finely chopped; mix well. Pat firmly into bottom of well-greased 12x8x2-inch pan.

Bake..... in moderate oven (350° F.) for 10 minutes only

PECAN TOPPING

Beat..... 2 **eggs** until foamy.

Add .... ¾ cup dark **corn syrup**
¼ cup firmly packed **brown sugar**
2 tablespoons **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**
½ teaspoon **salt** and
1 teaspoon **French's Vanilla.** Mix well. Pour over partially-baked crust.

Sprinkle with.... ¾ cup **Funsten's Pecans** chopped. If desired, arrange 30 pecan halves evenly over top, one for each bar.

Bake..... in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Let cool in pan, then cut into bars. Store in tightly covered container.

More Prize Winning Recipes in Every Bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour

$1,000.00 WINNER

Mrs. Kenneth R. Pope, 624 N. Lincoln St., Aberdeen, S. Dakota a $1,000 Best-of-Class winner in Pillsbury's Grand National Bake-Off. Her Southern Pecan Bar is a cookie version of southern pecan pie. Mrs. Pope knows that Funsten's Pecans and Pillsbury's Best are a prize winning combination. Try them tomorrow.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Write for your copy of new recipe booklets of Pecan, Black Walnut and Almond treats. R. E. Funsten Co., 1507 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis 3, Missouri.

(Continued from page 91)

and would hear her cry soundlessly, believing me asleep. I had no comfort for her except the meager one of pretending that I was not mortally afraid.

The Grange did not call any extra meetings in Arbourville to discuss what was happening. We know now that they had received their orders from Washington. However, in March they called their regular meeting.

I was horrified when I saw Lester Hartwick, our president. I'd seen him last in January, a happy, jocose farmer, colorful as a ripe pear, short and bulky as a boulder. He had become an old man in two months, shriveled and wasted, his flesh as gray as his thick hair. "Well, fellows," he began, "we've been having bad luck this spring with our crops. Not having had much—rain and such. But it's still only March, and we can expect rain any day." He faltered and stopped.

Then my father stood up and spoke, standing in the silent ranks like an oak.

"Les," he said, "you know damn well we aren't going to have any rain. And don't talk to me about this being 'just in this area.' It's all over the world, and you know it."

"Now, George," said Lester, but he shifted his eyes away. "How can you know that? Oh, sure, there's a drought in Texas, but they've been having that for years—"

"I know the newspapers aren't printing anything," said my father, "and the farm journals aren't talking. But I know what is happening all over the world. How do I know?" He tapped his chest. "Something tells me, in here. Who's been warning you Grange presidents to keep quiet?"

Lester laughed; it was a feeble sound. "George, you always did have a big imagination. You know as well as I do that some years the crops are light, but the next year—"

"There'll probably not be a next year for most of us," said my father. The farmers were looking steadily at him and not at our president. And he looked at them. "There's no use appealing to Washington. We've got just one court of appeal now," he said, "and I don't suppose most of you have given it any thought. Oh, I suppose you've prayed for rain in church. But have you ever prayed, 'God, have mercy on me, a sinner,' like the publican in the Bible? I guess you haven't; your faces are the answer. Sinners? Have you ever thought of that, boys?"

Lester broke in: "Now, George, maybe we are all sinners, in a way. Human nature. But we work hard, and we're generous, we farmers, and we do our best. I guess we're perhaps a little less 'sinful' than lots of folks in the cities."

Father smiled darkly. "'God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are.' I wonder how many of you know your Bible? I wonder how many of you know we're all being punished, and that we've had a sentence of death handed to us?"

Farmers instinctively hold God and Nature in reverence, and though some of them smiled uneasily at first over Father's words the smiles soon faded and they gave him all their attention.

His voice was full of ominous authority. "Yes, a sentence of death," he said. "Because every man in the world is a merciless sinner against every other man, and God. We've forgotten God. When was God ever taken in as the Invisible Partner in the affairs of men in this century? Or any other century? The only time God has been mentioned in combat is when He was called the 'God of Battles.' That's been the excuse for 'holy' and 'righteous' wars. The literary men call that a contradiction in terms, and, boys, it sure is!

"No, don't start arguing with me about what we should have done about the Kaiser and Hitler. If the world had been a good and just world those fellows wouldn't have had a chance; they wouldn't have been in power in the first place."

He moved his strong legs and tightened his belt and ran his hand over the stubble on his chin. His blue eyes were the most vivid thing in the room as they traveled slowly over every face.

"No, I'm no politician. I'm a farmer, just as you are. When we were little fellows we took it seriously when the preacher told us we owed a duty to our fellow man, and that things of the spirit are more important than things of the body. Every church told its people that; every church still does, though mostly the preachers speak to empty pews. We don't hear these things with our ears any more. Why? Because every man-jack of us has come to believe that the things of the body are the only valuable things, and we've scrambled for them over the rights of all other men. We've become materialists, and a materialist is an atheist. Look, I'm no orator. You know what I'm talking about.

"And now we shake our atomic and hydrogen bombs in Russia's face and she shakes hers in ours, and we both go on exploding them on the land and destroying it. Billions of our money, and Russia's, going into the making of the means of universal murder. Why didn't we use a couple of those billions to get through to the Russian people? Think they like to live in that misery of theirs, with the secret police breathing down their necks and fear sitting at their tables with them and lying down in their beds with them? Man, the Russians are men like us. They aren't a special, humanless breed. But what've we done to help them?

"Some damn fools talk of a 'liberating' war against Russia and her satellites. That's like a surgeon telling a patient he'll relieve him of his pain by killing him on the operating table. What do we have an Intelligence for? We could raise up an underground against the Politburo and liberate the Russian people and the satellites for what a few atomic bombs cost. But do we do it? No. You know why? Because war is such a profitable thing. It's the thing that makes cities grow and thrive."

His eyes flashed like electricity over the listening faces of the men. "In my father's day the people were happy on the land; the cities held the minority of the people. Men raised food, not factories for the weapons of murder. Sure, maybe we didn't all have big cars in our barns and gadgets in our houses. But an oil lamp does just as well as electricity, and a book is better than some of the stuff we see on television.

"What has all our 'progress' brought us? Peace and safety and love in our families and contentment? No. It has only taught us war, for the products of the factories must be destroyed and made again, and destroyed and made again, for profits. It has taught us to envy our brothers. There was a time when a man took pride in his crops; he used to say that if his neighbor had worked a little harder he, too, would have good crops. But now the value of a man doesn't lie in his work of feeding others; it consists in whether

(Continued on page 97)

When It's "Your Turn" To Entertain...

What'll You Have?

Make sure everything goes smoothly by serving smooth, sociable, satisfying Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!

Dazzle your friends with this eye-delighting, taste-inviting, glazed Virginia ham, doubly-delicious with good food's best friend—Pabst Blue Ribbon—finest beer served . . . anywhere.

You do yourself proud (and compliment your friends) when you serve smoother-tasting Pabst Blue Ribbon. Always be sure to keep a case on hand—for expected and *un*expected guests!

How to make a Blue Ribbon Ham Glaze

One hour before ham is done, remove rind, score ham and stud with cloves. Spread with glaze made by combining ½ cup Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Return to oven and bake one hour longer.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Finest Beer Served... Anywhere!

Follow **Pabst Blue Ribbon Boxing Bouts...Every Wednesday Night on Television**...CBS Network. Copr. 1954, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CHOCOLATE CHIFFON PIE

It's real smooth, with a light, delicate texture

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
¾ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 to 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 baked pastry shell

Soften gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Place over boiling water, heat until dissolved; set aside to cool. Add salt to egg whites and beat with electric or rotary beater until mixture forms soft peaks. Gradually add sugar, about 1 tablespoon at a time, beating until smooth and glossy. Continue beating and add Karo Syrup, a little at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition, until mixture peaks. Stir and fold the cooled gelatin, vanilla and chocolate into whipped mixture. Turn into baked pastry shell. Chill for 3 hours or until firm.

There are 101 WAYS to enjoy Karo

Tops so many treats . . . makes smooth candies, sauces!

by Gloria Liswith

proper packaging

...is one of the secrets of successful freezing.

Here are the items you should get acquainted with

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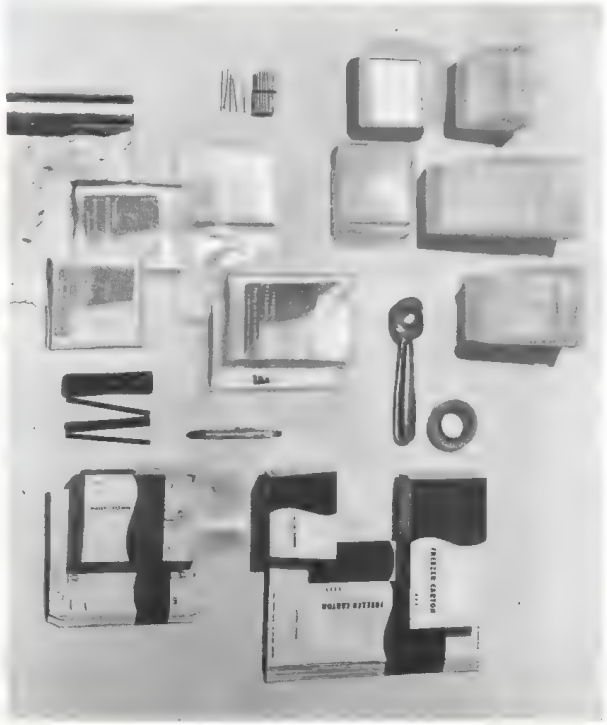

***Starter kit** is a big help to the freezer owner. It includes samples of all kinds of freezing materials, lets you decide which are best for you. Try out pint and quart freezer cartons that make stacking easier... covered plastic boxes in different sizes for fruits and vegetables... polyethylene bags in pint, quart and poultry sizes... freezer aluminum foil, 18 inches wide 20 feet long, that's good for meats. Kit also includes metal closures for plastic bags, freezer tape, ice-cream scoop, funnel, Popsicle sticks, and book about freezing. Well worth the less than $10 investment to experiment*

You'll also want to try...

***Aluminum-foil containers,** that go in the oven and the freezer, for casseroles and baked goods; **waxed tubs** for cooked foods*

***Glass jars,** clear enough to see contents, for soups and leftovers. They're re-usable, easy to empty*

***Aluminum boxes** go in the freezer, in the oven and on the table. They come in several different sizes*

(Continued from page 94)

or not he can buy the biggest car on the market every year. That's materialism. And that's hate. There's no place on God's earth for materialism and hate and godlessness and war. And that's why we've been sentenced to death. There's no place for us in the world any longer."

He lifted up one of his big hands, slowly and solemnly. "The earth knows God, and God is with the earth. She's stood our antics too long; she suffered, and she was kind. Now we are going to die, for we've gone too far in our hate and greed."

He sat down and the men sat in silence, staring emptily before them, their callused hands on their knees. My father had spoken to countrymen's hearts, and they believed him.

Then Lester spoke. "All right, George, what can we farmers do? We raise food to feed the world, don't we? How are we 'sinners'?"

"Because," said my father, "war has been profitable for us too, and so we haven't lifted up our voices against it. We've taken subsidies and so kept food off the market, beyond the ability of many people to buy it. Why, thousands of small farmers can't afford to eat the butter out of their own creameries, or drink their own milk or cook their own eggs! It is more profitable to sell the stuff to the Government and let it rot in warehouses. What kind of a system is that?"

He pointed to the Grange president. "What have you said, Lester, against all that? Nothing. And few like you have said anything, either. A farmer's business is to produce food, not to sell it to governments so the people can't have it. That's our own individual crime."

He lifted up his hands and cried out, "May God have mercy on our souls!"

Like a mighty chorus there answered the rolling sound of spring thunder, and all at once the sun was gone and the light in our Grange room became gray. The farmers started to their feet and looked at the windows. The air was steadily darkening.

But Lester Hartwick laughed with delight and shouted: "Look, it's going to rain at last! George, you old Jeremiah, it's going to rain!"

And rain it did. Suddenly the windows were silvery cataracts and the lightning blazed and the thunder shook the air. The street outside disappeared in torrents; through some partly opened window gushed the scent of wet dust and the freshness of life. The farmers shouted with relief and joy, and they laughed good-naturedly at my father, and slapped his back and talked deliriously about now being able to set the crops.

We crowded to the windows. People were scattering before the onslaught as lightning shivered over the streets and thunder roared and bellowed and splintered. The dried brooks would run now, and the rivers would rise. I looked at my father, but he was not smiling.

He said: "The earth won't die. The rain will save the fruitless trees, but it is too late for the fruitful ones. The sentence of death is still with us."

We heard over the radio that night that rain was falling all over the world in gushing floods. And for the first time we heard that the drought had been world-wide.

It rained for days, and the farmers joyously set their crops and held up glad faces to the dark and pouring heavens. All over the world it rained, and the cruel sun was gone.

But the wheat did not come up and the fruit trees, though green as jade, did not put out any flowers, and the inundated earth did not brighten with life-giving grass. It remained lifeless except for bursting acres of poisonous weeds. Vegetables did not grow, though flowers bloomed everywhere—flowers which men and beasts could not eat.

The water holes had reappeared, but we could not let the cattle go to them. As if some evil thing had given the word, the weeds suddenly thickened, and thrust out strange yellow and red flowers and enormous thorns. They were an army of death in themselves. They crowded about the water holes, poisoning them. The first time we led the cattle to the hurrying brook and let them drink their fill, we stood about them with heavy sticks for fear that they would try to eat the weeds. But we saw that we did not need to keep them away. They looked at the weeds with as much fright as we, and huddled together in order to avoid even stepping on them.

When the rains finally stopped we began to smell a curious stench on the earth. At first we thought it our imaginations. But the stench became stronger. It hung like a deadly fog in the air. We went out to find its source. The weeds were exuding it, and as we came closer to them—they were pushing all over our lawns now as well as in the fields—the smell choked us and forced us to cover our noses. It was the very essence of corruption. that smell. Lucy and Jean would not let the children out of the house.

We could see the red and yellow flowers and green thorny leaves as far

(Continued at bottom page 98)

Introducing a romantic
modern in Sterling
Rose Solitaire
TOWLE
STERLING
At last, a wholly new handling of a theme as old as time — Love's old sweet flower, a single sentimental rose. Sculptured in the bud to be forever fresh, Rose Solitaire is crafted in solid, solid silver for your lifetime pride. Yet a six-piece place setting costs only $29.75, a teaspoon only $3.70; serving pieces from a low $4.00. Ready to enchant a nation's brides — of this or any Spring — at conveniently located TOWLE stores across the country.

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(Continued from page 97)

as our eyes could see, and after a week or so the long barbed tendrils reached up to our windows.

Ten of our best cows died one night, after the weeds had sprung to the barns. Half of our chickens died. Two horses sickened, and expired before morning. The pigs looked at their troughs and turned away. We could see the ribs on their gaunt bodies.

The newspapers mentioned casually that there had been an infestation of weeds "in this area." (We did not know for a long time that these weeds had appeared in every country all over the world.) "However," said a spokesman, "plowing and vigorous cultivation will destroy them. Botanists are baffled. Samples are being rushed to Washington . . ."

In April a tremendous hydrogen bomb was exploded in the Southwest. There were pictures of it in the newspapers. We saw the horrible column of smoke reaching to the skies. At the top the clouds formed into a gigantic fist, clenched and menacing. Washington boasted that it was the biggest bomb ever to be exploded, and the military were jubilant. They were certain Russia had no such bomb.

The Russians were silent. The whole earth was silent. No nation permitted news of the weeds and the deathly smell to extend beyond its borders.

THEN without warning the President on a radio broadcast, pleaded with people not to travel "more than necessary." Rubber was in "short supply," and so was gasoline. "Lies, lies," said my father. "Washington wants to prevent people from seeing what is happening in other states besides their own." There was talk of rationing "if the people do not co-operate." A week later an emergency was declared, and the people were warned that those driving for pleasure would be punished ". . . until rubber and gasoline, needed now for defense, are again in ample supply." It also became almost impossible to secure a plane or railroad ticket.

The warehouses of wheat were rapidly being emptied. Only canned or hothouse vegetables appeared on the market, and people complained of the prices. They did not complain too much, however, for butter was cheap. Milk had become exorbitant, and mothers wrote tens of thousands of letters to Washington and received no reply. "The farmers are greedy; they are holding back the milk for higher prices!" screamed the city mothers, looking at their pale children. The farm mothers were silent. They knew there was little or no milk. The government urged the women to use the millions of cans of evaporated milk on the shelves of their grocery stores "until milk is generally in good supply again," it pleaded. There had been a drought all over the country, Washington explained, and cattle were not producing the product "adequately."

"And when the evaporated milk is gone, what then?" asked my father. But we did not answer. What would happen when we came to an end of my mother's preserved fruits and vegetables?

The newspapers were very gay and nonchalant in their news. The rains had come "just in time to save the crops." The fact that there were no crops was not mentioned. The newspapers filled their pages with news of the United Nations. "There seems to be emerging a new quietness and a faint sign of a willingness to co-operate on the part of Russia." A Communist Polish delegate stood up and announced that there were no problems in the world which could not be settled by "peaceful negotiation." He was applauded even by the Russian delegates, who had lost their scowls. A few were noticed for their reluctant smiles, and the flash bulbs caught their expressions. Only a few of us detected fear in their eyes; only a few saw the mute questions in those eyes, which asked if other nations were enduring the same plague. No one, of course, answered.

One day a Russian delegate rose grandly to his feet to express "the Peoples' Democracies' " sympathy for the sufferings of India, "which has experienced the worst drought in its history." The Peoples' Democracies would ship to India millions of tons of wheat in the immediate future. In fact, ships were already on their way. The Ukraine, said the Russian delegate with a happy smile, was bursting with new wheat. Crops would be the largest in history.

"Liar, liar," said my father grimly. "There will be some wheat shipped, yes. Russia wants the world to believe that only she has not been struck down. Some wheat—but only a little—from their warehouses. After that, nothing."

He was right, of course. Farmers on the collective farms were fighting government agents in a maddened attempt to keep some of their grain for themselves, and some of their cattle. But that we learned much later.

By the middle of April the wild creatures in the woods were dying rapidly after eating the poisonous weeds. Deer and rabbits and squirrels and woodchucks and mice littered the floors of the forests, decaying. And a new stench mingled with the awful one that was always with us.

Then the birds began to die.

About that time my father told us what he had seen in January. We listened to him intently. He read from Matthew 24. I particularly recall one verse: "And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened."

We took a little hope from that. And then it occurred to us to wonder if we were the "elect."

We did not know at that time that millions of Bibles were being opened all over the world, and that the people were reading those very words and asking themselves the same questions. The churches were beginning to burst with new members. But the ministers did not speak of what was happening in the country. They, too, had been given their orders.

Fear hung over the world like a vast cloud.

MY MOTHER was an amiable, gentle-natured woman, round and pink as an apple, with warm brown eyes and pretty chestnut hair. She was a great favorite in our part of the country; Lucy and Jean loved her, and my brother's little boys followed her everywhere. She was never too tired to listen to anyone, and her calmness had the quality of the earth in it.

But gradually her high color faded and she was silent now, rather than calm. One night in May she said to my father: "We used to have so many visitors on Saturdays and Sundays. No one comes any more."

Father said: "Margaret, no one visits anyone any more."

We had lived with fear for so many weeks that we were all startled into this new awareness of the absence of friends. Even the telephone hardly rang these days. The roads were empty, and the matted weeds were running their tentacles across them. There was no spot now which was not infested, and in many places they reached the height of three feet. But though furiously in red and yellow bloom, no bee approached them. They strangled my mother's flower garden, crawled up fences and tree trunks, wound themselves about posts. We kept our stock in the barns, the doors shut to keep out that silent rage of death. Sometimes at night, when a strong wind blew, we could hear the weeds rustling harshly.

There were no school children in our house, but we heard that the schools in the county had been closed. A few children's legs had been pierced by the thorns and they had almost died of the poisoning.

We had heard nothing as yet about the cities. Not until summer did we hear that the city parks were overrun with the horror, though the paved streets and sidewalks remained clear.

An enormous silence lay over the poisoned land. The cities roared heedlessly as usual, not knowing that warehouses were emptying and death stood in the fields which had produced their food. We saw silly television pro-

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grams, dancers and singers. Surprisingly, my father had taken to watching too. He would sit, his pipe cupped in his hands, his eyes fixed on the cavorting figures. When scenes were shown of the activities among the United Nations, he would lean forward and study each face carefully. Sometimes he would nod to himself and sigh.

At first only my father believed that the world had been condemned to death. Edward and I sometimes laughed wearily about his dream of the moon and the stopping of time. But as the endless days went by, our laughter died and we did not speak of that "dream."

One night Mother suddenly cried out in a strange voice: "George, what can we do? The children—the children—"

"We can do nothing," he answered bitterly, and went to my mother and put his arms about her. "The children have been condemned with us."

"But so innocent," wept my mother.

"But so many millions of innocents have already been murdered," Father said. He looked at us over Mother's head and quoted again from the Bible: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand."

I thought of Korea, and Edward, sitting near me in his blindness, said quietly: "Yes, I killed men. I had no choice."

"And I had no choice," I added.

Edward put his hands over his face, and for the first time I heard him quote the Bible: "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

Mother looked at us, aghast, her eyes swollen with tears. "But it was Cain who said that, Edward!"

My brother and I did not answer.

Mother was horrified. She turned to my father, exclaiming: "What could our boys do? Did they make those wars they fought in?"

"Yes," he said. "We all did."

I got up abruptly and left the room, for I suddenly hated my father. A horrible sense of impotent rage came to me, a hatred and disgust for all the world, for my father, and then, strangely, for myself. I was swamped in my emotions, my feeling of helplessness and despair.

And then like a tolling in my inner ear came the awful words: "And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth... And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth Me that I have made them."

And then I knew, with a terrible finality, that we were doomed.

WHEN Jean came into the bedroom I pretended to be asleep. She moved about quietly by the light of one small lamp. She sank onto the bed beside me and I could feel her sobbing silently to herself. I turned and took her in my arms and kissed her, and for a little while, in our love, we forgot that we had been condemned to die.

Jean slept, but I could not sleep. The room was stifling in the June heat, but we dared not open the windows because of the choking stench outside.

As I turned and tossed, the thought of the weeds, the dreadful weeds, became an obsession to me. They were no longer a vegetable manifestation of some unknown evil or judgment, but a sinister purpose, animated, directed, and I wanted to fight that purpose. Perhaps in my confusion I was not quite rational.

At the first signs of dawn I got up and dressed. I crept down the dark

(Continued on page 100)

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MILWAUKEE

6-HMC

(Continued from page 99)

staircase and listened to the monotonous song of the old clock. Then I was outside, my legs protected by high leather boots. I passed through the weeds and they snatched at me with their long barbs and seethed about my legs hungrily. They crackled under my feet, and I breathed lightly through my nose to keep from being stifled by the stench.

Above me, the eastern sky streamed with pale magenta light, and, very slowly, a dim shadow ran over the earth like ghostly water. I reached the barns and had to wrench open the doors with all my strength, for in a single night the weeds had clutched at the hinges. The cows did not stamp or complain; even when I lit a lantern they merely looked at me with the mute eyes of despair and pleading. "Quiet, quiet," I murmured to them, and they lowered their heads. The three horses sighed gustily. I went from barn to barn, offering comfort to these poor creatures, touching them. Never before had I really felt them as living parts of myself, as part of all that had breath. Our two remaining bulls nuzzled me, young fellows who only a month ago would have bellowed and tossed their horns. "It's all right, boys," I said to them, stroking their broad shoulders. They moved nearer to me, as a child moves to its father for reassurance. I knew that never again would I regard any poor beast as a mere commodity to be fattened and sent to the market; I loved them.

My hatred for the weeds reached a frantic pitch in my mind, for now I saw that they would stifle the innocent as well as the guilty. I must do something! I faltered and stood irresolute as I reached the outdoors again.

THEN I moved to another building. The weeds tried to seize me and pull me down, and I knew that they had some appalling intelligence, that they saw and hated me. I tore among them, crushing my heels into them savagely. But they sprang up behind me as I hurried. I reached the building where we kept our farm machinery, and the fury in me grew wilder. I climbed onto the seat of our huge disk harrow, whose edges were as sharp as knives. I drove out through the door, my teeth set, and I lunged through the weeds. The disks cut them; I could hear the edges tearing through the monstrous growth and grinding them. The morning had brightened and I could see that they were bleeding, a green and noxious blood which spewed up about me like a deathly water. There was a sort of mad rejoicing in me. Surely I was killing them with the harrow!

And then I looked behind me. The path I expected to see, the crushed weeds I had hoped to see, had been obliterated. I had made no impression on them at all. Where I killed or cut, the others swarmed. I could actually see the movement of them, and it was like a nightmare.

But I could not stop myself. I drove far into a field, choking with the stench, and the weeds closed eagerly after me. Then, as the first red edge of the sun appeared over the matted hills, I stopped and sat motionless, overcome with futility and anguish.

I was all alone in that monstrous sea. In the distance our house and outbuildings were emerging like faint mirages. Soon my father and the tenant farmers would be making a futile gesture, going to the barns to set the milking machines. I sat in the wilderness and began to sob. I put my head on my knees and knew the greatest despair of my life. What was there to do? There was nothing for any man to do. Except pray.

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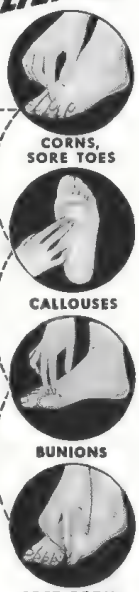

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I sat very still. Pray. I had not prayed since I was a child. I was a product of my generation—"rational," full of scepticism, "civilized." To what, to whom could a man pray? My parents, with their faith, had always seemed more than a little simple to me, and I had smiled at them. I had not been in a church more than three times since I was sixteen.

Surely, I thought, millions of us must be praying for deliverance from the weeds. What good had those prayers accomplished? I looked up at the sky, which had become opalescent, like the inside of a shell, and I grinned at it bitterly. Where was God, that He had permitted this frightful thing to come upon His "children"? Why, if there was a God—

I lifted my fists to the sky. "Why, You up there? Why?" I shouted in rage at the sky. "Answer me!"

The weeds swelled like waves, and rustled harshly in the morning wind. Now there were tears on my face and anger in my heart. "All right," I said aloud, "there is no—" I heard a voice in my inner ear, saying: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

I was overcome. I crouched on the seat and covered my eyes so I could not see the weeds. Something was stirring in me. I had not been exactly a bad man, only a heedless one, concerned exclusively with my family and the farm, driving hard bargains when I could, pocketing our government checks with satisfaction. All at once I loathed myself, loathed the meaningless life I had led, loathed my casual obedience to the laws of war. The wheat we had delivered to be sent to warehouses to be hoarded or destroyed, the butter we had sent away, to be hoarded also until it became rancid, the crops we had not planted at governmental order—the whole incredible story of our cupidity, our complacence in the face of world hunger! For a price, for a good price. The price of death.

What if we had raised greater and greater crops and had shipped that life-giving abundance to the starving? Too large a cost? But not a cost which equaled the cost of half a dozen atomic bombs!

I had had a share in that crime against humanity. Suddenly I was stunned with the realization of my own evil.

I looked at the sky again, not with rage, but with despairing humility. I cried out: "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

The sky, flaming now, was silent. The wind had dropped. The weeds no longer rustled their poisonous song of vengeance. I listened for the birds, but the birds had died long ago. There was never such a silence. In it I offered God the fragments of half-forgotten prayers and I repeated over and over, from the very depths of my soul: "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

MY HANDS dropped wearily on the wheel. I must go help Father in his useless work. And then, as I turned the wheel, I stopped, incredulous. For the space of about ten yards about the machine the weeds had retreated. The bare earth lay there, not baked or brown or dry, but warm and crumbling with fertility. "No!" I shouted. I forced myself down to the ground and picked up a handful of soil, still disbelieving. It filtered through my fingers, alive and vital.

"Oh, God!" I sobbed. And again: "Oh, God!"

What had I said in my jumbled prayers to cause this miracle? I stood, numbed, and tried to remember. It escaped me. There had been a whole torrent of prayers. Which one, O God, which one? If there had been a one—

A voice called to me in the glassy silence: "Hey! Hey—you, there—Pete!"

I turned slowly toward the fence which separated our land from our neighbor's. It was Johnny Carr, a tall and lanky man of fifty, who had been my father's one and only enemy. He was a jaunty man with a derisive and cackling laugh, a thin dark face and little, cunning eyes. Years ago he and my father had had a bitter boundary dispute, and he had won. There had been hostility between the two men ever since.

He stood there now, leaning on the fence, his hat pushed back on his head. He was not grinning as usual. He was very pale and sober. He was so changed I hardly recognized him. I could not speak. He vaulted the fence and came toward me, smiling almost humbly. "These weeds are hell, aren't they, Pete?" he said. His voice was hoarse and friendly, and he peered at me as if pleading. "What're we going to do? I tried burning them, but it was no good."

Then he saw the empty patch all around the tractor. I heard him take a sharp breath. He walked up and down the patch, and he was as gray as old linen. I watched him in silence. As I had done, he bent and picked up a handful of earth and examined it lovingly. He looked at me, and his eyes were full of tears. He whispered. "What did you do, Pete?"

(Continued on page 102)

"What dream kitchens are made of now!" says Arlene Francis

NOW GO a step *beyond* your kitchen dreams—with new Diana-style Youngstown Kitchens . . . for as little as $2.25 a week.

They introduce an all-new concept in kitchen planning that offers you a custom kitchen at a down-to-earth price. Streamlined design lets you plan the sink first, then the kitchen. You choose a *Diana ensemble* sink with bowl arrangement best for you. Then, select features you want with your sink—in base units made for that purpose. Finally, plan the kitchen.

You enjoy cost savings that only mass-produced *steel* Diana-style Youngstown Kitchens units can give. Let your dealer show you *your* dream kitchen in perfect miniature, how to save on installation, how easy it is to finance. If building or buying, specify a Youngstown Kitchen—you'll *save!*

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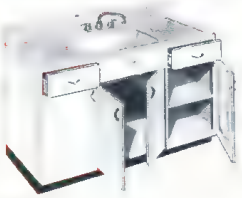
Big, roomy 54-inch



STEEL Youngstown Kitchens CABINET SINK

Regular $129.95* $99.95* Complete with faucet and crumb-cup strainer

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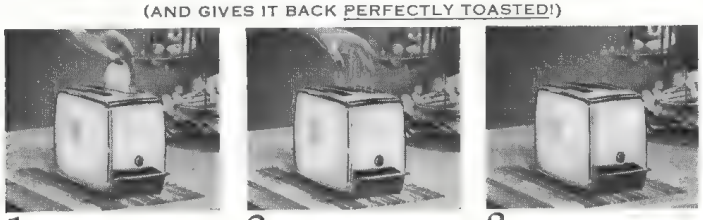
Takes the bread right out of your fingers!

(AND GIVES IT BACK PERFECTLY TOASTED!)



1 Power-Action automatically... 2 lowers bread for you... 3 starts it toasting...

4 serves it up —all by itself!

THE SUPER DE LUXE $27.50

This distinctive new toaster even *lowers* the bread for you! Power-Action lightly *takes the bread right out of your fingers*, starts it toasting, and serves it up fast—*all by itself!* The new "Toastmaster" Super De Luxe Toaster makes perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between. Toast rises extra high, so small slices are easy to remove. The new "Toastmaster"* Super De Luxe Toaster is at your dealer's now. Try it. See how completely automatic a toaster can be.

Toastmaster
Automatic Toasters
MAKE PERFECT TOAST EVERY TIME

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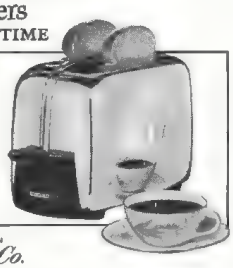
Makes perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between. A beautiful toaster, thickly chromed to *stay* beautiful. Crumb tray opens at the push of a button for quick cleaning. Large, cool handles make toaster safe to carry. Toast pops up extra high. Small slices are easy to remove.



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(Continued from page 101)

"I don't know, Johnny," I said, and my voice was soft. "I think I prayed."

He looked at me dumbly. "You prayed?"

"Yes."

He picked up another handful of earth, and I thought to myself that I no longer hated him. I was sorry for him, sorry for his greed and his cruelty and his detestation for my father. He was a fellow man, and he was suffering as we were all suffering. He might even have been a friend if we had tried.

He was swallowing painfully. He stared at the weeds, which had been driven back in that wide circle. "Prayed," he muttered. "Gosh, I never prayed in my life. Never learned how. Nobody taught me." He turned and said: "I was an orphan kid, in the County farm home. Guess there was just too many of us. When I got out I was so busy scraping enough together to keep alive I didn't bother about church. What for, I said. Kind of foolish, it seemed to me."

I had never heard the story of his life before, and I was full of compassion. "Guess I was hard on my boys," he said. "Never sent them to church. They don't know about praying, just like me. Hard kind of life for all of us; in the early days I kept the boys home from school; just didn't have the money to buy them shoes and things. Pete, what did you pray?"

He raised his eyes to the full light of the morning, and they brimmed with seeking, perhaps for the first time in his existence. "You think maybe there's a God, Pete? You think He maybe cares for me?"

"Yes," I said, and I was surprised at the assurance in my voice. "He cares for all of us."

He took off his wide-brimmed hat and shook his head, dazed. "How could He like a feller like me, Pete? Didn't care who I stepped on, long as I got money. I guess I was scared. Pete, you say God cares for me too?"

I nodded, unable to speak. He leaned against the machine and studied me with that strange humility. "You think there's a God, Pete?" Again I nodded.

"Why the devil did He send these damn weeds, then, to kill us?" He was smiling feebly.

"I don't know. You'll have to ask my dad. He seems to have the answer."

We laughed together, softly.

"Say," he said, "I'm coming right over and talk with your dad. And, say, we got a good milch cow, and no children at home these days. I'll bring the cow over for your kids."

He scratched his chin. "What did you pray, Pete?"

"I told you, I don't remember which prayer it was, Johnny. When I do I'll tell you."

But he was pointing at the weedless patch, and his hand was shaking. I looked where he was pointing. A faint and lovely green was spreading slowly over the vital earth; you could see grass grow under your very eyes.

THE minister of my parents' church was a young man, Mr. Warfield Herricks. He was about thirty-two, a big man, the son of a prosperous farmer. He had the muscles and frame of a hard-working countryman, and the fresh face of a schoolboy. He had served his time as a chaplain in the Army, but those years had not obliterated the bright hope in his gray eyes. Nevertheless, as he sat now in our parlor he was troubled.

"I am the last one in the world to deny the power of faith, the power of prayer," he said anxiously. "But, Pete—well, Pete, you never seemed the kind of a feller to have any religion; you never came to church—" He hesitated. "I never saw you at service with your parents."

"I was wrong," I answered somewhat impatiently.

He became grave. He looked at my parents, at my brother, at Lucy and Jean, and then at Johnny Carr.

"Maybe I'm not very bright, Mr. Herricks," Johnny said, "but even if Pete hadn't been to church lately, what's that got to do with him making a prayer and the prayer being answered? Look, I know a lot of folks who go to church regular and I wouldn't trust them with a barrel of lard. They could pray their heads off and—God—" he faltered and blushed — "wouldn't hear a blasted word of it. Pete, here, he prayed and he got answered, and I guess you're just kind of mad that all your own prayers didn't kill a single weed."

"Don't talk that way to the preacher, Johnny," said my father, trying not to smile. But Mr. Herricks said simply: "I deserved that, I suppose. Yes, I prayed for the end of the visitation; I had faith."

"Did you have faith that we'd be able to get rid of the weeds and plant crops again?" asked Johnny Carr, staring at our minister.

"Of course, eventually." The young man was obviously unhappy.

Then my father told the minister of what he had seen in January. Mr. Herricks listened politely and tried not to show his disbelief. He was more unhappy than ever, though he made no remark. Then my father asked pointedly: "Have you read Matthew 24 lately, Mr. Herricks?"

MR. HERRICKS was known among our simpler neighbors as "an educated minister." He had been graduated from one of the more famous divinity colleges in the country, and was much concerned, in all his sermons, with "ethical and social problems." He was almost embarrassed at Father's question. But before he could reply Father went on soberly: "It seems as though a lot of you young preachers consider the Bible a fine collection of poetry and folk literature, a frame of reference, as they say. You talk politics in your pulpit; you give lectures, not sermons. You discuss the education of children, the place of women in society, civil liberties, the merits of good citizenship, and so on."

He pointed his pipe at the poor young minister, who had turned crimson. "Good things, all of them. But I say that you should save them for the Wednesday night parish meetings. That's the time for lectures. I don't want to hurt your feelings, my boy, but do you know that I've noticed the only time you mention the name of God is when you pray and give the benediction? What do people go to church for, after five or six weary days of struggling to make a living and worrying about their families and being all confused about the world? I can tell you this: they don't go to hear a fine, polished lecture. They go for consolation; they go to hear that there is an everlasting peace, a love that never fails, a mercy that is full of understanding."

Mr. Herricks said nothing, but he stared at my father dazedly.

"Do you believe in miracles?" Father asked bluntly. "In other words, do you think that God is still capable of performing them or do you think He's sort of got over that childishness?"

Mr. Herricks still could not speak. Father's voice grew louder. "I've heard you talk about the Sermon on the Mount as if it were just another

(Continued on page 104)

"The Boss comes to Dinner"

by

Douglass Crockwell

Number 93 in the series, "Home Life in America"

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours . . . *Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!*

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

NEW Super-Speed FARBERWARE
BREWS DELICIOUS COFFEE
FASTER THAN YOU CAN BOIL WATER!

World's Fastest Coffeemaker makes 10 cups in less than 8 minutes!

Just think of the wonderful convenience you can enjoy every day in the year with this Super-Speed Coffeemaker that brews honest-to-goodness coffee faster than you can boil water. This amazing new "automatic" makes coffee right from rich, natural coffee grounds . . . and does it in less time than you can boil eggs for breakfast, or clear the table for dessert.

This new Super-Speed Farberware is so *completely* automatic you just put in the coffee and water . . . and plug it in. There's nothing to watch, nothing to set or forget! Automatically stops brewing when coffee reaches flavor peak . . . and keeps it hot till *you're* ready to enjoy it. It's the ultimate in fine coffeemakers.

Beautiful Classic Design

Choice of 3 sizes in gleaming chrome over solid brass:

Super-Speed 4 Cup, $24.95
Brews 2 to 4 cups

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Brews 3 to 10 cups

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FARBERWARE
AUTOMATIC *Cup-a-Minute* COFFEEMAKER

IMPORTANT: *If your dealer does not yet have the new Super-Speed coffeemaker, write us his name and address and we will enable him to supply one to you promptly* — **S. W. FARBER INC., New York 54, New York.**

(Continued from page 102)

Declaration of Independence. You mentioned that the parables of Jesus are 'excellent examples of profound human psychology.' That was the Sunday when you devoted your whole lecture to the 'science of psychiatry,' and what it can do for 'disturbed minds.'" His voice became even louder. "You mentioned God, in passing, but there was a hell of a lot more Freud in your lecture! 'Disturbed minds!' You're damned right we've got disturbed minds. And why? Because our preachers think it primitive to talk about the ever-present God in the affairs of men. Because they think a man's soul—if you really believe he has one—is sick for the reason that he didn't like his dad when he was a kid or some bully in school took his baseball bat away from him! It never occurs to you that a human soul is thirsting for the living God and hungering to know He is there for the asking." His voice softened and deepened. "They come to you in grief and bewilderment and pain, and you quote textbooks at them and deny them the bread of life."

"George," said my mother gently.

MR. HERRICKS lifted his head. "You are right." His eyes were stricken and ashamed. "You asked me if I believed in miracles. A week ago I might have referred casually to God and have reminded you that the laws and order of Nature were miracles enough for any man. But not now. For I've seen with my own eyes that the laws and order of Nature can be upset in a moment. I've seen, if you will, that God cannot be mocked."

Edward very rarely spoke during one of my father's more strenuous arguments. He was not timid; it was just that he had the faculty of listening and absorbing. He spoke now.

"I think we've come to the end. I think that God is sick of us."

"No," said my father. "It's true He is punishing us, but more than anything else I believe He is calling our attention to Him in the last hours of the world." Then he looked at me. "But Pete prayed, and the weeds were driven back. We've seen that ourselves. We've seen, these past few days, the grass growing thick and tall, and we've cut it and the cattle have eaten it without fear.' What prayer was in his heart I don't know; even Pete doesn't know. But a miracle occurred. There is still something a man can say to God that He wants to hear. And when He hears it perhaps He will spare us. But He wants the whole world to say it."

THE news of the miracle traveled fast in our area. There wasn't an hour when dozens of men did not come to stand in mute wonder about our ten-yard circle of flourishing grass, and touch it, and run the soil reverently through their fingers. They came from Arbourville and Canton and Hillsdale; they came from as far away as a hundred miles. Some of them knelt in the grass and prayed.

Photographers and reporters came, though the local newspapers did not publish a word about it. And then from Washington came scientists and botanists and our senior senator. They all denied vehemently that the weeds grew in any part of the nation but ours, yet they handled our grass as if it were pure gold. They examined the harrow I had driven and took samples of its gasoline carefully, in little tubes. "There is no problem science cannot solve," they said arrogantly. "It's just a matter of time." And then they drove away, the weeds waving malignantly at the wheels of their shiny black limousine.

That night a new disaster struck.

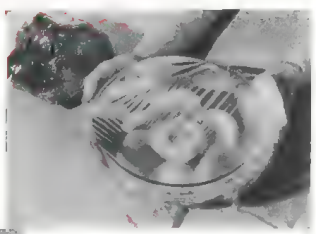
Lucy, who had the only fiery temperament in the family—if one overlooked my powerful and dominant

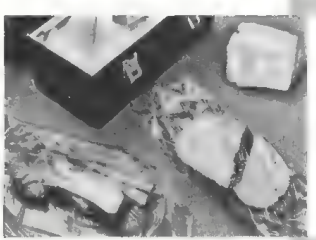
TRY THIS

new wrap for foods

by Greda Di Silvestro

Use this transparent plastic wrap as a bowl cover. Just mold lightly around bowl, and it will cling tightly to edge. It comes in easy-to-use rolls





It's a natural for the lunch box. Sturdy and self-sealing, it will banish complaints about dried-out cake, sandwiches, limp, droopy salad greens

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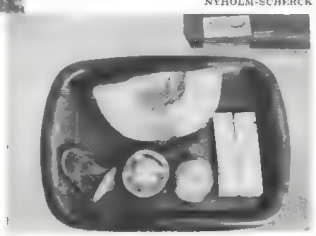


Foods with a strong flavor or odor won't spread trouble in the refrigerator when this wrap is used. Natural moisture and freshness are retained

father—was the first one to lose control of herself in our controlled household. She had hysterics. She had just fed her younger boy his last spoonful of mashed potato, and he had objected to it and burst into tears. Lucy had caught his little flailing arm impatiently, and his sleeve fell back and she saw a long thin rash on his flesh. It looked, at first, like a scratch which was festering in tiny yellow dots. She anxiously called for my mother. Was it measles or chicken pox or scarlet fever? "But the children haven't been with other children for months," said my mother. When she tentatively touched the eruption the boy screamed as if she had brushed a burn. "He must have scratched himself some way," she said. And then she looked at his small wet face and felt his forehead. "He's feverish," she added with more dismay.

"The weeds!" cried Lucy desperately.

"But the children are never out," said Jean. "We watch them every moment."

Lucy lifted the boy on her knee and literally tore the clothing from him. He had at least half a dozen other such rashes on his body, one or two definitely ugly. Lucy turned very pale. It was then that she began to weep and to scream, and her older boy burst into tears. My mother in silence examined the latter, and mutely showed my father and the rest of us that he, too, had those strange rashes. "What is it? What is wrong?" asked Edward, fumbling his way to his wife. "Are the children sick?"

My father forced the childrens' mouths open, and we saw that all over their tongues the tiny yellow dots of pus had broken out. "Tell me, for heaven's sake, what is it?" begged Edward, alarmed at Lucy's cries.

"The children have some sort of skin eruption," said my mother faintly. "I don't know what it is. Perhaps it's impetigo. We must call the doctor."

I heard a flurry and Jean was racing up the stairs. Lucy bent her head over her screaming children and pushed her hands with a gesture of despairing violence through her curling yellow hair.

"Don't be frightened," my mother begged, trying to calm her. "It is perhaps an allergy of some sort. Children are always getting mysterious things. George, please don't stand there like a figure of doom and quote the Bible!" Her usually amiable voice took on a thin, high pitch. "Call the doctor!"

Edward tried to take Lucy in his arms, but she had begun to wail over and over, wildly, holding her children with frantic arms.

"You are frightening the little fellows," my mother implored. "Do be calm for their sake, Lucy."

Father returned and announced the doctor would soon arrive.

THEN Edward said quietly: "It can't be the weeds. I often bend down and feel them."

"You—feel them, touch them?" asked my father incredulously. "And they don't sting or poison you?"

"No. I've even handled their thorns. Their smell is horrible, of course, but they haven't hurt me."

Father was silent, staring at my brother. Jean now rushed back into the room and relief stood on her volatile face. She shook her head at me, and I breathed out a hard breath of relief.

"Of course," said my father. "They wouldn't hurt Ed."

By the time the doctor arrived the two boys were tossing deliriously. Lucy was silent now. My father watched the examination; the doctor showed no surprise. He asked Jean to boil his hypodermic needle for him and he brought out a vial of streptomycin.

"You're seen this before, many times, Frank," my father said flatly. "I can tell by your face. What is it?"

The doctor hesitated. "I don't know," he said finally. "You're right; it's all over the township, and there are hundreds of cases like this in Arbourville." His eyes were tired and sunken, and he stood there brooding, looking at the children. Lucy seemed not to have heard him.

"Bad?" whispered my father.

Dr. Frank nodded.

"Deaths?" My father's whisper was charged with dread.

The doctor nodded again and his lips barely moved in answer. "Eight out of ten."

Father touched Lucy's shoulder, and she started and looked up at him with blind hopelessness.

"It's nothing peculiar; it's all over town, dear," he said to her. "It's a children's—disease?" he asked Dr. Frank.

"Not always," he replied.

But we knew he was not telling the truth. The children were being struck down.

"Malnutrition—poor milk—canned vegetables?" faltered my mother.

"Possibly; very probably," the doctor replied, and again we knew he was lying, all but Lucy.

"They'll get better?" she begged. "It's nothing serious—please, please!"

(Continued on page 106)

From the Files of a Wisconsin Cook

2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
1 cup creamed cottage cheese
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 cup soft bread cubes

Empty 1 can of spaghetti into shallow baking dish; spread evenly with cottage cheese (you'll love how the flavor of cottage cheese blends with Franco-American Spaghetti). Top with second can of spaghetti. Blend the butter and garlic; stir in bread cubes till butter is absorbed. Sprinkle cubes over spaghetti. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) about 15 minutes, or till lightly browned. Gives you 6 servings, at about 9¢ each.

Something NEW is Cooking!

Franco-American Spaghetti makes these easy recipe dishes that taste so good

Franco-American Spaghetti, with its lively tomato and Cheddar cheese sauce, is already a great family favorite. But now try *combining* it with other good things to eat—for a whole exciting new way of meal-making. New dishes easy enough for a quick lunch and so delicious, you'll be proud to serve them to company.

So Good—
so Many Ways—you'll want to buy 3 cans

With HAM... Add 1/2 cup diced cooked ham to one can of Franco-American Spaghetti for a good and easy supper.

With TUNA... Heat one can of tuna with two cans of Franco-American Spaghetti—4 generous servings.

With CELERY... Saute sliced celery in butter, add Franco-American Spaghetti and serve bubbly-hot. Nice flavor team.

Instead of POTATOES... Franco-American Spaghetti tastes grand with meat or fish. Just heat and serve.

Ranch House Quickie

1/2 lb. ground beef
1 cup diced green pepper
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
1 teaspoon chili powder

See how the whole family goes for this savory blend of beef, chili and Franco-American Spaghetti's lively tomato and Cheddar cheese sauce. Brown beef and green pepper in shortening. (Make small meat balls of the beef if desired.) Blend in spaghetti and chili powder, and heat thoroughly. Makes 4 generous servings, at about 20¢ each.

Take the hard work out of scrubbing, waxing, polishing with. . .

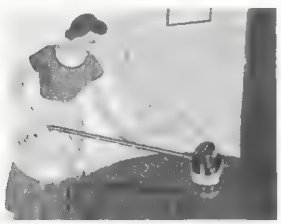
REGINA

TWIN-BRUSH

POLISHER and SCRUBBER

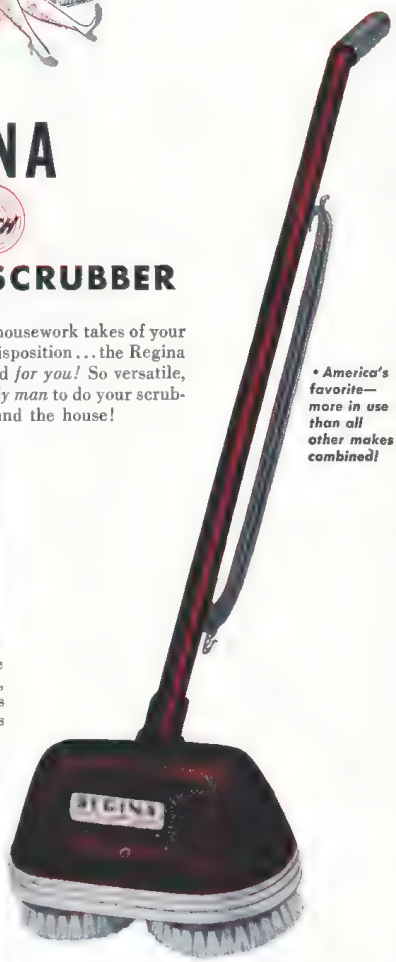
If you've ever resented the toll that housework takes of your energy, your looks and your good disposition . . . the Regina Polisher and Scrubber was designed *for you!* So versatile, so easy to use, it's like having a *handy man* to do your scrubbing, waxing, polishing . . . all around the house!

Just guide it with your fingertips . . . the Regina *scrubs* linoleum, asphalt tile, plastic, super-clean . . . waxes and polishes all hard floors sparkling-beautiful! Sands and re-finishes worn spots, too!*



The Regina *floats* over furniture tops, kitchen counters, fireplace brick . . . buffs wax to jewel-like lustre . . . a lasting protective finish! Note to husbands: Use the Regina as handy bench sander — and to polish flat surfaces of car, too!

Now — with Regina rug-cleaning attachment — you can clean your rugs at home without hard work! No more brushing-in cleaning compounds by hand! Saves time, saves money and does a better job. (Optional equipment.)



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(Continued from page 105)

"Of course, Lucy. They'll get better," he said, and he bent over the children with his needle. They screamed, even in their semicomatose condition. "Just keep them quiet, and as cool as possible. The heat's terrible these days, isn't it? Worst I've seen in many years. Just bathe the little fellows, Lucy, with lukewarm water. They'll come to themselves in about twenty-four hours, and then you'll have to keep them warm. They—seem to get very cold later."

Jean was ashen. "Is it contagious?" she asked.

The doctor shrugged. "I don't think so. It's something like pellagra, I believe—the joints and gums—"

He motioned with his head to my father and me and we followed him out into the hall. "I won't lie to you, George," said Dr. Frank. "When the fever drops, a sort of hemorrhage develops under the skin, which we can't control. Not in all cases, and let's pray it won't happen in these. For—" and he looked at us dully— "the hemorrhage is a very bad symptom. The patient usually dies. The hemorrhages occur in the brain and lungs and heart too. On autopsy we've found them."

Father had turned gray. The doctor put his hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry too much. The boys have a very high fever—104. The worst cases are those with subnormal or normal temperatures."

Father groaned. "What does the Health Department say?"

"It says—nothing. We've already had specialists looking at the children. George, I've been hearing about your prophecies. One of them, at least, has come true. There's a plague here."

"And nowhere else?"

The doctor regarded us steadily, and we knew he was about to lie again. "Nowhere else," he said with firmness.

Father's face had become livid, and he closed his eyes on a spasm. "And all your wonder drugs mean nothing," he said bitterly.

Dr. Frank sighed, and picked up his hat without answering.

It was arranged that for safety's sake Jean would not help Lucy and my mother. We moved the baby's crib into our own room, and Jean got up several times to turn on the night light and examine the child. I thought she slept after midnight, but I could not sleep. It was a moonless night; the stars were unusually fiery. I watched them and an impotent fury rushed over me. Why were we being "punished," if we were indeed being punished? If there were a merciful God, why was He showing us no mercy? My faith sank away in me like the dropping of a floor. The incident of the retreat of the weeds and the growing of the grass was meaningless, accidental. I thought of my superstitious father with profound dislike and contempt. I could not endure his grim waiting, his air of comprehension. This disaster which had come to the world was not a supernatural disaster; it was some natural visitation. We had only to extend our food supplies until the scientists were able to discover some method of destroying this vegetable enemy. But the warehouses were emptying too fast, too fast. And the rivers and streams were sinking again.

Only the weeds flourished. Day after day, with immense labor, we turned over some of them to permit the burying of the innocent creatures of the fields and the woods that died all about us. Immediately the tentacles sprang back to cover the graves. Sometimes we saw our neighbors en-

(Continued on page 108)

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(Continued from page 106)

gaged in the same work of burial, but we did not hail them. Nor did they hail us. We worked in silence, as if we were prisoners under guard.

How many millions of us will never forget, for as long as we live, that awful summer!

The heat did not decline. The electric fans in our house whirled ceaselessly, for we could not open the windows. We became more and more silent and we men, working to bury the domestic animals as well as the wild as fast as they died, hardly exchanged a word. Between my father and myself had risen a wall of speechlessness, mortared with my bitter thoughts. He had stopped urging me to read the Bible so that I might remember what it was I had prayed so long ago, for I had knocked the book from his hand when he had tried to give it to me.

The children seemed to get better, and the dreaded hemorrhages did not appear. But they cried almost constantly.

Now when my father went into Arbourville for staples he would bring only half as much as we needed. The telephone never rang; we were hedged in from our fellow men by our universal despair.

WE ALWAYS asked Father for news from town. So far, he related, only the gardens and the lawns were overrun with the weeds, and the people, though obviously frightened, appeared to believe that it was "only a local manifestation." They were restive and sullen and talked angrily about "the government" and the need for a change of administration. But he did not mention the high death rate of the children in town.

The farm journals remained bland, filled with discussions of new implements and fertilizers, and a humorous comment about "the trouble some of our farmers are having with a thistle-like weed in the fields---pesky devils!" The stock market suddenly dropped, and there was talk of a new depression. Many factories, some newspapers allowed themselves to mention cautiously, were "laying off thousands of men." The President was "going too far" in his drive for economy. Factories had been built and labor employed and trained for the manufacture of war planes and the making of munitions. What, asked one of our papers, did our President intend to do about resulting unemployment? Economy was all very well, but not when it came to the curtailing of the arms budget and the closing of factories.

The wicked naïveté of this argument never failed to cause my father to explode in wrath. "The people will read that and nod their idiot heads and agree!" he would shout. "They've actually come to believe that wars are an economic necessity, created especially to give them work and permit them to jam their houses with gadgets!"

He never missed watching a televised session of the United Nations in action. "Look at them," he would mutter, pointing with his pipe stem. "Look at their faces. They're haunted, every last one of them. Look how they glance sideways at one another, wanting to know if other nations are dying as they are dying. What are they talking about today?"

One day the head of the American delegation rose to announce that the President hoped to reduce the arms budget even more during the next

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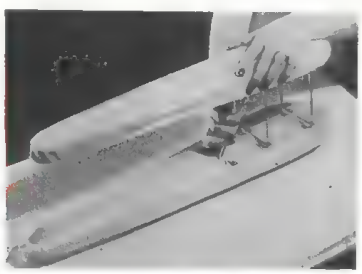

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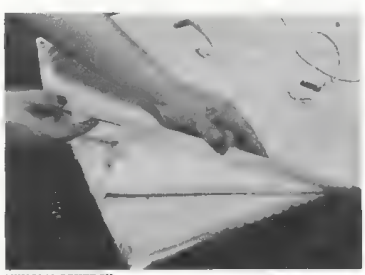

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session of Congress, and that he was sending a message to the Communist members of the United Nations urging that they, in all sincerity, give assurances that they planned no new aggressions in any part of the world. This had been the signal, in the past, for the Russian delegates to display belligerence and to belabor "the West" for its "imperialistic designs on the Peoples' Democracies." But on this day the USSR delegate stood up and in a mild and slightly trembling voice declared that Russia sought only peace.

"Look at that Russian feller," said my father. "Remember how he was always shouting and accusing and glaring and waving his arms? He's looking mighty sober these days, almost human. He doesn't even sit studying his watch when someone else is speaking, as he used to do. He looks scared half to death, and the others do too."

FATHER stopped watching the sessions for a while when his oldest grandson suddenly died and we were plunged into a storm of grief. The child's body was, overnight, stained with dark purple patches. We had to wait five days for a grave for him.

Lucy and Edward were inconsolable. It was bad enough to see Lucy's white face. It was infinitely more crushing to see Edward's tears seeping down from his blind and hidden eyes. For some reason Edward's tears aroused in me an incomprehensible guilt. There was no obvious reason for it that I could discover. I had always loved and protected him; I loved his children as if they had been my own. Yet, when I saw his tears something unbearably remorseful stabbed at my heart. Once I was on the verge of crying out to him: "Forgive me!" I caught back the words, but only just in time. For what should he forgive me? I must, I thought, be going out of my mind. I was not the cause of his child's death.

No one came to see us after the anguished funeral. We sat alone, hardly able to talk. Lucy tended the younger child and would not leave him for a moment. With nameless gratitude we knew that he was recovering. But it was piteous to hear him call for his brother.

The September sun was a wrath, and though the leaves began to turn, the heat mounted. No rain had fallen for almost two months, anywhere in the world.

October had arrived—a burning, relentless October—when Johnny Carr came to see us with his wife, a worn and quiet woman. They came in a wallowing tractor, for no other sort of vehicle could move over the land. Johnny seemed a decade older than his fifty years. "I just heard," he said as he shook my father's hand, "that Ed's boy died. Got it in a roundabout way. My oldest boy's little girl died, too, out in Missouri where he'd bought his own farm. All the kids are dying, everywhere."

"You didn't know?" asked my father, after expressing his regret for Johnny's own grief. He turned to my mother and said gently: "You see, Margaret, it wasn't that our neighbors and friends didn't care. They didn't know; it's all being kept from them."

Mrs. Carr had brought a big basket of home-canned fruits and vegetables for the children. "I got a whole cellar full, enough for a couple of years for us. Margaret, you just call when you want more."

Johnny sat in our parlor and told us of the many deaths of children in the township and all over the country. "And there's another thing," he said. "Another kind of disease hitting men and women. Like dysentery. No wonder, with no fresh food anywhere. Deaths? Sure, thousands of them. I hear from my friends about it. Maybe it's right here around us too." He patted his stomach uneasily. "Sometimes I think I've the appendicitis, it hurts so bad."

"Don't go imagining things, Johnny Carr," said his wife. She began to cry. "I never saw Jim's little girl, though we'd planned to go out there this summer." My mother went to her and they wept together. Lucy sat apart, stony, rigid, staring straight before her. She would not permit even Edward to touch her.

"Pete, you remember that prayer yet?" asked Johnny. He looked ill and very tired.

I replied angrily: "Look, there wasn't any prayer. It just happened. Maybe my machine did it after all. Why doesn't the lousy Government call out all the bulldozers all over the country and put the Army in charge of them and plow up all the stinking weeds?"

"Didn't you know?" said Johnny, his rough voice almost pitying. "The Government's been doing just that thing, Pete, and it's no use. They come back faster than ever. They've been trying everything—fire, weed-killers, gasoline, and lots of other things. You'll never read about it in the papers, but the Government isn't sitting on its—" he glanced at the women, and continued—"rear end. A couple of fellows I know in Texas, and another in Kansas, tell me the

(Continued at bottom page 110)

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Softer than ever—2 rolls of ScotTissue equal 3 rolls of most other tissues

(Continued from page 109)

scientists are working day and night. No results, though." He put his hand on his belly again and winced. "By the way, there's no fruit coming out of Florida. And the cattle there are dying off as fast as they are here."

We, like Johnny, had slaughtered off many of our lean pigs and had smoked them. We had killed off much of our remaining cattle and had stored the meat in our huge freezers.

"The stocks in the cities must be getting dangerously low," said my father. "I shouldn't be surprised if very soon the government issues orders against 'hoarding' and tries to confiscate as much food as possible from the farmers to feed the townspeople. For if the cities get out of hand . . ."

After Johnny and his wife left we went to the barns, and met our tenant farmers there. One of them obviously had been crying. He was a silent young man, as a rule, and even when my father prodded him for an explanation it was some time before he confessed that he had, that very morning, buried two of his children. "Mr. George," he asked in despair, "what in hell is happening to us?"

I was afraid Father would begin one of his jeremiads, and tensed myself for enraged rebuttal, but he only said with compassion: "I don't know, son."

I turned away from him in the barns and went to console our last young bull, who always greeted me with searching and pleading eyes. I had almost reached him when he threw up his head, glared at me, tossed his horns and uttered what was almost a human scream. "Boy, boy," I said, alarmed. "I'm not going to hurt you." My father and our tenants came up quickly. "He never acted this way before," I began. But one of our men shouted and started back, pointing. A loathsome creature about ten inches long, resembling a scorpion, was scuttling away in the straw of the stall. The bull's ankles were bleeding.

Father, who was a man of great courage, acted quickly. He seized a pitchfork and routed out this new horror. It was of a dark reddish color, and it was not a scorpion. With paralyzed fascination we watched it as it fought against the prongs of the pitchfork. We had never seen such a thing before. It lashed out with a dozen venomous legs; it stared up at us with tiny black eyes. From its elongated mouth there dripped blood and poison. Father stabbed at it repeatedly; it died very hard and very slowly, its armored body writhing.

The bull was sinking to his knees now, rolling in a death agony, and the other cattle, catching the scent of death and fear, began threshing in their stalls.

My father, gasping and panting, swung to us. "What's the matter with you imbeciles?" he shouted. "Get more forks. Go all through the barns. Hurry!"

We recovered ourselves, trembling, and picked up forks and hammers and heavy wrenches. We went through every barn and killed ten of the creatures in the next hour. We were covered with sweat and shaking with dread when we finally gathered together again. "Not scorpions," said my father in a hushed voice. "I don't know what they are. Watch yourselves when you walk through the weeds. They must be full of them."

We went back to the house, fighting nausea. My father, who was ashen, calmly went through all the rooms, examining every corner. Mother trailed him, asking anxious questions, but he did not answer her until he had thoroughly toured the house. Then he turned to her and took her in his arms. "Margaret, there's something else. Our last bull just died; he was bitten by something like a scorpion. Don't cry; this is too important. You and the girls must never put your bare feet down on the floors. You must never go to bed without examining everything in the room. Keep looking in the closets at least twice a day. Our lives depend upon it. This is no time to panic."

But Mother was already in a panic. I called for Jean and she came down. She listened to my explanation, her dark eyes widening, glazed with fear. But she merely nodded and tried to comfort Mother while Father went to the telephone. He was calling the Grange offices. And then he was yelling: "Don't sound so damned incredulous! If they're here, right on our farm, they're all over, and you know it! Don't you think it's about time we admitted to each other what is happening? What's this infernal conspiracy of silence? D'you think it's going to keep us and our stock alive?"

He listened, frowning savagely. And then he gave a loud and bitter laugh. "Panic? What of it? Is it better for us all to die? Where's Lester?" There was a silence. Father repeated, in a slower voice: "In Washington? So Grange presidents are in Washington. And what good will that do?" He slammed down the receiver.

He came to me and put his hand on my shoulder, and there were tears in his eyes. "Pete, Pete," he said. "You've been avoiding me; you've begun al-

most to hate me. That's because you're scared, I know. But we've got to stand together now."

His voice was like a strength in the hot room, and I forgot all my antagonism for him. Then I remembered Edward. Where was he? Father and I stared at each other in consternation. We jostled each other as we ran to the door and rushed out onto the porch. Edward was slowly walking through the weeds, feeling his way with his cane. His head was bent and the implacable sun gleamed on his glasses. I wanted to call out to him to hurry, and even took a step toward him, but Father held me back. It wasn't until Edward mounted the porch steps that Father took his arm.

My brother listened dazedly, shaking his head in mute disbelief. Then he said: "You must be right, Dad. I heard things rustling in the weeds. But they were rustling away from me. I thought they were mice or rabbits."

"They rustled away from you, Ed?"

He nodded. "It seemed to me that they were trying to get away from me, not to get near me. They—clattered. It was a funny sound—" He started. "Where's Lucy?" He walked with the rapidity and sureness of a seeing man into the house, calling for his wife.

Father and I stood and looked at each other. "Could it be," he asked at last, "that the thorns don't prick Ed, or tear at him, and the—things—run away from him because God is merciful and knows that he has suffered enough and isn't guilty of—anything?"

I wanted to scoff, and then I could not speak. Something was stirring in my mind, something which seemed of the most urgent importance. It hovered in my mind like the shadow of a bird's wing. Not guilty of anything? It was a clue to something I desperately needed to remember. "What is it, Pete?" Father asked softly. But I could only shake my head.

My father went to the telephone again and called Johnny Carr's house. There was no answer for a long time, and then Mrs. Carr answered, choking with tears. Johnny had died only an hour ago, suddenly, in a kind of collapse, after complaining all morning of his stomach.

In the days that followed, the impossible days, we found more than a score of the new and living plague, but not before they had killed most of our livestock. Life had been bad enough before; now it was intolerable. My father took to calling his farmer friends, who were frantic. Their wives or sons or parents were ill with the mysterious dysentery; their children were dying; their cattle were being killed; their chickens were found dead every morning. Now it was out in the open, the whole nightmare, and no longer a secret kept by one man from another. We all besieged our local newspapers to publish the facts. The editors said quietly: "We can't. We've got our orders. Don't ask us."

We tried poison bait. The bait disappeared, and there were no signs of any corpses. We hunted out the creatures at least twice a day, and crushed or stabbed them to death after incredible effort.

IN THE meantime, though it was full October, the heat did not slacken. In fact, it became worse. We should have had frost by now.

Our work was so prodigious that it was some time before we became fully aware of what we had been subconsciously seeing for many days. The sky during the day was an unchanging and brassy yellow in which the sun shone murkily. And a new stench was added to that of the weeds: a curious odor like sulphur. We began to cough. The children wailed as it stung their lungs. The night did not dissipate it. When the moon shone, its disk was large and golden, and seemed very close to the earth.

I began to feel myself giving up, in spite of my efforts. I began to join my father in the sitting room, and I took the Bible from him silently and read verses to which he pointed. The "abomination of desolation" was on us. Even I became convinced, as the days passed, that our earth was destroying us upon a command, that she received our bodies reluctantly, that she gave her air to us with hatred.

The first of November came, and brought no frost. I think we had all been waiting for frost, in the faint hope that it would kill off the weeds. But they flourished more energetically. Our food supplies sank steadily. There was no longer any milk for the children. We adults ate moldy potatoes and smoked or frozen meat. There were still the canned vegetables and fruits for the children, but they, too, were dangerously dwindling. There was no more coffee or sugar or flour in the stores, and butter was becoming scarce. Father found an old grinding mill in one of our barns and my mother and the girls ground up corn for bread. Our wheat was gone.

Now our local Grange issued a plea to those farmers who had a plentiful supply of canned goods from the last summer to share it with their neighbors who had children. "There seems to be no end to the drought," our president said. The farmers laughed wildly among themselves. But their wives looked over their supplies and filled baskets for children, and tractors picked them up and distributed them. So long as a child remained alive we were prepared to try to save it. We no longer went to the town. I think we were beginning to fear the towns and the cities, though we did not speak of this to each other. They hung over the horizon of our lives like gigantic menaces. We heard no word of them.

The United Nations had called an indefinite recess. The schools and colleges did not open. Now, all at once, no explanation was given, no lies told. And the yellow skies became more sulphurous and the plague of venomous creatures increased in the weeds and the heat remained, and there were "earthquakes in divers places." Sometimes we would awaken to the trembling of the earth, and night after night meteors flared through the hot skies.

On the day before Thanksgiving, a particularly hot day, my mother suddenly sickened and had to be carried to her bed.

We knew then the most complete despair. She had been our gentle hope and our confidence, soothing our fears with silent smiles and eyes full of love. There was no Thanksgiving dinner for us except the potatoes and the smoked meat. But we did not care. We sat about in the house, with the fearful yellow light at our windows, and could not speak. If Mother died, then we would indeed give up.

But Mother did not die. After two weeks of tortured illness she began to mend. Father that night knelt down among us and offered up his thanks to God, and one by one we knelt with him.

WE WHO lived in the country did not know that food riots broke out in the cities in early December.

The small towns, situated, as Arbourville is, in the middle of a rural township, did not riot until much later than the cities, for they knew that the farmers could not farm and that

(Continued on page 112)

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(Continued from page 111)

their existences were tied up with our own.

It was the monster concrete cities—filled with millions who were unaware that they lived by grace of the land, who had never seen a living cow or chicken or goose or pig, who had never held new yellow grain in their hands—that rioted.

My father recently had taken to buying newspapers again. In them only the most casual reference was made to "drought" and the fact that wheat was "short," and fruits and vegetables "not of the best quality nor plentiful."

"This will serve the farmer right," they said when they read a government announcement that "scientists had succeeded in cultivating superior vegetables in water by scientifically controlled administration of necessary chemicals." The man in the city street did not know that the few vegetables he saw in his markets these days came from such artificial cultivation.

It was about the first or second of December that Father suddenly exclaimed: "Well, listen to this!" And he began to read aloud an editorial in what was supposed to be the "most respected" newspaper in the country. "We are at a loss to understand the apparent hoarding or withholding by the farmer of his products from the city markets. There can be no other explanation for the current shortages in our cities, and the prices demanded for such necessities as meat and milk and flour. True, there has been a wide drought in various areas of the country, but surely not enough to account for the slender supplies on the shelves of our shops. The farmer must be shown that he is pricing himself out of the market and will ultimately be the loser. After all, the government cannot buy up his entire production. . . The Administration should take steps . . . immediate application of emergency laws to force the farmer . . . hoarding—"

Father threw aside the paper and stared at us somberly. "Well, there it is," he said. "We're hoarding." He stood up and stamped around the room. "Why doesn't the government give the facts of life to the cities? Are they afraid they'll riot?"

They were already rioting, not in full panic or terror as yet, but in isolated instances. Mobs were angrily overthrowing market stalls, filled with artificially cultivated vegetables, and threatening the owners of shops, furiously demanding milk for their children, carrying off armloads of the canned meats and fruits and defiantly resisting the pleas of shopkeepers to "ration themselves." "The greedy farmer" was becoming a mad phrase in the streets.

But this the newspapers did not report. They only began to berate the farmer for his selfishness, some in measured tones, some in raucous headlines. We did not know of these unorganized riots for some time. But we had a slight suspicion of it when the Farm Bureau sent us an apologetic but alarming leaflet. "The President has issued an emergency act because of the drought, and the Army has been commissioned to inspect the farmers' private stock of meats and other foods. We ask our members to co-operate completely."

"So they're going to take our food," Father said heavily. He held the leaflet in his hand. "And if we die, who, then, if the earth ever yields again, will produce the food to save the world? The clerk in the little back office, the comedians and dancers on television, the taxi drivers, the mink-coated lady on Park Avenue? Will they stream out onto the land, after we've died of starvation, and put in the crops and milk the cows and operate the creameries and reap?"

He threw the leaflet on the table. "The Army," he muttered. "It must be even worse than I thought. The Army!"

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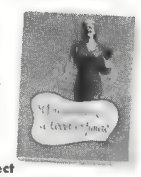

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The Army, represented by two khaki-colored bulldozers filled with pale-faced city boys in uniform, arrived three days later. We heard their amazed shouts, their curses, their wonder at the devouring weeds even before we saw them. We went onto the porch, and there came the bulldozers, rolling like iron ships on the waves of the weeds. They skidded and slipped, churned and sidled, and the boys held their noses and uttered obscene words. "What the devil's wrong around here?" yelled one little fellow to us, looking down with horror. "Raisin' these things for somethin'?"

My father just stood there, his big legs solidly planted on the ripples of weeds on the porch, smoking in silence. But when a young officer, brisker and older than the others, prepared to get down from the bulldozer, Father called to him sharply: "Haven't they told you yet? The thorns on these things will pierce through your clothing, and there are creatures like scorpions hidden in them which can kill you with one sting. If you must get down, all of you, pull those machines closer to the porch and step carefully."

The officer shrank back, after one incredulous stare. Then he gave a muttered order and one bulldozer wheeled and grunted to the steps of the porch. The officer gingerly stepped down, and my father grasped his arm to steady him. "Come into the house," he said. "We've still got some cider, and you look as if you need it."

"Damnedest thing I ever saw!" the boy exclaimed. "Is it all over here?"

"It's all over the world," said my father quietly.

"I don't believe it!"

"You will, son, you will. Why don't you sit down?"

The officer sat down and fumbled for a cigarette. "We were sent by train from Camp Upton last night, and the bulldozers were shipped with us. We didn't know why. We were told to interview every farmer in this area and see what he's got—hoarded." He tried to smile at us, then produced a notebook and pencil.

"Any of these weeds at Camp Upton?" asked my father with interest.

"Well, sir, there must have been. The camp's all concrete and steel, and we wondered for a long time why we were confined to grounds. I didn't see any of this stuff until we got to Arbourville this morning. And you're the first farmer we've found at home. Every other place was deserted." He frowned severely, and I was sadly amused. "Where are the rest of them? Hiding out so they won't have to report their hoarded food?"

My father was not amused. He sat on the edge of his chair and leaned toward the boy. "They were probably out burying their dead. Haven't you heard about the dysentery yet, or the dying children? Or have they kept this from you too?"

The boy paled. "You mean there's an epidemic? I thought so! You keep missing some of the fellows at camp. We thought it was a flu or something. And I haven't heard from home for over a week. Maybe someone there is sick—"

Father did not comment. The officer's hand was trembling, though he attempted to appear efficient. "Look, sir, let's make it brief, and honest. What meat do you have stored, how

much vegetables and corn and canned goods?"

Mother started to her feet, tears in her eyes. "We have almost nothing to live on ourselves. We are eating old potatoes, and wizened apples from last year, and canned milk we bought a few months ago. I am saving my own canned goods for the children—we have two of them here, just babies."

The boy sat and looked at her. He kept moistening his lips for a long time, letting his eyes rove with dread over our faces. He finally whispered: "Is it that way—with all the farmers?"

Father nodded.

The boy stared again. Then he cried: "It can't be! They told us you were all hoarding your goods for higher prices, and that you'd have to be forced to give them up!"

"I know," said my father. "I've been reading the newspapers too." He glanced at the officer's shoes. "I suppose you'll want to investigate for yourself. Pete, find a pair of high boots this kid can wear. We don't want to have a death on our hands."

I brought a pair of boots and the soldier put them on, his hands shaking. Then we led him outside. He was terrified of the weeds; they crunched under his boots; they lifted their tentacles and snatched at his clothing. He shrank back when he heard the vile scuttling in the depths. "Keep your hands high," warned Father. "Shoulder high." He led the way, probing into the nauseous thickets with the pitchfork he always carried. By the time we reached our almost empty barns the officer's face was sick and pale with fear.

He looked about the vast and shadowy reaches of the barns. "Four cows, three hogs, about fifty chickens," he wrote down in his book. He inspected the fruit bins, and my father lighted a lantern so he could see the little mounds of shriveled apples and pears, the few bags of our remaining potatoes. He wrote down what he had found, and his hands were trembling more and more. We showed him the silos. "Enough to feed the stock for about four months more," Father said. He opened the freezers. "Meat, for us and the children, for about five months, if we're careful. Want to look down in our cellar and inspect the canned goods too?"

He did. He ran up and down the rows of Mother's preserves and what Mrs. Carr had given us. "Seems a lot," he said with relief. "Fifty cans of tomatoes . . . forty cans of pears . . . Why, a city family could live on this for a year or more, and with the meat, too!"

"And when that's gone?" prodded Father.

The boy grinned. "Why, you'll have another big crop, won't you?"

It was useless. He became very brisk now. "Sorry, but there'll be a truck along in about three days and you'll have to give up half of what you've got. Orders. You'd better set a fair market price on it, and you'll get a check from Washington eventually.

Father did not answer.

"In emergencies we all have to share with each other. You learn that in the Army. And we're a Christian people, aren't we?"

"No," said my father compassionately. "What gave you that idea?"

THE huge pick-up truck came next day, wallowing and swaying in the weeds. It took away one-half of our food. My father did not protest or interfere. Nor did our immediate neighbors, though they were enraged and wild with fear. We did not hear, for a long time, that thousands of farmers in other parts of the country attempted, with more or less success, to wreck the trucks and take back their food. But, regardless, the cities had been given one last small reprieve.

In our township there had always been the usual number of enemies and friends, but during these months of disaster the enmity had slowly decreased in the face of the universal threat of death. This was not true of the cities, we learned later. Fear drives cities into panic and murder and hatred. But the countryman, who knows with all his being the value of seed, and the value of those who will sow the seed, draws nearer his neighbor in the day of calamity. It is his instinct for life which works for him, whereas the city-dweller has lost the ancient instinct.

The last enmity between any farmer and his neighbor disappeared entirely in December. What children there were among us had to be saved, to make the earth fruitful again; the farmer, the sower, had to be saved too, to plant the crops and breed cattle and pigs and chickens. We operated by instinct; we must preserve each other. There was something atavistically religious in the way we all took stock of our remaining food, something mysteriously dedicated. We got out our tractors, all of us, lumbered through the weeds to the cracking highways and met at our Grange Hall. We reported our food supplies, and our stock and the number in our families. And then we apportioned the

(Continued at bottom page 114)

A NEW "SUPER" PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

By SMITH-CORONA

Shown here is the new Smith-Corona "Super" with Keyset Tabulator. Now more than ever this is the portable that gives you big machine performance. And this is the world's first and fastest portable — with a lifetime of usefulness—that you can own for as little as $1.25 a week.

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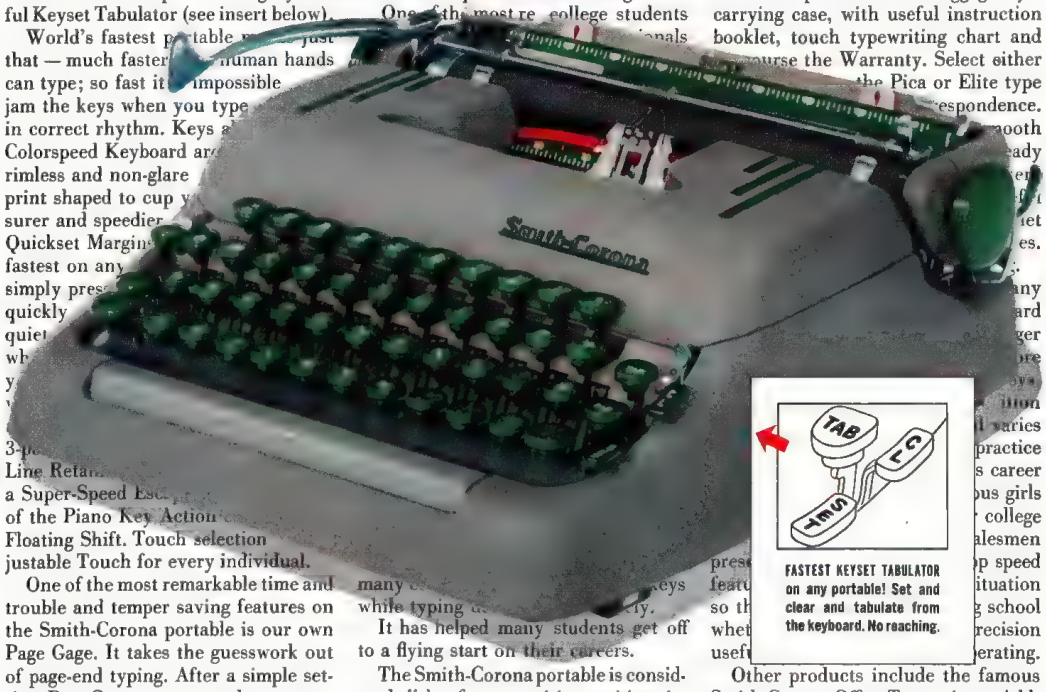

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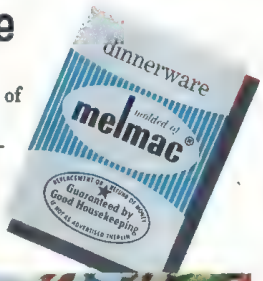

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(Continued from page 113)

food among ourselves, so much canned milk for so many babies, so much meat for vigorous young adults, so much corn, so much remaining wheat and flour. The feed for the stock was apportioned too. The cows must be fed, the prize bulls preserved.

It was my father, rather than our wasted president, who managed the whole affair. Like an oak he stood among that large assembly of farmers and justly divided what we all had for the common survival. As the stocks were so low, no child over eighteen months was to be permitted any part of the canned milk; no adult over fifty was to be permitted any meat over one pound a week. A large room in the Grange was set aside for the reception of the goods, and two armed guards were to be constantly on watch.

Our president, Lester Hartwick, expressed some alarm over this arrangement. "I don't know, George," he said in his newly feeble voice. "The farmer knows what the government has already done—confiscating half his stock, and often a lot more—but the town people don't know it. I've tried to tell them at our Elks meeting. And they refuse to believe it. That's why I'm afraid of having the food in the Grange Hall. To them it'll look like surplus."

My father considered this, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "That's true," he said. "But we have to have a point of distribution. Arbourville is the easiest center, and maybe some of our farmers on the other side of town wouldn't be able to get out to any barn we had, because of the weeds. So we'll have to take a chance."

We brought in our truc's at night, sweltering in the heat, though this was the middle of December, under a hot moon and brittle stars. And we stored the canned goods neatly, prepared our rationing papers and put the meat into freezers donated for that purpose. The streets were empty, for we usually arrived around midnight, yet I had the eerie sense that we were watched from behind dark windows and in shadowy corners. It was impossible to keep the thing secret, and we knew it.

Government rationing was already in operation in the towns' and the cities' stores, and the people were eating much better than the beset farmers. But they, too, were hungry, if not as hungry as we. We could feel their wrath, their animal anger, their fear. It hung like a fog in the air.

We heard, later, that every farming community had done just what we had done.

No newspaper reported what the Granges had arranged so that the cultivators of the earth could live. But their silence, their merciful silence, was not to help us in the long run. What the newspapers did not print the people discovered, and they did not understand until almost the last that in assuring our own survival we were attempting to assure theirs also.

However, we had no trouble from the townspeople of Arbourville after one abortive attempt by some known Communists to incite a riot. Elsewhere, we heard, things were worse. All over the country easily panicked city-dwellers became tools in the hands of the evil-minded.

CHRISTMAS began dismally enough, under brazen skies, in the presence of the weeds and the deadly things they secreted. "Surely, on Christmas, God will have a little mercy on us," said my mother, whose strength was returning very slowly and whose hair was whitening.

My father shook his head. "Why should He? Have we ever shown any mercy to each other?"

My mother continued to hope.

It was my father's custom to read the account of the Nativity on Christmas Eve. As I listened to the calm voice now, bitterness and resentment rushed over me. My father had read only a few verses when I snatched the book from him, turned the pages and read in a loud and condemning voice: "'I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; show me wherefore Thou contendest with me. Is it good unto Thee that Thou shouldest oppress . . . despise the work of Thine hands and shine upon the counsel of the wicked? . . . Thine hands have made me and fashioned me. . . yet Thou dost destroy me!'"

I flung the desperately rebuking words of Job to God as Job had flung them. My mother and the girls looked at me with tears in their eyes, and Edward bent his head. But my father, with a sad smile, took the book out of my hands and read:

"'No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.'"

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He regarded me gravely over his glasses, and I was hot with mortification. Then my father continued: "'I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee: Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.'"

I was suddenly very still. Again something stirred in my mind, elusive but portentious. I followed its vague flitting, clutching at it, and forgot where I was in the urgent search. I started when my father said, leaning toward me: "Yes, Pete?"

"Nothing!" I shouted at him.

I went outside in a turmoil of emotion. Was I losing my mind? The earth was full of millions of unearthly eyes, watching, waiting— My vision blurred with despair and misery and hopelessness. Perhaps it was that blurring which made me see that strange manifestation in the heavens. Perhaps it was not really a manifestation at all, but a peculiar blending together of the stars.

I WAS staring at the Milky Way, blinking my moist eyes. Suddenly the constellation was no longer a long white scarf in the sky, sprinkled with the diamond points of the rolling suns. It had taken a new shape; it was brightening rapidly, flowing together into an immeasurable form, distinct and brilliant. A thrill ran over my body, and I broke into a cold sweat, and I clutched a post of the porch.

A vast cross was forming in the constellation, its outlines clear and sharp and dazzling. It may have taken moments, it may have taken a quarter of an hour. But there it was at last, pure and shining, its topmost part lifted against the farthest reach of the black universe, its arms extended into infinite space. I could not move nor stir nor cry out. I wanted to kneel; I wanted to call; I wanted to weep. But I could only stand there looking incredulously at this mysterious message of love and promise.

Then, all at once, it was gone, and the gaseous Milky Way was there again, diaphanous and remote.

I shook my head, dazed. Then I ran back into the house. Whom did one call to ask about odd manifestations? The police, the weather bureau, the radio stations? I ran past my family into the sitting room and caught up the telephone, and was dimly aware that my father and the others were crowding in after me with alarmed questions. I turned my back to them and called the radio station. The line rang busy. I called the police and the weather bureau. The lines were busy. This was strange; it was midnight. Frantically I called our local operator; her line, too, buzzed as if with frenzy.

My father came up to me and said sharply: "Pete, what is it? Whom are you calling?"

But I pushed him aside and turned on our radio. A voice, excited, almost laughing, rushed out to us: "Everyone in the community is calling the police, the radio stations and the weather bureau! Seems some folks around here are positive they saw something in the sky a few minutes ago. Some say it was a cross, some just a blaze, some a very big and flaming meteor. The crosses, and not to be irreverent, seem the most popular." There was a pause, then the voice came again: "I've got a report from the weather bureau, folks. 'Some magnetic disturbance,' it says here. Complicated by distortion. Well, now you know as much as we all do, and why not let up on our telephone?"

I looked at my father, and my trembling must have been visible, for he took my arm strongly. "It was a cross," I said, and repeated over and over: "A cross, a cross."

My mother burst into tears; Lucy gazed at me, round-eyed. Jean was very pale. Edward, who was usually so silent, said: "I wish I could have seen it." He put his hand up and adjusted his clouded glasses.

"Surely," said my father now, his blue eyes full and gentle, "it was a cross."

The house was filled now with a sense of peace, of hope. We were weak from our inadequate meals, and our bodies were thin to gauntness. Death waited for us outside, but still peace flowed like cool water over us. We sat down and smiled at each other. "So," said my father softly, "He hasn't forgotten us."

Our Christmas dinner, consisting of an old rooster and potatoes and apple sauce, was almost feverishly hectic with excitement, and many of our neighbors called us to wish us well.

However, there was no account at all in any newspaper, from anywhere, of the cross. It might have been a purely local manifestation for all the newspapers' comment on it. But we heard, much later, that it had been seen round the world, and that millions had been awed by it, and some had gone mad with fear.

A few days later I climbed in our tractor and went to see our patch of grass. I had not visited it for many weeks, though my father and our tenants cut it regularly. It showed no signs of diminishing; it was as lusty and thick as ever, free of the poisonous things. Then I saw something else in its depths. Tiny little blue flowers were growing in it, the color and shape of violets. I descended into the patch and picked a few of the flowers; they had the sweetest fragrance, penetrating and tender. Carefully I wrapped them in my handkerchief. How the children would love them!

I NEVER did get around to showing anyone the flowers. I arrived at the house to find it in disorder. My little boy had been stung by a "scorpion," and he was dying.

He had always been an amiable little person from the hour of his birth. He was intelligent and gay and content, the joy of the family; and Lucy and Edward loved him as well as they loved their remaining child. He had been named after my father, who adored him. He found everything interesting and exciting, from a streak of sunshine in our room to Jean's eyelashes, from a figured section of wallpaper to his well-worn toys. We called him Porgie.

Distraught, my mother told us what had happened. The house, guarded as it was, constantly searched as it was, had been invaded by one of the monstrous things, and it had found Porgie and had stung him while Jean had been absent for just a moment. My mother, usually timid and fearful, had looked for it and had discovered it under the crib. In spite of her loathing and her horror, she had managed to kill it. It lay crushed on the floor.

It had happened less than five minutes ago. I found Jean, white-lipped and blank-eyed, frantically engaged in applying hot wet compresses to the child's heel. I got to work with the swiftness of desperation and fear. There were ways of dealing with snakes; I ran for my razor, and, holding the child as he sobbed in agony, I made a gash in the wound. Careless for myself, I put my mouth to it and sucked. I put a tourniquet about his soft little leg, tightened it. And while I did so Jean and the others stood about me. All of them were as still as death.

(Continued on page 118)

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1954 Fashion Academy Gold Medal, awarded exclusively to Quicfrēz refrigerators for outstanding design and styling.
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Imperial, 9.6 cu. ft.
Others to 5.6 cu. ft.

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MORE BEAUTY in a Quicfrēz refrigerator: Fashion Academy Award design, color styling. **MORE FEATURES:** roomy freezer chest, shelves in the door, new butter keeper, spacious crisper and Quic-Chill tray. And **MORE VALUE:** costs dollars less!

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Q132D, 13.2 cu. ft. Upright and chest models from 4.2 to 20 cu. ft. Write for literature.

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by Sally Robb

ROSES, ROSES EVERYWHERE

They bloom again on dishes, silver, linens and doorknobs, rank higher than ever in gardens

In the house or in the garden this is the year of the rose. You'll find it on wallpapers, fabrics, accessories and everyday household items. It will bloom on countless trellises and flower plots and on millions of new bushes—the most ever put out for any one year. Our country now leads in developing new roses, and surveys show the rose is America's favorite flower. We have no corner on the love-for-roses market however. Roses bloom around the globe, were picked for the United Nations garden as the love of all

Rose Solitaire in sterling silver is one of many graceful rose patterns that set the theme for handsome table arrangements

Rose gardeners can select from more than 5,000 varieties. Among recent-year additions are the Mamie Eisenhower, the President Eisenhower and the Queen Elizabeth

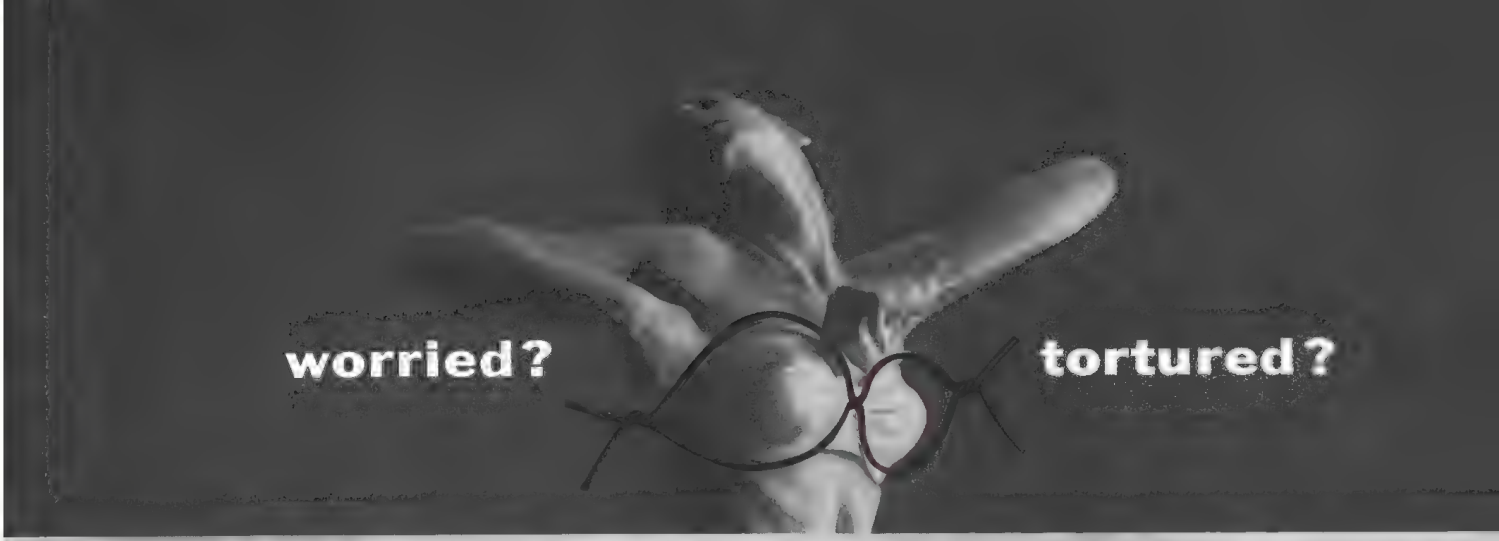
Victorians strewed roses on their Staffordshire figurines, and every parlor had its jar of potpourri

Interest in roses hasn't slackened over the years. Recurrently, by popular demand, they return to high favor with home decorators

Seven years and a pot of money are required to produce a perfect new rose in a perfect new color

Tea Rose earthenware makes a pleasing design companion for this silver. Use it with an old satin-glass rose bowl and mats or cloths of Irish linen in rose shades, shown above

SILVER, TOWLE SILVERSMITHS
PLATE, EDWIN M. KNOWLES CHINA COMPANY
LINEN, IRISH LINEN GUILD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY REUBEN SAMBERG



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takes all pressure off sensitive areas!

the only bra with spring in its heart!

When Freedom Ring is unfastened, you actually see the cups spring towards each other. This unique, spring-away-from-the-body action is the scientific secret that eliminates all irritating pressure!

PETER PAN FREEDOM RING

Now, you needn't gamble with glamour or compromise with comfort! Why jeopardize your well-being? Freedom Ring *cannot* bind, cut or gouge — *cannot* dig into tender tissues — *cannot* slip or slide — *cannot* be compared with any other bra ever made!

Another great exclusive by Peter Pan, creators of Hidden Treasure†, Inner Circle†, and Merry-Go-Round† bras, and Peter Pan Lingerie • Peter Pan Foundations, Inc., New York 16

†REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *PAT

The difference between this...

and this...

is often this...

(Continued from page 115)

We knew from reports how swift the poison was, and how fatal. I worked, tightening and loosing the knot, forcing the wound to bleed. The baby, after a struggle or two and several screams, became ominously quiet, panting in my arms. A purplish shadow crept over his face; his breathing became shallow. It was too late from the beginning.

It was my father who took the baby from me gently and kissed him and laid him in his crib. I watched in dull and unbelieving anguish. My father covered him with his pink blanket and shut his eyes. "Porgie, Porgie," he said, and his voice broke and his eyes ran with tears.

Then he turned to me and said: "Pete, take care of Jean. Comfort her. She is his mother. And try not to forget that you'll have another child in five months. Jean needs your care."

Jean was sitting in a chair, her head hanging over the side, and the soft dark hair I loved covered her face and dangled down her arm. I tried to get up to go to her, but I fell back, and it seemed to me that my life was running out through my hands and fingers. Then my father was pressing a full glass of whiskey against my mouth and forcing me to drink it. "The poison could kill you too," he said sternly. "Drink all this down, at once."

I drank mechanically. I heard a rough and rapid sound in the room, and it was some time before I recognized it as my own breathing. I could go to Jean now, and I fell on my knees beside her and put my head on her shoulder. She did not move. My mother smoothed her hair and Lucy spoke to her, but it was as if she had died herself.

Then I felt Edward's hand on me, and he was saying in a kind, slow voice: "Pete, we lost our boy too. It was almost impossible to stand, but we stood it. There'll be two more babies in the house soon. It's poor comfort, I know, but it is all we have."

I could not reconcile myself to Porgie's death. It was a barbarous and evil thing, and God had inflicted it upon us. He had had no mercy upon this little boy who had done no harm. It was not until the doctor told me that Jean was in danger of losing the baby she carried that I rallied a little for her sake.

She was ill to the end of January, lying in bed with a closed and apathetic face. My mother boiled some of our last chickens for her, fed her as if she were a child. When I sat beside her I would take her hand; it was cold and lifeless and she would turn away her head from me. Once she said: "If you had been at home, if you had been at home, it would never have happened. I had to leave him alone for just a minute, and you know I never left him unless you could take my place."

My father, who was there then, said: "Jean, it happened all at once. Even if you had been sitting there you couldn't have saved him. Look at poor Pete." But she would not look at "poor Pete" for a long time.

Never had I been so engulfed in hatred and pain. I cursed the weeds and the "scorpions," and I cursed God. I did what work there was to do, and I became as quiet as Edward. My only pleasure, vindictive, almost rapturous, was in hunting the foul creatures and killing them.

FEBRUARY came and the weeds were as high as our hips; there was no rain, no sign of spring, no soft pale skies, no sweetness in the air. One night I said to my father: "We might as well give up. We are going to die sooner or later, and it might as well be sooner."

For the first time we had to go to the Grange in Arbourville and get our rations. Most of our fowl and our cows and all but the last of our pigs had died.

Then the cities, in their witless terror, erupted into murderous panic.

As we lived in an inland community we had no access to any body of water larger than our little Lake Wilde, which had never been largely stocked with fish. So when the fish had disappeared last summer it had not made much of an incident, except among those who had time for fishing, and our family was not among them.

WE KNOW now that the countries who subsist largely on fish were the most desperately stricken of all. Literally millions died of starvation in Scandinavia alone, and millions more in Britain, long before the rest of the world was seriously afflicted. The inland countries were still eating meat then. It is to the credit of Scandinavia and Britain that the people did not riot first. It is to our shame that the American people did. But to people accustomed to unlimited meat and milk and butter, to exotic canned goods and endless orange juice and "balanced diets," the situation had become outrageous and maddening. The newspapers were still condemning the greedy, hoarding farmers for both the lack of food and the topless prices. Then, at the worst possible hour, the government published bulletins confessing that there had been no crops in the United States, that there were no prospects of crops this year, that the people must "control" themselves, ration themselves stringently, pray, "hope for the best," and other useless slogans. This, on top of the propaganda against the farmers, was too much. Either the people had been lied to from the very beginning or the Administration was lying now in order to encourage "the swollen farmer" in his nefarious gouging. But the match that touched off the rioting was lit by an outside source.

"Mothers' movements" sprang up overnight, oddly led by fierce-eyed little women who were not mothers at all. Banners, lettered in red, appeared suddenly and copiously from nowhere, screaming: "Our children want milk! Our children MUST have meat! We DEMAND action! Down with the greedy farmer!"

"Workers' Movements" roared into being. No one, naturally, questioned the identity of the leaders, or asked whence they came. They appeared as at a signal, haranguing the men as they came out of the factories or the mills or the shops. The government warehouses were "bulging," they shouted. Capitalism was the culprit. Under a more fair system of government food would be plentiful for "the masses, the exploited worker." A planned economy must be put into operation at once. "Are our children to die?" asked the strangers. They were skillful and trained speakers; they knew that when a man is hungry he can believe any lies at all, especially lies that tell him he is being treated unjustly for the profit of "the big fellows." Moreover, the lies were cunningly worded so as to incite the most basic of human instincts: murder. And murder, en masse, confusion, envy, hatred and fear were the weapons of that strangest breed of men of the twentieth century, a breed never known before in recorded history.

We heard later that mobs composed of tens of thousands of men and women, led by the strangers, stormed the city warehouses, killed or trampled the guards and poured in demented hordes through the empty buildings.

(Continued on page 121)

it doesn't look like the same hall.....

More than a welcome mat was needed to give this hall its present air of quiet spaciousness. The most dramatic change came when the living-room carpet was continued into hallway and up the stairs. Besides deadening sound, this has a fool-the-eye effect, making stairway and hall look far wider

DECORATOR, MARY L. BRANDT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEDRICH-BLESSING

Soft blue-gray walls add to the new feeling of space. The mahogany console, a remodeled buffet, serves as a convenient and handsome storage piece

Photograph at right shows dreary-looking hall before changes. An awkward partition at foot of stairs was removed

How to make a smooth

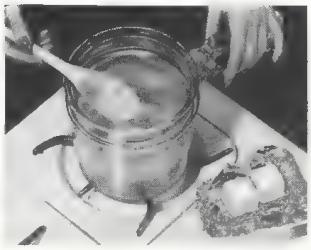
Easy Hollandaise Sauce

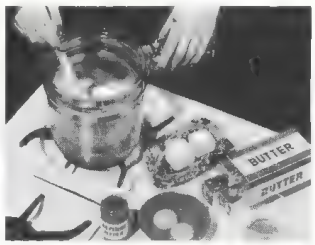
for fish and vegetables

½ cup butter (1 stick)
2 egg yolks
1 tbsp. fresh lemon juice
Cayenne pepper

Only butter has the proper flavor

Step No. 1. Divide stick of butter into thirds. Place one-third in top of double boiler. Use very little water in bottom of boiler—just enough to heat top pan but not to touch it. Use medium *heat so water is hot but NOT boiling. Melt butter.*





Butter has a natural freshness

Step No. 2. Add lemon juice, cayenne pepper and egg yolks and mix well. Stir constantly with wooden *spoon while cooking. As soon as mixture starts to thicken, turn off heat.*

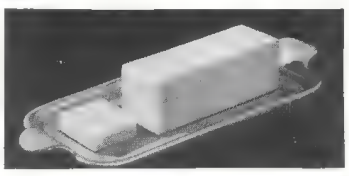
Butter flavor belongs in sauces

Step No. 3. If mixture thickens too rapidly, lift top, allow heat to escape. Replace and continue stirring. Add second one-third of butter and mix well. Then add third portion of butter and mix. Use wooden *spoon.*

Butter brightens the flavor of every food

Step No. 4. Serve with asparagus, broccoli or other vegetables, broiled chicken or fish. Serve immediately —or if necessary this Hollandaise can be kept over warm water for as long as half an hour. If any separation occurs, just add a tablespoon or two of boiling hot water and mix again.

Remember! It's the flavor of butter that makes food taste good!



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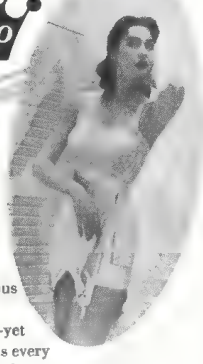

You'll be "ventilated" beautifully in gorgeous RENGO Nylon Net, porous as a screen—yet clever design slims every inch so you *show less calories* instantly! Enjoy cool comfort—try on genuine RENGO Nylon Net now. *Amazing low cost.*

Above: *Figured Nylon Net corselet with inner belt, bra top of Nylon Net. RENGO* 4803, 34-44 (*odd to* 43), 12". *RENGO* 4808, 34-46 (*odd to* 43), 14". *White—about* $8.

Left: *Cool corselet with double Nylon marquisette uplift bust sections. RENGO* 4809, 33-40, 15", *White—about* $7.50.

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SET A PRETTY TABLE CONTEST

WINNERS

First prize — 12 place settings of silver, dinnerware, glass, plus a silver tea service: Mrs. Richard E. Boquist, Greensboro, N. C.

Second prize — 12 place settings of silver, dinnerware, glass: Miss Barbara A. Hiscox, Montclair, N. J.

Third prize — 8 place settings of silver, dinnerware, glass: Miss Anne Marie Fee, Philadelphia, Pa.

100 special prizes

STERLING SILVER: 6 PLACE SETTINGS

Mrs. Andrea Bacigalupa, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Burdette B. Beard, Grand Junction, Colo.
Mrs. Richard Bennett, Westport, Conn.
Mrs. John A. DeLoyht, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. Julianne Devlin, So. Pasadena, Calif.
Mrs. J. E. Dickson, Trinity Center, Calif.
Miss Harriet Ellis, Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. Philip W. Ferer, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Donald Scott Gheen, Milford, Mich.
Mrs. Marian P. Holden, Palmer Lake, Colo.
Mrs. Paul Irwin, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Clinton C. Johnson, Rock Haven, Ky.
Mrs. L. V. Kleinstiver, St. Clair Shores, Mich.
Mrs. R. A. Kobs, Columbus, Ga.
Mrs. John A. Kutz, Jr., Winslow, Wash.
Mrs. W. H. Loughridge, Houma, La.
Miss Joyce E. Lynch, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.
Mr. Wm. J. MacDowell, Uniontown, Pa.
Miss Edith M. Middleton, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Lee Milliken, McAllen, Tex.
Mrs. Nancy L. Oliver, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Rankin Rickard, Boonville, Calif.
Mrs. C. A. Scognamillo, Venice, Calif.
Mrs. Ammon Sears, Stuart, Va.
Mrs. Glenn B. Taylor, Cleveland, Tenn.

PLATED SILVER: 12 PLACE SETTINGS

Miss Marjorie J. Armiger, Huntington Woods, Mich.
Mrs. R. F. Armstrong, Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. Douglas W. Barrett, Belvedere, N. J.
Mrs. Erna Birnie, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. Hilda Brown, Angola, N. Y.
Mrs. Beryl Burns, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. Jeanette Caldwell, Eldorado, Ohio
Miss Elizabeth C. Coakley, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Ivy M. Compton, Chrisman, Ill.
Mrs. Robert N. Gregg, Denver, Colo.
Mrs. Helen L. Hansen, Riverside, Calif.
Mrs. Robert C. Judd, Creve Coeur, Mo.
Mrs. George E. Kandt, Dearborn, Mich.
Mrs. Rex Kepler, LaFayette, Ind.
Miss Bette Knarr, Winamac, Ind.
Mrs. June Mary Lander, St. Paul, Minn.
Mrs. Nelson Mammel, Warren, Mich.
Mrs. Wagner Melius, Miami, Florida
Mrs. Louis A. Nooe, Pittsboro, N. C.
Mrs. Lester R. Reeves, Woburn, Mass.
Mrs. Elenor M. Vincent, Dimondale, Mich.
Miss Carol T. Walker, Troy, N. Y.
Mrs. Emil Wieselberg, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Carl Williams, Jr., Borger, Tex.
Miss Carol E. Windham, Muskogee, Okla.

DINNERWARE: 8 PLACE SETTINGS

Miss Elizabeth Amanti, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Carmen F. Anderson, St. Paul, Minn.
Mrs. John Walden Barrow, Kirkland, Wash.
Miss Carole Bill, Menlo Park, Calif.
Mrs. Daniel W. Canavan, Smyrna, Ga.
Mrs. Phillip F. Clore, Jr., Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Herbert P. Daykin, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. C. Dolcimascolo, Staten Island, N. Y.
Mrs. Marguerite Evans, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Mrs. Alexander N. Gow, Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. H. A. Grinchenko, Edmonton, Alta., Canada
Mrs. Joyce C. Haubenstock, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. L. D. Hendricks, Manitou Springs, Colo.
Miss Margaret Holt, Des Moines, Ia.
Mrs. Stanley Kaye, Larchmont, N. Y.
Mrs. Duane Kincaid, Elmhurst, Ill.
Mrs. Ruth Klonsky, Rockville Centre, N. Y.
Mrs. C. I. Motte, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. William C. Randal, San Jose, Calif.
Mrs. Jeanne A. Ross, Los Angeles, Calif.
Miss Ann Schoeneck, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. S. H. Sosnick, Berkeley, Calif.
Mrs. Henry E. Taylor, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mrs. Ruthanne W. Wells, Glencoe, Ill.
Mrs. Lisbet H. Williams, Moorestown, N. J.

GLASSWARE: 12 PLACE SETTINGS

Mrs. Lowell Abeles, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Mrs. L. H. Bartlett, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Douglas Bell, Cortland, N. Y.
Mrs. E. J. Carlson, Jr., Hollydale, Calif.
Mrs. Arthur F. Cochran, Tulsa, Okla.
Mrs. Lee Hall Dummer, Scituate, Mass.
Mrs. William N. Foster, Dallas, Tex.
Mr. R. J. Gargiule, So. Plainfield, N. J.
Mrs. G. H. Griffiths, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. Walter O. Haga, Park Forest, Ill.
Miss Beth Ingram, San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. Glover Johnson, Fort Worth, Tex.
Mrs. Janet Jurist, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Diane LeMaster, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. R. D. Livingston, Columbus, Ohio.
Mrs. A. M. Morris, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Vernon W. Moult, Little Rock, Ark.
Mr. W. F. Overpeck, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. Charles J. Sanders, La Junta, Colo.
Mrs. O. C. Smith, Independence, Mo.
Mrs. T. O. Suarez, South Bend, Ind.
Mrs. Neale Sullivan, Euclid, Ohio
Mrs. Harold H. Todd, Jr., Montclair, N. J.
Miss Joan Waddell, Hamilton, Ont., Canada
Mrs. John W. Wood, Jr., Laurens, S. C.

• • • • • •

HONORABLE MENTION — $50 EACH

Mrs. D. J. Bailey, Auburndale, Mass.
Mrs. Irwin M. Balber, Momence, Ill.
Mrs. Clyde H. Bateman, Augusta, Ga.
Mrs. C. A. Blackburn, Jr., Silver Spring, Md.
Mrs. Arthur Bohnen, Evanston, Ill.
Miss Frances Calhoun, Alexandria, Va.
Miss Mary Chandler, Temple, Tex.
Mrs. Lois R. Dewey, Madison, Wis.
Mr. Robert H. Diebbell, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Fides M. Driscoll, Warwick, Va.
Mrs. R. J. Gargiule, So. Plainfield, N. J.
Mrs. F. Thomas Gearhart, Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. B. C. Groseclose, Greensboro, N. C.
Mrs. Mata C. Hansen, Melrose, Mass.
Miss Mary Harper, So. Hadley, Mass.
Mrs. D. P. Hattey, Alexandria, Va.
Mrs. F. E. Hill, Iowa Park, Tex.
Mrs. Glenn D. Houtchens, Kirksville, Mo.
Mrs. J. J. Hunter, Arlington, Va.
Mrs. Arthur H. Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. David Kaplan, Gary, Ind.
Mrs. Sarah B. Kasper, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. John S. Kearns, Culpeper, Va.
Mrs. Carólyn R. Koppes, Lawrence, Kan.
Mrs. H. C. Vonder Kuhlen, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Mrs. R. W. Lange, Garden City, Kan.
Mrs. Clay E. Leach, Bishop, Tex.
Mrs. Frank McClearen, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. J. J. McGoey, Miami, Ariz.
Mrs. Jack G. McKay, Columbus, Ga.
Mrs. Ted Miller, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Miss Elizabeth Moeller, San Diego, Calif.
Mrs. Hildegarde Montgomery, Battle Creek, Mich.
Miss Muriel Neufeld, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Catherine M. Pappas, Gary, Ind.
Mrs. Allen R. Pickett, W. Hyattsville, Md.
Mrs. Henry Retzloff, Jr., E. Lansing, Mich.
Mrs. G. L. Richardson, Alexandria, Va.
Mrs. R. P. Savage, Hendersonville, N. C.
Mr. Victor L. Schmick, Preston, Md.
Mrs. A. G. Sewell, Tampa, Florida
Mrs. Robert L. Shaffer, Garden City, Mich.
Mrs. Mendel Sherman, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Richard T. Smith, University City, Mo.
Mr. Charles M. Solof, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. J. H. Stanley, Charleston, S. C.
Mrs. Lucus Sterne, Warrensburg, Mo.
Mrs. Arnold Thurm, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Mrs. Constance M. Todd, Edmonds, Wash.
Miss Maryann Warnken, Glens Falls, N. Y.

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Mrs. H. G. Barth, Jr., No. Plainfield, N. J.
Mrs. William Beard, Columbus, Miss.
Mrs. Frederick C. Bowers, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Robert Brenner, Laurelton, N. Y.
Mrs. John Bryant, Clinton, N. J.
Miss Carolyn R. Bumpus, Scituate, Mass.
Mrs. E. B. Burgeson, Claremont, Calif.
Mrs. Vonna J. Burroughs, Albuquerque, N. Mex.
Mrs. Kendall E. Cooper, Silver Spring, Md.
Mrs. John R. Crane, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Gilbert G. Dubray, Parma, Ohio
Mrs. Ruth Ann Eakley, Bloomfield, N. J.
Mrs. James W. Fahrner, Moline, Ill.
Miss Martha L. Ferrell, Auburn, N. Y.
Mrs. Gayle Fielding, Milford, Ill.
Mrs. Thomas W. Gaiser, Butler, Pa.
Mrs. Clyde G. Grappe, Levelland, Tex.
Mrs. Leroy H. Hokenson, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mrs. Irene Jacobsen, Tyre, N. Y.
Mrs. Screen U. Kane, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Doris P. Lamb, Lansdowne, Pa.
Mrs. George Leyner, Denver, Colo.
Mrs. J. W. Livingston, Atlanta, Tex.
Mrs. Alice Lorch, San Diego, Calif.
Mrs. A. W. Mathews, Ocean Park, Wash.
Mrs. Frank J. Matzke, Delmar, N. Y.
Miss Nancy J. Miner, San Diego, Calif.
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Mrs. W. C. Williams, Tampa, Fla.
Mrs. Samuel J. Zafirau, Bowling Green, Ohio

The contest judges: *Mr. William Ward Beecher, artist; Mrs. Olga Gordon, Stylist-Coordinator, John Wanamaker; Miss Marian Minogue, Mutual Buying Syndicate, Inc.; Mrs. Joseph B. Platt, wife of the designer, and well-known hostess and author; and Mr. C. Eugene Stephenson, National President, American Institute of Decorators*

(Continued from page 118)

The emptiness brought them momentarily to a standstill. They stared about them in the hollow silence of the warehouses. But the leaders had a quick explanation; they were quite ready with it. The government had secretly restored the goods to the "fat farmers" in order to keep them from the cities until higher prices were permitted.

The governors of the states called out the National Guard, and for two weeks the armed forces were able to prevent the cities from flowing out into the countryside.

In the meantime, news of our rioting spread to Europe. London went mad; Paris mobs streamed through the streets by day and by night, looting, burning, destroying. There was not a city which did not lose its mind, anywhere in the world, including Russia.

Throughout the world, martial law was the order of the day. All the mills and factories were closed. The banks closed one by one. And the churches closed. There were no people who wished to go to church anyway. So priest, minister and rabbi left their churches and talked on the streets, but as they had been warned not to tell the real truth their attempts failed, and the people jeered.

LESTER HARTWICK, our Grange president, called Father. He was asking all local farmers to the Grange Hall for consultation and information that night. We went there, greeted our gaunt friends and waited. An air of doom and despondency hovered in the hall. Lester said: "We've had some confidential news about the cities. They're rioting. Martial law declared; Army out." He was so weak that he paused between sentences, and kept running his hand dazedly over his face. "They still believe we have food. Now, Capital City is only one hundred miles from here—eight hundred thousand people. The Army does not expect to be able to hold them in check for more than another day or two. They can get around to this community in less than three hours, for the highways are still open. They're already talking about it; we're the richest farming community in this part of the state. The city people know all about the Grange stocks of food for the farmers."

He stopped again, and looked at us with haggard eyes. "Boys, we've got our seed corn and wheat piled up here, waiting for when we can plant it again. I want you all to take it away; it's the only chance for food for the future for all of us, country people and city people alike. Turn the weeds over with your tractors, far from your houses; bury the seed deep, mark the place. The weeds will grow over it in a few hours. Make sure you line the hole with wood or concrete; I don't know how much time we have now.

"And then divide what we have here on hand among yourselves, all the food and meat. Take it home; hide it away. I don't think you'll have to worry much; they'll attack the Granges first. But arm yourselves. Boys, this is war, not to kill people but to save them, the poor damn fools. We Grange presidents all over the country have made these plans. Now, go home, and come tomorrow with your trucks and tractors. There's no time to be lost."

All the next day we worked in the steaming heat with the strength born of fear and dread. We loaded our seed corn and wheat in bags; it was good to look at the seed again, hard and yellow and dry in our hands, the fruit of life, the promise of life.

My father and I reached home in the saffron dawn, ate hastily and then took our tractor out. We tore at the weeds, ripping them up, our tractor grinding and crushing. The murky sun was hot on our backs by the time we had made a large enough hole. We lined it with thick wood and tossed our bags into it until the hole was filled. Then we poured concrete over it and sealed it. It would keep for several months, we hoped. Within a few hours the weeds had grown back over the place; we set a marker on the spot, unobtrusive to other eyes but our own.

FATHER was contained and steadfast during all this, but my disgust and hatred for mankind was growing.

After we had completed our almost superhuman work we sat down to wait. My father was full of assurance, as always. We had not been talking to each other much these days, and when I sat down in the sitting room I picked up a book. I knew he was watching me as he smoked. Then he said: "Pete, I have an idea what is bothering you and giving you that bitter expression of yours. I think you've been cursing your fellow men, deep inside you."

I did not answer him. I heard him sigh. "Pete, I hate to say this, but you aren't any better than your neighbor. You're no worse, perhaps, but you're no better. A man doesn't stand alone, even when he is the most lonely and keeps his doors shut tight. He is only part of mankind; he couldn't live without it."

"I'm not interested any longer in my neighbor," I said curtly. "In some way, I feel he is guilty of Porgie's death." I dropped the book and stared at my father, and my heart began to beat with sudden violence. Then I stood up.

"You've remembered something," said my father.

I was unbearably excited. "I have!" Then I stopped. What idiocy! "Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner." Those were the words of the prayer I had forgotten. I remembered them now, but the passion I had had when uttering them so long ago was gone. The sick weight of resentment and hate was too strong in me.

My father was standing up; he was approaching me almost on tiptoe, for fear that I would forget again. He whispered: "Pete, Pete—what is it?"

I told him, and I blushed with my self-disgust and sentimentality. "It couldn't have been that," I said.

But my father was already running to the telephone, and he was calling young Mr. Herricks. I began to swear, more and more embarrassed. I went upstairs to see Jean. She seemed better, and smiled wanly at me and kissed my mouth. She was sitting in a chair now, and as I stood beside her she held my hand tightly. She was so pale and thin, so listless and so quiet.

"Darling, you look so grim these days that you frighten me," she said. Her voice broke. "I know you think about Porgie all the time, and so do I. But we are going to have another baby—"

I had forgotten the sudden hideous danger which threatened my wife and Lucy, who were carrying whatever future there would be within their bodies. Now I thought of the insane mobs pouring out into the country. They would have no mercy on these girls; the least they would do would be to deprive them of our last store of food. I went to my chest of drawers and took out my gun. If we were injured, if our food were menaced, then I would shoot to kill.

"Pete," said Jean faintly, raising herself a little in her chair. "What is it? You look so—awful. As if you want to kill."

"I do," I said before I could stop myself.

She sank back into her chair and looked at me, eyes huge in her thin white face. She began to speak softly, watching me every moment. "I think I have some idea, Pete. Haven't you forgotten something? The cross on Christmas Eve."

"The cross!" I laughed shortly. "I imagined it. Just a magnetic disturbance—that's what they said."

"But you saw it, Pete."

I was silent. I could see again the infinite and brilliant cross against the black night. The foolish explanations of it had been false and ridiculous. I had seen it myself. I put down the gun, and I was overcome with weakness. I knelt down beside Jean and put my head in her lap. She stroked my hair with tender hands. "Poor Pete, poor darling," she murmured.

Much of my grief and all of my hatred and contempt left me.

" 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,' " whispered Jean, and she held my head against her breast.

(Continued on page 122)

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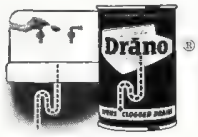

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IVY

or POISON OAK

IVY-DRY

(Continued from page 121)

The yellow light at the windows began to fade as the evening came. I remained with Jean, too exhausted to speak or move. She slept in her chair and I thought that some color was returning to her face. I still could not look without anguish at the empty crib between the ruffled curtains at the windows. What was to become of all of us? How much longer had we to live? Two children would be born again in this house; how were they to survive? But still a dull peace had come to me.

Young Mr. Herricks came that night, brought by a neighbor nearer town in his belching tractor. We had not seen him for some time, and I was aghast at the change in him. He seemed weary and broken and very sad. Yet, as he shook my hand he smiled at me, and his youthful eyes became radiant. He had brought his own food with him, and my mother and Lucy prepared it and we all sat down together for our sparse meal. He told us that very few people, if any, came to church now. Either they were dead or dying, sick or desolate, unable to travel even a little distance. He visited them in their homes, giving them what comfort he could. He looked at me directly now. "The gospel of repentance," he said. "How can I say to them: 'Pray for forgiveness'? Wouldn't it be cruel? But that is the only prayer which will save the world now. True repentance, true penance. It has seemed strange to many people that when Christ cured the blind and the lame He usually told them that their sins had been forgiven them. What had affliction to do with sin? Besides, there was evidence all about us that the wicked appeared to be especially blest; their affairs prospered, their children were happy, they were honored among men, they died in at least as much serenity as good men. The charitable and the just, on the other hand, seemed to be the most unlucky of people."

He still gazed at me, but I was confused. "It is not new that men confuse material prosperity with blessedness, and fail to value spiritual prosperity."

These were strange and humble words from our "educated parson."

There seemed to be some sort of conspiracy between him and my father. When it was dark they both invited me to come with them in the tractor. We lumbered through the crawling and writhing weeds, and above us the horrible orange moon stared at the earth in unrelenting malignance.

We reached the patch of grass. I had never been here at night, and I was astonished to see that here the yellow moonlight, which lay in ochre reflections on the broad leaves of the weeds surrounding the patch, was a gentle, cool silver. Mr. Herricks and my father stepped down into the fragrant depths, and their heels crushed some of the blades and the sweetest perfume rose from them, a perfume I remembered with sharp and nostalgic sorrow. Then I saw that the two men were looking at me expectantly, and I climbed down and stood beside them. Mr. Herricks was very pale in the moonlight. He held out his hands and we took them, and then we knelt with him in the grass.

He lifted his face without fear to the moon, and said aloud, in a clear, strong voice, full of sincerity and humility: "Oh, Lord, our God, we stand indicted before Thee as evil men, men without wisdom or kindness or faith. We have disdained Thy word, or mocked it. Though many generations have passed since the day when Thou didst climb the Mount of Calvary, never has there been a race like unto us. We have spread desolation on thy

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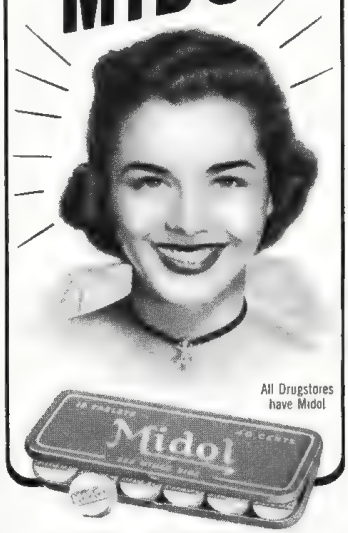

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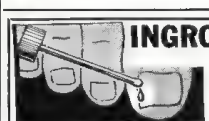

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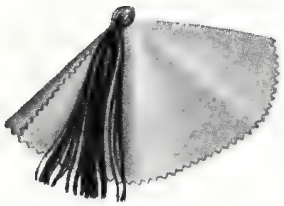

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gentle earth; we have devastated the life-giving fields, and crushed the homes of the helpless. We have taught our children hatred and lust, wars and wicked philosophies. We have never sought peace or conciliation, for these did not bring us profit or excitement. We were evil from the days of our birth. The world has not known our like before."

He raised his hand to the dark sky in which the moon was like a wound.

"There is no man without guilt in this world, not even those dedicated to Thy service. We have been false shepherds; we have been silent when we should have said: 'War is a foul thing, and no man has an enemy not of his own making.' We are more guilty than the cruel and the stupid and the greedy who devise wars, for by our silence we have given consent to them—we, who knew Thee. We have abandoned the way of the Cross; we led our flocks not beside the green pastures and the still waters, but into death. We are the most guilty. In our guilt is the guilt of all mankind."

He was weeping now, simply and without concealment. He stretched out his arms and cried: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

My father, kneeling there beside him, lifted up his own arms and prayed: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

I thought of all my wild and blasphemous thoughts since the day my child had died. I thought of my life again. I thought of the gun I had held that day, and how I had longed to use it, in a kind of hideous revenge. I was sick with my self-loathing. All at once this deathly field vanished from my sight, and I was on a stony hill in Korea, an enemy in my gunsight. That man had been my brother. I, Cain, had killed him, without compassion. I cried out now: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

For a long time we knelt in the darkness, our heads bent, the sweet grass rustling about us. We thought our own wretched thoughts, and over and over we pleaded that mercy be extended to us, not that we might be permitted to live, but that we might be forgiven. Life was no longer of importance, nor our physical suffering.

We stood up at last, shaken and silent. But a great peace filled us, a sense of pardon, of consolation. We smiled at each other. There was no more terror in us or dread. We had prayed, and we had been forgiven.

THEN Mr. Herricks uttered a great, ringing cry. He was pointing at the ground. And now we saw that the weeds had retreated and a field of soft and shallow green extended all about us, silvery and living. The stench of death had been sucked away, and the blessed fragrance of life rose in the air like an invisible fountain.

We all began to run crazily, crying aloud, rushing in circles, bending to touch the new grass, the warm and crumbling earth. My father threw himself on his knees and kissed the grass and the ground; he fondled the blades in his big hands. He laughed and shouted, cried incoherently. We could not have enough of it. I rolled in it, without fear, knowing that no stinging death was hiding here. I grasped handfuls of the soil, let it drip slowly through my fingers. It was moist and fresh, eager for seed. Tomorrow I would plough it, tomorrow I would scatter the seed!

Mr. Herricks stood in the midst of the grass and lifted his arms to the heavens. "Thou has not abandoned Thy children! Blessed be the name of the Lord!" His voice rang over the field like an exultant bell. "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" THE END

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*"We did it **this** way back home." Daniel operates Mother's Swiss food press with enthusiasm, thinks he's quite a chef*

"Hmm, a new flavor. I'd better think this one over." Marianne's mother introduces her to strained apricots, while her brother Olivier stands by for the verdict

by Angelica Gibbs

Mrs. Paul Berthoud's first baby was fed and cared for the Swiss way. It's different for her youngest. Now the family's living here, and . . .

Marianne's eating American

MARIANNE BERTHOUD of Parkway Village, New York, is five and one-half months old, plump, supremely cheerful and quite obviously a lover of good food. At this writing she tucks away three good-size meals a day, and she finds nothing remarkable in the fact that a lot of the items on her menu get spooned directly out of a glass jar and into her wide-open mouth. Her Swiss mother, Mrs. Paul Berthoud, the wife of an official in the Social Welfare Division of the United Nations, calls Marianne her "American-type baby."

Marianne's eldest brother, Daniel, three and a half years old, can't remember what he ate when he was Marianne's age and was living in Berne, Switzerland. On occasion, though, his mother lets him tinker with the purée mill, the vegetable grater and the press for extracting fruit and vegetable juices, all of which she brought with her from Switzerland in 1951. Daniel is well aware that the preparation of his early meals was a lot more complicated than that of Marianne's.

Olivier, or "Bobbily," the middle child in the Berthoud family, has had a taste of both kinds of eating—hand-puréed food in Switzerland (on a recent visit) and canned food in America.

Mrs. Berthoud, an attractive, intelligent young woman with dark hair, blue eyes and a flair for managing three very lively children without getting flurried, took time out from her routine a while back to discuss with us her experiences in bringing up children in different countries, and by different methods.

Switzerland and America, she pointed out, have a great deal in common. Both are stable, prosperous countries with comfortable standards of living. Both have a long record of achievement in child health and welfare. So the contrast between Daniel's early upbringing and Marianne's isn't starkly dramatic, as it would be if Daniel had been born in the tropics, for example, or in a country where well-balanced meals are available to tragically few people. The difference is a matter of the pace, of physical convenience and of the way in which young women are trained to think about the task of being parents.

A Swiss girl, Mrs. Berthoud reports, before her marriage is expected to enroll in courses in home management, nursing and child care. But, unlike her American contemporary, she doesn't keep on consulting her textbooks or attending classes or meetings *after* she's married. She puts the books *(Continued on page 126)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZULINE STRONG

Daniel and Olivier have international tastes in food. They love to combine American bread with big slices of Swiss cheese

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Marianne's eating American

Continued from page 124

on a shelf and gets down to business, never bothering to engage in debate with herself over whether it would be better for her to breast-feed her first baby, say, or to take to a formula.

"In the hospital in Berne where Daniel was born," says Mrs. Berthoud, "nobody ever thought of asking me whether or not I wanted to nurse my baby. It was taken for granted I did, for the first three months or so. Women who couldn't breast-feed their babies got formulas for them, but this wasn't a problem they worried over beforehand."

When a Swiss baby goes home from the hospital the speed with which he graduates from one kind of food to another is far more moderate than in America, except in the case of fresh fruits and vegetables. In Switzerland infants of two or three months are given grated apple, carrot juice or grated raw vegetable. But other kinds of food are offered much later than in America.

"Daniel didn't have whole milk until he was about six months old," Mrs. Berthoud says. "Marianne's drinking it three times a day right now. Oranges are harder to get than here, and eggs are more expensive. Our Swiss doctor ordered two eggs a week for Daniel. Marianne has an egg each night with her supper. Daniel wasn't given meat until he was six months old. Then I began to prepare cooked chopped liver for him. But Marianne has had meat every day at noon since her second month, along with her vegetables, potato and dessert. Out of those wonderful jars."

"Those wonderful jars" (as well as little round cans) full of precooked vegetables and meats and fruits and desserts could be obtained in Berne, to be sure, when Mrs. Berthoud lived there. But they were far too expensive for her modest budget.

So when Daniel was six months old and ready to embark on a four-meal-a-day schedule (as opposed to Marianne's "American-type" regime, which calls for three feedings) Mrs. Berthoud provided herself with a purée mill, a grater, a food press and a scale that measures flour and sugar, and got to work. She was, as it happened, a lot luckier than many of her friends, who went through the same basic process of food preparation and then finished up their children's meals over a wood-burning range. The Berthoud apartment in Berne had an electric range in it, but not one of the refrigerators which are just beginning to make their appearance in that city. As a result she had to shop for supplies every day instead of once a week, as she does here.

All of this took up time, large amounts of it. But the Berthouds and most of their Swiss friends, all of whom got by on modest budgets, had someone to help with the house and the children — a young woman from a family very like their own, who pitched in around the house in return for a small wage and a chance to brush up either on French or German. (The daughter of Switzerland's president is doing just that in England right now in order to perfect her knowledge of the language and her housekeeping talents.)

So time isn't as important in Switzerland as it is here. Every day at noon Mr. Berthoud came home for his lunch. He and his wife ate it together on a little terrace adjacent to their living room. They played with Daniel and went back to their respective chores feeling relaxed. In the evening their young friends often dropped in; and they had family parties as well, of eight or ten people, old and young. At these gatherings the talk was very apt to revolve about babies, old methods with them and new. This kind of talk gave Mrs. Berthoud much the same feeling of security and continuity that Dr. Spock's famous books conveyed to her contemporaries in America.

Here in America Mrs. Berthoud has help only once a week. But she has "that wonderful diaper service." Her kitchen is smaller but better organized and equipped so that meals can be prepared in far less time and with less effort. A row of small cans and jars holds the children's vegetables, meats and fruits. Marianne's meals are prepared in a jiffy. The children's clothes are whisked through a washing machine in nothing flat.

Practically everything, in short, is a lot easier here for a young mother and a lot more apt to happen in nothing flat. Daniel, Bobbily and Marianne thrive equally well in either environment. Their mother, on the other hand, feels the lack of those long, leisurely Swiss evenings when three generations of women pooled their experiences in bringing up babies; of the luncheon with her husband on the terrace in Berne; of the presence in the house of the young girl who wanted to learn a second language as well as to help out with the children and the work.

Mrs. Berthoud is far too polite to say so, but it seems likely that to her the ideal country in which to bring up one's children would be that which combined the Swiss genius for taking life easily with the American genius for getting things done in a jiffy, or nothing flat. To date, there's no such place. **THE END**

That after-supper bottle is very special. It's just plain milk like all the others, but it gives Marianne a chance to get to know her busy father

The glorious years of a marriage that couldn't last

Continued from page 44

enthusiasm. One would have had to know Douglas personally to realize the overwhelming dynamism of the man. People of attainment fascinated him, and he them. He sought them out not because he was a snob but because of his lively interest in how they had made their name, how they accepted their success, how it had influenced them.

I don't think either of us realized, after that second encounter, that we were falling in love. When the realization came it was too late to save the heartache and escape the cruel spotlight of publicity. We fought it. We ran away from it—not once but times innumerable. Mother knew, and so did Douglas' mother, and she was always tender and loving to me, sharing the loneliness and heartache with the two of us.

Whenever I avoided going anywhere that I knew Douglas would be I consoled myself by calling his mother on the telephone or visiting her the next day. The sound of her voice or the look on her face, that so vividly reminded me of him, would somehow ease the pain.

Douglas' mother was a gay and charming little lady from Virginia, a descendant of the Earl of Nottingham. Douglas was her pet, and to the end a wonderful son. Her death came as a cruel and sudden blow to him. She contracted pneumonia at Christmastime in 1916, while he was in California, and passed away before he could get back to New York. When he arrived I heard that he was unable to cry and all his friends were concerned about him. I then sat down and wrote him a short note of comfort. The following day he telephoned me and asked if he could see me for a few moments.

For one hour we rode in Central Park in my chauffeur-driven car. This was several days after his mother's funeral. For the first time he was able to talk freely about her, and what she had meant to him. The emotional storm that had gathered in his breast finally burst, and he was able to cry. We never spoke of ourselves, only of his mother, and her death seemed to bring us closer.

DOUGLAS went back to California. I remained in New York. Later, when he returned to New York to stay with his family, I went to Hollywood, and was with the Paramount studio when he joined that company in the spring of 1917. This threw us together somewhat, as I saw him in the studio from time to time. But we still fought the inevitable. In the meantime I had separated from Owen and was living with my mother, my brother Jack, my sister Lottie and her baby Gwynne.

I want to emphasize here that neither Douglas nor anyone else separated me from Owen. He did that himself. Owen's mother knew long before I met Douglas that my marriage to her son couldn't possibly last.

Naturally a great attraction like that between Douglas and me could not remain concealed forever. Owen came to me one day, stating he had the right to know, since he was still my husband, although we had long since ceased to be man and wife. I told him the truth, and he asked what I was going to do about it. I replied, honestly and frankly, that I wasn't planning to do anything about it.

It was in the fall of 1917 that Beth Fairbanks and Douglas decided to part. Early in 1919 they were divorced, and shortly thereafter Mrs. Fairbanks remarried. Beth and I always had the greatest respect for each other. There was never any ill will between us, and neither was there between her and Douglas. Years later, when I came to know her more intimately, she assured me that I was the only real wife Douglas had ever had, and that during her marriage to him they had come to feel more like brother and sister than husband and wife.

DOUGLAS was divorced for a year, and much as I loved him and needed him I still fought the thought of a divorce. There now followed a black and indecisive period for me. Although separated from Owen, I still felt his possessive presence in one form or another. Then came a final meeting with him that is etched on my mind with letters of fire. He asked for a reconciliation.

"I'll even be nice to your mother if you take me back, Mary."

"My mother does not need you or anyone to be nice to her, not as long as I live—and, besides, you're several years too late for that speech, Owen."

I'm sure the impeccably groomed Mr. Moore was oblivious of the tears that were streaming down his face, meeting in a rivulet under his chin and dripping down on his immaculate tie, oblivious of all this when I told him that I was finished.

"Owen, I want a divorce."

The tears stopped flowing, and his eyes blazed menacingly.

"Mary, so help me, the next time I run into Douglas Fairbanks I'm going to shoot him dead!"

"You're going to do nothing of the sort, Owen," I said calmly, though frankly I was terrified, because a man who drank to the extent that Owen did was certainly not responsible for what he might do. I appealed to his sense of fair play.

"Owen, why should *you* resent him, *you* who, not once but a hundred times, have thrown me aside."

"I won't have it, Mary! Mark my words, I'm going to kill that climbing monkey! I just won't have it! You understand?"

I immediately called Douglas to warn him about Owen's threat. Douglas laughed it off.

"I can take care of myself, Mary darling," he said. "Don't you worry your dear little head over it. I'd sure like an opportunity to get at him for what he's done to you all these years."

I learned that Owen was actually carrying a gun in public places and openly threatening to shoot "that climbing monkey" on sight. Douglas, however, never tried to avoid him. There wasn't a bit of cowardice in his make-up.

Then came the bombshell—the final and most bitter humiliation of all from this man who had never once thought of my happiness. Through his attorneys Owen informed me that he was ready to grant me the divorce—for a price.

If any spark of tenderness or compassion still remained in me that act of cold and cowardly calculation killed it. I was so thoroughly disillusioned that I knew any solution short of divorce would be a cruel and needless torture. I must wipe out the tragic blunder that was blighting my life and my career once and for all.

I had no choice but to pay that tidy piece of blackmail. I consulted Mother. Agreeing that there was no alternative, she went to our bank in Los Angeles and was coming out with a fat bundle of bonds under her arm, when, of all people, she ran into Owen's mother. I believe Mother told her what was in the bundle, for Mrs. Moore then made the only remark she was ever heard to make that might even slightly indicate any hostility toward me:

"Oh, sure, Mrs. Pickford, poor Owen must have something."

They were both highly embarrassed, Mrs. Moore probably more than Mother, and I suppose she meant, with the motherly love she bore both of us, that her son should in some way be compensated for having lost me.

WHEN I finally got my divorce, March 1, 1920, I promised myself I would wait one whole year before marrying Douglas. With complete sincerity I informed the press that I had no immediate intention of remarrying. Unfortunately I was reckoning without Douglas, a persuasive

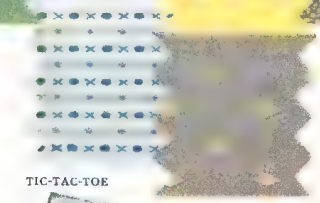
(Continued on page 128)

For tomorrow's Brides...and yesterday's

Dan River's Newest Woven-Border Percale Gift Sets

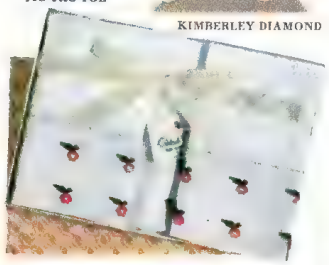
Beautiful, luxurious percale sheets and pillowcases! And because they're made by Dan River, the enchanting colors and patterns are wedded for life...they're *woven* in, can't wash out. They'll still look new on Anniversaries, years from now! In blue larkspur, pink rose, green carnation, yellow daffodil, white. All borders are hemstitched. Bottom sheets to match, available fitted or flat.

BROCADE PATTERN



TIC-TAC-TOE

KIMBERLEY DIAMOND



Bordered sets in this elegant new gift box, from $3.50 to $11.95

SAMPLER ROSE

DAN RIVER

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At better stores, or write: DAN RIVER MILLS, INC., DEPT. CB, DANVILLE, VA.

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sun styles
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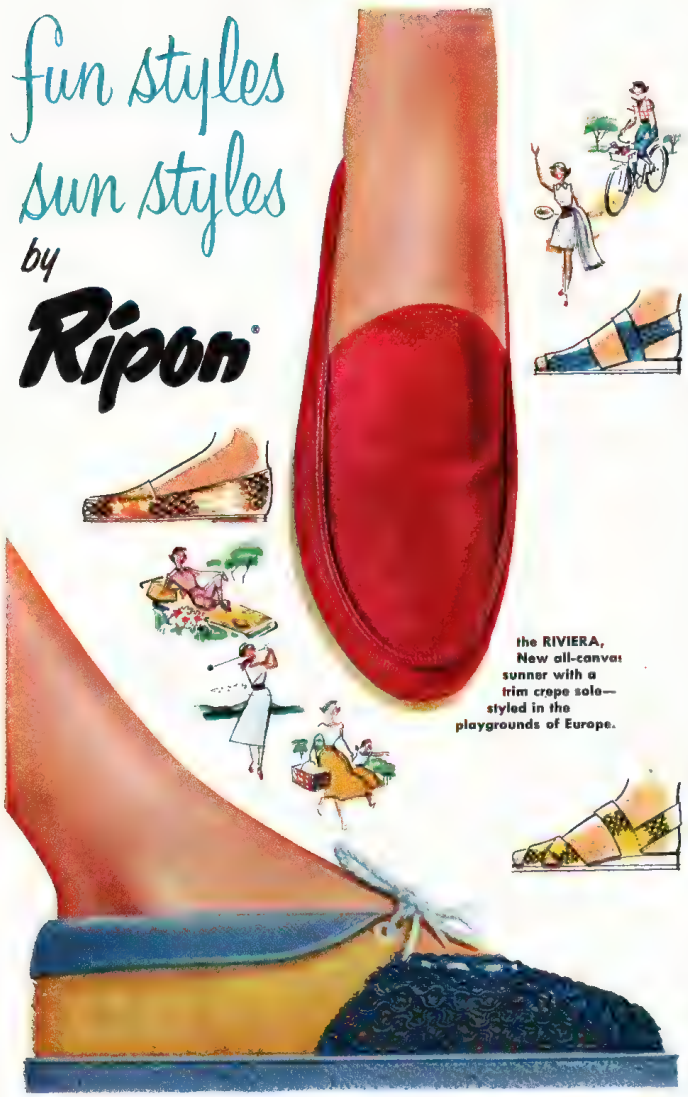

the RIVIERA, New all-canvas sunner with a trim crepe sole—styled in the playgrounds of Europe.

the CATALINA. Fuzzy terry cloth played against brightly colored mesh—with a gay collar to top 'em off.

New styling, new materials give these Ripon casuals a dash and glitter that put your feet first in fashion. Whatever your mood...saucy or suave...European Look or Young America...here is footwear to match. And *comfortably*, too! Best of all are Ripon prices...from $2.95 at better stores everywhere.

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for leisure wear...anywhere!

slip-on Ripons for happy feet!

Remember your MALES

They like comfort, too—especially the comfort without frills of Ripon RIVIERAS. Dad's size costs only $2.95, the smaller version just $2.50.

RIPON KNITTING WORKS, Ripon, Wisconsin
In Canada: Forest City Knitting Co., London, Ontario

(Continued from page 127)

and relentless advocate when he had made up his mind. He let no barrier between us prevail. He argued and pleaded and cajoled till he broke down all resistance. I remember the last talk we had before I consented to marry him.

"Mary," he said, "the world doesn't know the true facts of our love and the suffering we went through to find one another. If it did know I am confident it would approve of our marriage."

"What if the world doesn't approve?" I said. "Will your love be strong enough? If we both lose our careers will our love be sufficient for our future happiness together? Answer that truthfully, Douglas."

"I can't speak for you, Mary," he said, "but I know that my feeling for you is not of the moment. It has nothing to do with your career or your fame, or how other people feel about you. I love you for yourself."

On March 28 Douglas and I were married in Los Angeles by our good friend the Reverend Dr. Brougher in his home. Apart from one or two very close friends, only members of our immediate families were present. For the wedding supper we returned to Douglas' home in Beverly Hills, the beautiful house that was to become my permanent home and soon to be named by the press "Pickfair." Douglas had been living there alone for a year.

"Mary," he said, when we arrived, "this house is my wedding present to you."

"No, Douglas," I said, "I want to feel that this is your home, and that I am sharing it with you."

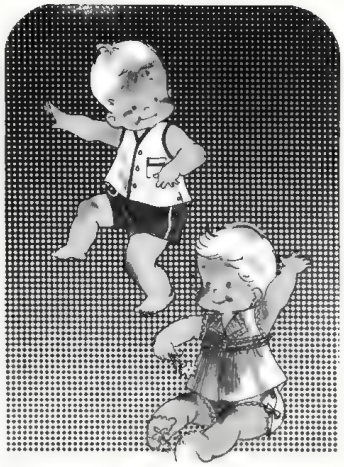
Our marriage remained a secret for three days. I was making a picture called *Suds* at the time, and for those three days I came into the studio with a piece of adhesive tape on a finger. Under it was my wedding ring, which I was very superstitious about removing. I learned later that clever as I thought myself, I fooled no one in the company.

Then the bombshell burst. First the straight news of our marriage in massive headlines everywhere, then a review, mostly speculative, of the long romance that had preceded it, and finally the nasty repercussions of my divorce.

Of course, today people don't think anything of getting a divorce one day and marrying the next. In those days, even to me, divorce was like some dreadful disease, and still is. Now they began hounding me, reporters and columnists and photographers.

To advertise a syndicated article a large picture of me was pasted on the news wagons. The photograph was greatly enlarged, and huge glistening tears had been sketched in on the face. That coy little touch was meant to convey my shame and penitence over the great wrong I had done.

But Douglas and I were soon to forget these irritations in the overwhelming show of popular affection that greeted us everywhere we went in Europe. The moment I finished the picture *Suds* Douglas and I left for a four-week honeymoon abroad. After the marriage neither of us had any suspicion of what lay ahead for us, either in Europe or in America, on our return. This was by no means a publicity safari or experiment, however. I had never seen Europe. In fact, except for that one brief sojourn in Cuba I had never been out of the United States and Canada. Douglas, who was an expert traveler, prepared the way. New York gave us a heartwarming reassurance that all



fresh-as-spring seersucker sets

Spring flower colors, petal-fresh, and so easy to keep . . . they wash and dry in seconds, no ironing ever. Smart man-tailored or dainty lace-trimmed styles are comfortably secure, with famous plastic-lined, snap fastened handi-panti.

handi-panti*
fashions by **alexis**

*handi-panti is a registered trade mark

atlanta georgia

Precious Time... Don't Waste it!

Let Sani-Flush save your housekeeping time. Cleans toilet bowls quick . . . no work, no messy scrubbing. It not only cleans chemically but disinfects—and removes the invisible film that gathers in all toilet bowls. Just follow directions on the familiar yellow can. At all grocers. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

for a
REALLY CLEAN toilet bowl

was not lost. So dense were the crowds that we didn't dare to set foot out of our suite at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Then the trip to Europe. On board the boat we were drawn into a friendly circle of well-wishers and admirers that included Colonel House, Ambassador Gerard, the widow of Mark Twain, Sir William Wiseman and a big financier whose name now eludes me. Between chats and discussion and walks on deck, Douglas and I studied Dickens' *A Child's Outline History of England*. I remember it excited me to such a degree that I couldn't sleep. I was convinced that once I set foot on English soil I would instinctively, even blindfoldedly, be drawn to places that seemed to rise up in memory from my ancestral past.

Instead Douglas and I were swept up by mobs of worshipers, till I could neither eat nor sleep, let alone soak in the historic sights. Our first stop was the Ritz in London. Outside our window we saw them, thousands and thousands of them, waiting day and night in the streets below for a glimpse of us. I felt so inadequate and powerless to show my gratitude that it actually made me ill. It's no wonder that when Lord and Lady Northcliffe came to pay their respects at the hotel they found me shaking like a leaf.

"Why, this young lady is on the verge of a breakdown," said Lord Northcliffe to Douglas.

"She's nervous as a kitten. Hasn't slept or eaten anything since we arrived," said Douglas.

"There's only one thing for you to do," said Lord Northcliffe. "I insist that you come to my country place on the Isle of Wight. There you may enjoy complete seclusion. The rest and peace will do you both good. I promise absolute isolation from crowds."

So it was off to the Isle of Wight for Douglas and Mary. And there, at 6:30 the next morning, I awakened, went to the window in my nightgown, threw open the shutters, and gasped. The ten-foot brick wall surrounding the cottage was black with people. From dawn they had been waiting patiently on the top of that wall for those windows to open. And now they all proceeded to applaud loudly and call our names. Douglas awoke with a jolt and flew to the window to see what was going on. Then we both dashed back into the room and slipped hurriedly into our dressing gowns. Meanwhile the crowd began crying out:

"Oh, Mary darling!"

"How are you, Dougie?"

"Won't you come out and give us your autograph?"

I was still giving my hair a few quick strokes of the brush as Douglas returned to the window and began waving to them. When they insisted on a speech he spoke a few words of greeting, and when I joined him I had to do the same.

"This is such an overwhelming surprise that I wish there were some way we could repay you," I said.

They were most considerate. After a few more shouts of "Hello, sweetheart!" "Hello, Dougie!" they went away quietly. Douglas and I breathed a sigh of relief and proceeded to dress.

"Absolute isolation!" he said. And we both burst out laughing.

BACK in London from our "seclusion" on the Isle of Wight, we were given a luncheon and reception at Claridge's Hotel by George Grossmith and other distinguished British actors. Douglas sat on one side of me and Grossmith on the other. During the luncheon Douglas leaned across me and said to Grossmith:

"George, have you arranged for police protection for Mary?"

"My dear chap," Grossmith replied, "you don't seem to realize that you're in England now. The English are a civilized people. They're not going to harm Mary. Depend on it."

I was to learn the folly of his words later, in Kensington Gardens that afternoon. A brilliant outdoor benefit, a sort of garden party and bazaar combined, was scheduled, and all of the professional people were expected to appear. Grossmith and his colleagues of the stage invited us as their guests.

Word of our coming must have spread like fire. Grossmith, Douglas and I were seated in the back of somebody's Rolls-Royce, the top of which was down. I remember the car had slowed down as we moved into the park grounds. On all sides the crowds were thick as bushes, waving and shouting wildly.

Suddenly a voice called out, "Shake hands with me, Mary!"

While my two companions were looking the other way I put out my hand in all innocence. Immediately I felt it lock in an iron grasp. Then someone else grabbed my other hand, and two or three people reached for the rest of me. I was quietly but surely sliding over the back of the moving car, when Douglas turned his head and quickly lunged out for my ankles. The car stopped, and as

(Continued on page 132)

Smart summer travelers look for short cuts in upkeep!

Slip into these smart summer clothes fresh from your suitcase. For these fabrics of "Orlon" merged with cotton will help you keep cool and crisp right through the simmering summer.

Anyone who's had the fun of sun clothes of "Orlon" will tell you that they wash beautifully, dry quickly, need but a light ironing, and stay fresh the summer long. Like all fine clothes of "Orlon" acrylic fiber, they're perfect companions for today's busy living.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or garments.

"Orlon" is Du Pont's trade-mark for its acrylic fiber.

Orlon®
ACRYLIC FIBER
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

WATCH "CAVALCADE OF AMERICA" ON TELEVISION

(L. to R.) **Three-Piece Separates, by Bryn Mawr Classics, under $30, at** Bonwit Teller, N. Y. R. H. Stearns Co., Boston The Blum Store, Philadelphia

Wardrober (dress jacket, skirt) by Lipman Bros., about $35, at B. Altman, N. Y. Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago Desmond's of Cal. Burdine's, Miami Beach

Playclothes, by Korday, about $12, at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. Himelhoch's, Det. The Addis Co., Syracuse

Bathing Suit, by Rose Marie Reid, about $20, at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. A. Harris, Dallas Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles

Which of These Make-ups is

CAKE?

Yes, *cake*—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."

If you're looking for a dramatic make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely.

With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each tiny line and imperfection is discreetly hidden, leaving only faultless smoothness and beautifully-blended color. You may be amazed at the thrilling difference in your complexion, when Nature's little "errors" are artfully covered!

Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this *non-drying* cake never clogs pores (clinically proved). And so feather-light, it never looks (or *feels*) heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth . . . by night, alluring perfection—always flawless-looking, even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll *still* like Solitair . . . it's different from all others. (And for shoulders or legs, there's no make-up like it.)

Solitair
Cake Make-Up
7 shades—33¢, 65¢, $1.00

CREAM?

Yes, *cream*—if you crave the "natural look" or if dry skin is a special problem!

If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, then Campana's Magic Touch is ideal for you!

Magic Touch is a tinted *cream* quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness . . . covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away—looks so natural, it seems like your very own skin!

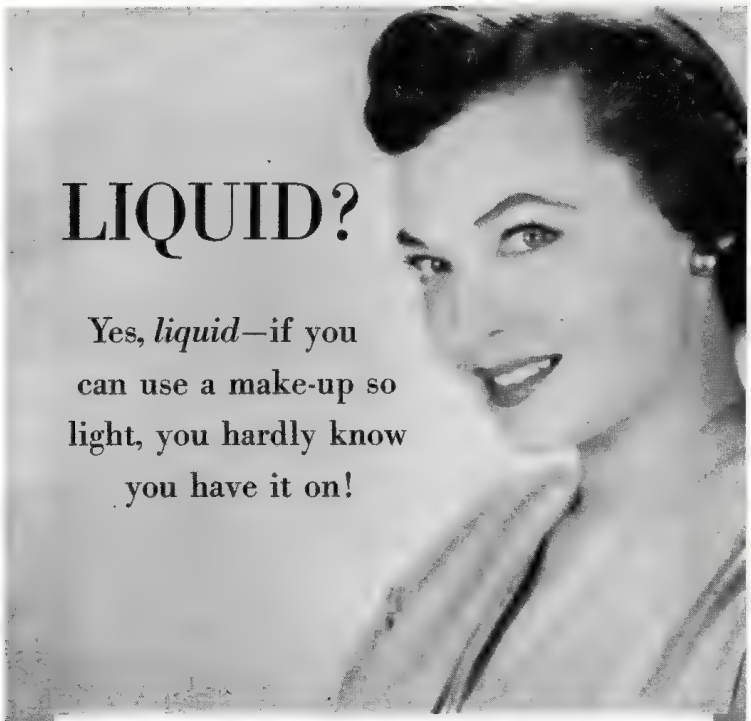
Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with the slight sheen typical of youthful skin. Powdered lightly, it supplies a lovely mat finish. It's rich in Lanolin, soft and pleasant on your skin, richly protective against dryness, dust and grime.

So if you would have your complexion subtly whisper of "*natural beauty*"—or if your dry skin needs *creamy* make-up, you'll find Magic Touch is wonderfully right for you!

Magic Touch
Cream Make-Up
6 shades—43¢ and $1.00

All 3 by Campana . . .

the Most Flattering to You?



LIQUID?

Yes, *liquid*—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find your answer in Campana's new fluid-chiffon liquid, Sheer Magic!

Sheer Magic is a completely new experience in make-up. As you apply this tinted liquid, you'll see its dainty color blend your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually give it the soft bloom, soft look, of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, blended into soft harmony that makes your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet . . . soft, pliable . . . actually *baby-soft* to the touch of a finger! Yet this make-up is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents in Sheer Magic create this look, and feel, of youthfulness. Softening as a lotion, it *protects* your skin as you wear it.

If you can wear a *sheer* make-up, you'll be thrilled with Sheer Magic. Try it and *see!*

Sheer Magic

Liquid Make-Up

6 shades—only 79¢

Creator of Fine Cosmetics

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions *—which is right for you?*

Cake . . . Cream . . . or Liquid . . . which make-up becomes *you* most excitingly?

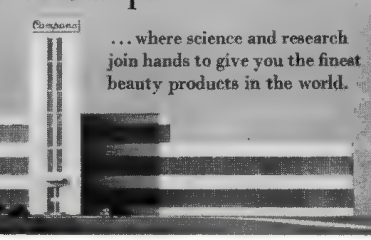
No single make-up is ideal for *all* complexions (just as no one suit is perfect for all figures). Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look. Rare indeed, is the woman who really knows!

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid—(each the finest of its type, no matter what you pay). Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your type of skin and complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—*experiment!* Wear each of these fabulous make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so *inexpensive* to see "for sure"—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

Solitair *Cake*—Magic Touch *Cream*—Sheer Magic *Liquid*—all from Campana . . . at cosmetic counters everywhere.

From the House of Campana



. . . where science and research join hands to give you the finest beauty products in the world.

Another AVCOSET washday wonder...*

These Mary Jane rayon sister dresses can't shrink can't fade

Now — little girls rayon dresses that can go through washing machine, tub or commercial laundry — and wash perfectly, iron beautifully! It's made of remarkable Avcoset rayon — proven completely washable as long as it lives — in test after test and wash after wash!

Look for the tag with Avcoset White Knight for rayons with these qualities.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORP.
350 Fifth Ave., New York 1

about $4.99

AVCOSET
Standard of Rayon Washability

- SHRINKAGE UNDER 2%
- WASHFAST COLORS
- FABRIC DURABILITY
- EASY IRONING

about $3.99

Mary Jane Inc.
1350 Broadway
New York 18, N. Y.

AVCOSET*
MEANS PERMANENT RAYON WASHABILITY

*Registered trademark of American Viscose Corporation for fabrics and cellulose ethers.

(Continued from page 129)

Douglas held on tightly a frightened and bewildered Grossmith began gesticulating wildly.

"I say, please unhand the little lady, won't you?" he spluttered. "Can't you see she's in danger of her life?"

Finally the crowd let go of me, and I slumped back in the back seat of the car and caught my breath.

That was only a brief rest between rounds, however. When we got out of the car the crowds closed in like quicksand, and for the first time I found myself perched on Douglas' shoulders.

With this immovable mass around us we started for our goal. We were making progress that way when the low branch of a tree suddenly barred my way. In all that shouting Douglas at first didn't realize what was happening. When he saw the branch across my chest, he quickly kneeled to clear me. In doing so he almost lost his footing, and both of us were catapulted into a tent, where two elderly and dignified English ladies were standing guard over a large array of homemade jams and preserves.

The ladies stared at us in great astonishment and tried to be hospitable and polite. But their attitude changed swiftly as the crowd pressed forward and stormed the little tent, knocking all the neatly assembled pots and jam jars to the ground. In no time at all we were all walking around in a sticky goo that seemed inches deep, till the two staid and elderly ladies finally lost their temper and drove us out of the place.

Douglas and Grossmith half carried me to a small English car that someone had commandeered. The car was parked on a nearby footpath. Along the path, on both sides, were countless park benches bulging with men, women and children. As Douglas and I were bustled into the car I looked out the back window and had my last glimpse of the usually impeccably attired George Grossmith standing in the middle of the footpath, silk hat missing, carefully groomed hair standing on end, tie awry, collar flying in the wind. Very plainly and unabashedly he was waving us away, glad to see the last of us.

IN SOMEWHAT less hectic circumstances we finally rounded out our week in England and crossed over to the Continent for the remaining three weeks of our honeymoon. I had wanted Mother to come along with me, because Europe was like Mars to me, distant and remote. I was also afraid something might happen to her while I was away. But Mother had put her foot down and said "No!" However, one of Douglas' best friends accompanied us. Benny Ziedman, a man of unfailing high spirits and irrepressible gaiety.

I remember how Douglas and I would go into convulsions of laughter every time the English operator said "Are you there?" and Benny invariably answered, with sepulchral solemnity, "I am here." Douglas always liked a court jester in his entourage.

"Mary," he used to say repeatedly, "laugh until ten o'clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself."

Which, I hope, explains Benny on our honeymoon.

From England we went to Holland. In Amsterdam we were met by the city's top officialdom, many of them loaded with presents. The crowds were very much like the crowds of England, on a slightly smaller scale, perhaps, but fully as demonstrative. The same barrages of questions from newspapermen, the same batteries of cameras. It was nothing in those days to count forty reporters in the room with you.

After this second ordeal of exhaustion in Holland, Douglas decided to go to Germany. If our names were known there at all it would almost certainly be with hostility, because of the fighting speeches Douglas and I had made in the Liberty Bond drives.

"We won't be liked in Germany, Mary," said Douglas, "but at least we'll be left alone."

A few days of sight-seeing and shopping in Germany without a flash of recognition from anyone's face made us feel a little different.

"Frankly, Mary, how do you feel about it? Do you like being left alone?" Douglas asked me finally.

"I definitely do not, Douglas," I said. "Let's go someplace where we are known. I've had enough obscurity for a lifetime."

So we moved farther down the Rhine to Coblentz, which was occupied by American troops. The general commandeered quarters for us in a lovely German house, and we spent the Fourth of July there looking over the Rhine at the beautiful castle on the opposite bank. From our vantage point we could watch the brilliant display of fireworks. First a huge American flag blazed in a thousand lights, and then a massive picture of Woodrow Wilson flashed on the night sky and went rising up to a lingering fadeout.

OF COURSE I had to mar that exciting and memorable day by dancing with the general in command. To explain the nature of my misdemeanor I must go back a little. The night of our wedding Douglas had gravely said to me, "I'm your husband now, Mary, and I don't expect any 'twosing' with anyone but me at dinner tables, in theaters or on dance floors. Have I your word?"

Just as gravely I said, "Cross my heart, Douglas!"

A bargain was a bargain, and made between man and wife it was a sacred oath I should never have violated. I knew Douglas was a jealous man, but how fanatic he could be I never suspected till that Fourth of July in Coblentz. While I gladly take the blame for what happened, I must plead the mitigating circumstances of a national holiday on foreign soil.

The general paid me the honor of asking me for the first dance to start the evening. I hesitated a moment, too embarrassed to explain that I had given my word on my wedding night not to dance with anybody but my husband. Frankly, I saw no way out but to dance with the general.

Douglas maintained a good front for the rest of the evening, but he was boiling. All the way back to our quarters he didn't say a single word to me. I could feel the anger seething within him, ready to erupt at any moment.

When we got to the door of our house he abruptly turned on his heel and vanished down the dark street. There I was, alone in this German house, wondering when Douglas would cool off and return, and if he would return at all.

A childish fear began to close in on me. I remembered all the rabid speeches I had made against Germany and the Kaiser during the Liberty Loan campaigns. I was certain the news of my belligerent behavior had reached the people of Coblentz and that they were secretly waiting for an opportunity to avenge themselves. I could feel my throat being very quietly slit in the night. I was afraid to lock the door, because Douglas might

(Continued on page 135)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM YEE

NEW WAYS *to flatter your face*

by Peggy Bell

● Your skin needs special pampering in the summertime to keep it fresh and lovely. Here are new beauty discoveries to retain moisture, protect your complexion day and night

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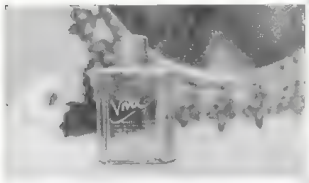
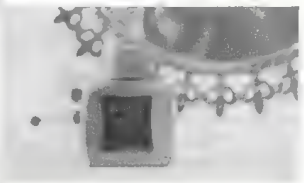


A penetrating oil for fine lines and flakiness. "Viva" by Frances Denney. Cream, $4.50, liquid, $5



Liquid facial. Apply it to your face and neck for a quick pick-up. "Build-up" by Revlon, $5

For dry skin, a day lotion and a night cream, both with hormones. "Beauty Plus Duo" by Tussy, $3

Tinted liquid foundation with hormones gives mat finish. Dorothy Gray's "Sheer Velvet Film," $1.25

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● *PAGE 46: BY McKETTRICK*

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IDAHO: Boise, C. C. Anderson Co.
ILLINOIS: Chicago, Charles A. Stevens
KANSAS: Wichita, Hinkel's
MARYLAND: Baltimore, O'Neill & Co.
MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, Jordan Marsh Co.
NEW YORK:
Rochester, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
OREGON: Portland, Meier & Frank
PENNSYLVANIA: Allentown, Hess Brothers
TEXAS:
Dallas, Sanger Brothers
Midland, Hinkel's

● *PAGE 47: BY YOUTH GUILD*

ALABAMA:
Mobile, Reiss Brothers
Montgomery, John Daniser Co.
ARIZONA:
Phoenix, Goldwater's
Tucson, Cele Peterson, Inc.
ARKANSAS:
Eldorado, J. F. Sample Co.
Little Rock, Munos, Inc.
CONNECTICUT:
Greenwich, Chancy D'Elia Shop
Waterbury, Forester, Inc.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:
Washington, Julius Garfinckel & Co.
GEORGIA:
Atlanta, J. P. Allen & Co.
Columbus, Kayser-Lilienthal, Inc.
Valdosta, C. C. Varnedoe & Co.
ILLINOIS: Rockford, Edith Parish Co.
INDIANA: South Bend, The Frances Shop
KANSAS: Wichita, Henry Clothing Co.
KENTUCKY: Louisville, Steward Dry Goods Co.
MASSACHUSETTS:
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Northampton, Albert's, Inc.
MISSISSIPPI: Greenville, Nelms & Blum Co.
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NEW JERSEY:
Elizabeth, Claire Angrist Dresses
Paterson, Mikola's Milady Shop
NEW YORK:
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OREGON: Eugene, Russell's
PENNSYLVANIA:
Chambersburg, Fashionland
Hazelton, Jeanette Shop
Upper Darby, Minerva Shop
TENNESSEE: Memphis, Helen of Memphis
TEXAS:
Beaumont, R & S Shop
Corpus Christi, The Godwin Shop
VIRGINIA: Newport News, Hanna's

● *PAGE 48: BY CASINO CLASSICS*

ALABAMA: Birmingham, Burger Phillips Co.
ARIZONA: Phoenix, Goldwater's
ARKANSAS: Little Rock, Pfeifers of Arkansas
CONNECTICUT:
New Haven, The Edward Malley Co.
FLORIDA: Miami, Hartley's
GEORGIA: Atlanta, Regenstein's
ILLINOIS: Chicago, Charles A. Stevens
IOWA:
Davenport, Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Sioux City, Younker-Davidson
KANSAS: Wichita, The Model
MARYLAND: Baltimore, Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
MASSACHUSETTS: Springfield, Forbes & Wallace
MINNESOTA:
Minneapolis, Maurice L. Rothschild &.Co.
NEW JERSEY: Trenton, Stacy's
NORTH CAROLINA:
Charlotte, J. B. Ivey & Company
OKLAHOMA: Tulsa, Street's
PENNSYLVANIA: Allentown, Hess Brothers
SOUTH CAROLINA: Charleston, Snelgrove's
TENNESSEE: Knoxville, Miller's, Inc.
TEXAS:
Austin, Goodfriend's
Ft. Worth, W. C. Stripling Co.
Houston, Battelstein's, Inc.
UTAH: Salt Lake City, Auerbach Co.
VIRGINIA: Norfolk, Rice's Fashion Center

● *PAGE 49: BY JERRY GILDEN*

CALIFORNIA:
Pasadena, Bullock's Pasadena
CONNECTICUT: Hartford, G. Fox & Co.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:
Washington, The Hecht Co.
ILLINOIS: Peoria, Block & Kuhl Co.
INDIANA: Terre Haute, Meis Brothers Co.
IOWA: Des Moines, Younker Brothers
KENTUCKY: Louisville, Byck Bros.
LOUISIANA:
New Orleans, Kreeger Store, Inc.
Shreveport, Rubenstein Bros., Inc.
MARYLAND: Silver Spring, The Hecht Co.
MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, Jordan Marsh Co.
MICHIGAN: Grand Rapids, Wurzburg Co.
MINNESOTA: Minneapolis, Powers
MISSISSIPPI: Jackson, R. E. Kennington Co.
NEW YORK:
Rochester, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
OHIO: Cincinnati, Shillito's
OKLAHOMA: Oklahoma City, Peyton-Marcus
PENNSYLVANIA:
Altoona, Wm. F. Gable & Co.
TENNESSEE: Memphis, John Gerber Co.
TEXAS: Ft. Worth, The Fair
VIRGINIA:
Arlington, The Hecht Co.
Roanoke, Smartwear-Irving Saks, Inc.

● *PAGE 50: BY KORET OF CALIFORNIA*

ALABAMA: Florence, Earlene's
CALIFORNIA:
Culver City, Quist's
Oakland, H. C. Capwell Co.
San Diego, Grand Stores Co.
Santa Barbara, Anders's Department Store
Santa Cruz, Morris Abrams
Whittier, Miriam's
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:
Washington, The Hecht Co.
FLORIDA:
Miami Beach, Graber's
Tampa, Haber Bros., Inc.
GEORGIA:
Augusta, Carr's
Savannah, Fine's
ILLINOIS: Springfield, John Bressmer Co.
IOWA:
Marshalltown, Ellis
Waterloo, Smartwear, Inc.
KANSAS:
Topeka, Crosby Bros., Inc.
Wichita, Murray's, Inc.
KENTUCKY: Louisville, Coleman's
LOUISIANA:
Baton Rouge, Rosenfield Dry Goods Co.
New Orleans, Labiche's
MARYLAND: Silver Spring, The Hecht Co.
MICHIGAN: Detroit, Nat Greene
MISSISSIPPI: Biloxi, Brumfield's
OHIO: Cleveland, The Higbee Co.
OKLAHOMA: Oklahoma City, Jarvis Co.
OREGON: Portland, Olds & King
PENNSYLVANIA:
Hazelton, P. Deisroth's Sons
SOUTH CAROLINA: Charleston, Simpson's
TENNESSEE: Nashville, Harvey's, Inc.
VIRGINIA: Arlington, The Hecht Co.
WASHINGTON: Olympia, Miller's
WEST VIRGINIA: Huntington, Kurzman's

● *PAGE 51: BY SPORTWHIRL*

CONNECTICUT: Waterbury, Forester's, Inc.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:
Washington, The Hecht Co.
GEORGIA: Atlanta, Casual Corner
MARYLAND:
Baltimore, Monroe Bayer
Silver Spring, The Hecht Co.
MASSACHUSETTS:
Springfield, Casual Corner
Worcester, Alice Nilsson
MICHIGAN: Birmingham, Village Store
NEW YORK:
Albany, Flah & Co.
Roslyn Heights, Clyde Associates
Syracuse, Flah & Co.
OHIO: Yellow Springs, The Mart
PENNSYLVANIA: Germantown, Sabra Lee
TENNESSEE:
Memphis, Mam'selle Specialty Shop
VIRGINIA: Arlington, Casual Corner

In your June McCALL'S

Summer fashions for easy living . . . for vacation time

(Continued from page 132)

come back at any moment and I might be asleep and he wouldn't be able to get in; that he might suspect I was punishing him for his boyish peeve by locking him out; that he might begin battering down the door and bringing the whole American Army of Occupation to the scene.

It seemed an eternity before I heard the sound of footsteps, yet only one hour had passed.

"I'm sorry, Mary," he said. "My behavior was uncalled for."

"It was my fault, Douglas. I broke my word. From now on I'm going to be a very good girl."

"You see, Mary, an agreement is an agreement," he said gently, "and it doesn't make any difference to me whether the man is nineteen or ninety years old. It was understood between us, and I think you should have explained it to the general. Never again?"

"Never again!"

I was a good girl to the end. No matter how mortifying the circumstances might be, I kept my pledge forever after.

Many years after our marriage Douglas and I found ourselves in a night club with a small group of English friends, among them Prince George. The Prince, who couldn't have been more gracious, asked me to dance, and this time without a moment's hesitation I refused. I saw the puzzled look on his face.

"I'm deeply sorry," I said, "but the truth is I've never danced with anyone but my husband in the ten years we've been married. I would love nothing better than to dance with you, and I'm most embarrassed to refuse so great an honor. But it is a promise I made to my husband."

I could hear my voice saying that to Prince George, and I could hear my inner voice commenting, "How pompous and self-important that sounds." If the ground under my feet had opened and swallowed me I would happily have pulled the hole in after me.

The Prince could not have been more courteous and sympathetic. "My dear Mrs. Fairbanks," he said, "you must on no account feel embarrassed. I quite understand. I think one should observe the rules of the game, whatever the game may be. I would be sad indeed to have you break your word to your husband for the selfish pleasure of dancing with you."

Douglas and I were always seated beside each other at dinner, wherever it might be and whoever else was there. Sometimes it was painfully difficult for me to explain to the host and hostess in advance. Often very careful arrangements to seat us apart would have to be modified on very short notice. My explanation usually went as follows: "Douglas and I have made it a rule to sit together always, both at home and elsewhere. I trust it won't inconvenience or upset your plans for the seating of the table. If you can possibly arrange it I would appreciate it . . ."

Our hostesses were usually too well-bred to make any comment, at least not in my presence, other than to assure me that they quite understood. I wonder if they did. Indeed, I often wonder if I understood this idiosyncrasy of Douglas' myself. It was almost the only form of fanaticism I ever observed in him.

FROM Germany Douglas and I continued to Italy. Again we were enthusiastically received by the masses everywhere; and it was from the mouth of an Italian boy that Douglas heard himself called "Lampo" (lightning) for the first time, a name that stuck wherever Italians gathered to watch his films. As we pulled into Lugano at seven o'clock in the morning this little boy saw us and went dashing down the street, screaming in a high and excited voice, "*Maria e Lampo, artisti del cinema!*" In a matter of minutes what seemed like the whole populace of Lugano had gathered in front of the hotel to help us unpack and carry us and our luggage into the lobby.

We went to Venice, Florence, Rome. In Rome Douglas engaged a learned professor of archaeology, who not only knew his subject but a little English in the bargain. One day, in a restaurant, the professor was telling Douglas how every Italian knew and worshiped him. The more he spoke of Douglas the more he eliminated me from the conversation and the more Douglas grew embarrassed.

"Excuse me, Professor," he said, "my wife is equally, if not better, known, not only in America but throughout the world, and that goes for your country too."

Whereupon the professor turned a beaming face on me. "But of course," he said, "the name of Maria Pinkerton is well known all over Italy."

That was something the boys never quite let me live down. For the rest of the trip I remained to Benny and Douglas "Maria Pinkerton."

From Italy we went to France, crossing the French-Italian border at six o'clock in the morning. We found the French were just as generous with their hospitality.

(Continued on page 136)

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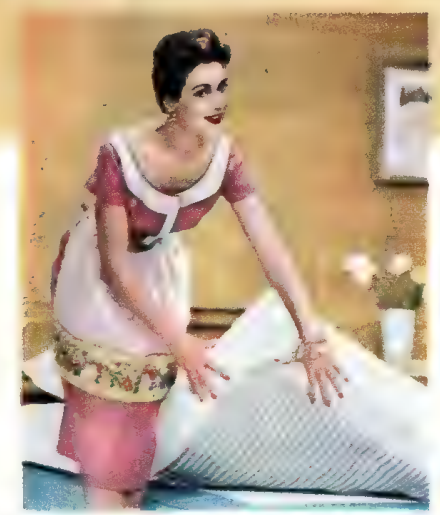

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(Continued from page 135)

One afternoon Douglas glanced out the window of our hotel and quickly turned to me.

"Don't go out on the balcony, Mary! There's a huge crowd in front of the hotel, and they're waiting to pay honor to General Pershing."

The general was occupying the adjoining suite to ours, and his also looked out over a balcony.

Later that day Douglas and I had the pleasure of General Pershing's company at tea.

"That was a nice crowd you had this afternoon, you two," he remarked casually.

"But, General—!" Douglas and I spluttered.

"Yes," he went on, "I was smart enough to stay indoors and keep off that balcony. There must have been several thousand people."

Douglas and I looked at each other and burst into laughter. To our very bewildered commander-in-chief we explained that we had done the very same thing. To this day I don't know which of us those people had come to see.

Our four weeks were now drawing to a close, four weeks in which we had made a trip that would ordinarily take six months, in what condition I won't say. We were so exhausted that we were practically carried on the boat. There we had our first real rest.

THE day-to-day chronicle of our trip to Europe had naturally reached the newspapers at home. Stirring as our reception overseas had been, we found still more heartwarming the welcome given us by the reporters and photographers who were waiting on the dock to meet us. Both there and later at the hotel their friendliness was warm and cheering. If there had been any doubts about our future on the screen they were completely dispelled by those four weeks that we were away. Most significant of all, to my thinking, had been this: Staid Mother England had welcomed the two of us with open arms.

Symbolic too, I believe, was the way in which Owen's mother accepted both the divorce and my remarriage.

Shortly after our return Mrs. Moore paid me a visit at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio. Without knowing she was there, Douglas came into the room. At first he was embarrassed. But Mrs. Moore immediately put him at his ease. When I said, "Douglas, I want you to meet Owen's mother," she went up to him, hand outstretched, and said:

"Mr. Fairbanks, I hated you till I realized you were good for my Mary. I only pray that you will live long to protect and care for her. Make her happy, because Owen never did."

Douglas thanked her, and I saw great big tears come to his eyes.

Mrs. Moore was right. What Owen had never been to me—companion, helpmeet, friend, teacher and guide—Douglas now became.

As I review those years I am convinced that Douglas loved me more than I loved him. Despite my success, I had been a very lonely person, lonely and lost. More than anything else I had wanted desperately to be approved of, and that approval Douglas gave me most generously. I had never believed anyone would ever speak of me and to me as he did. Douglas loved living, and he instilled that into everyone around him. He could never stand depressing things or people. Talk of failure, of sickness, of death was rigorously avoided in his company.

There was one word that always loomed about Douglas in gigantic letters—"success." Whenever he doodled with pencil and pad, over a telephone or at a conference table, he would write those two magic syllables over and over again, in strong printed letters. When he published his little books they were either on that theme or the theme of "laugh and live," which was the title of the best of them. So dominant was this creed of success that he drew successful people to him wherever he went—in fact, he almost seemed to be collecting them.

ONE of the most successful people among Douglas' early friends was Charlie Chaplin. Charlie was also one of the four original members of United Artists, which included D. W. Griffith, Douglas and myself.

In 1912 I had heard about Charlie Chaplin but never seen him, either in person or on the screen. I knew of the furor he had created, but at that time I just considered him a pie-throwing comedian. I was at Levy's, one of the two places where we usually dined in Los Angeles, when I saw a dark-eyed figure, little more than a boy, with heavy, black curly hair, high starched collar with stock tie, seated alone at a nearby table. My companion leaned toward me.

"Charlie Chaplin," he whispered.

I remember how amazed I was. For one thing, I had expected a much older man. Then, I was totally unprepared for the sensitivity of his face and the smallness of his hands.

As I looked in Chaplin's direction a waiter came up behind him and opened a transom, unloosing an avalanche of dust on Charlie's head and into his plate of soup.

The waiter was most apologetic. Very gently Charlie just waved him and the bowl of soup away. There was a touching grace and restraint about his gesture. I would never have recognized the slapstick comedian in this beautiful youth who looked more like a poet or a violinist.

I did not actually get to know Charlie well until after I married Douglas. Then we were almost inseparable.

Whatever the stunt, whatever the prank or practical joke, so long as Charlie was responsible for it Douglas thought it was great. The two of them would romp all over Pickfair like ten-year-olds. I can't recall the number of times I stayed behind to entertain one or another of Charlie's wives while the boys went wandering up and down the surrounding hills. Sometimes Charlie's current spouse might not be altogether to my liking, or I to hers, and sometimes there were things I wanted to do around the house, for I had such little time away from the studio. But I would dutifully sit with whichever Mrs. Chaplin it might be and chat amiably till the wanderers strolled in again.

Once Charlie and Douglas climbed up on the water tower and almost fell in. Douglas, of course, was always climbing, and whoever was with him had to be prepared for some sort of ascent.

We were visiting Henry Ford in Pasadena one summer. As it was getting late, I asked the butler if Mr. Fairbanks was ready to go home.

"I don't know, madam," he replied. "They're up there."

I followed the butler's pointing finger, and there up on the roof, straddled across the tile and facing each other, were Douglas Fairbanks and Henry Ford. They were engaged in a heated discussion of world politics and completely oblivious of where they were. I waited fully an hour before the "boys" clambered down again.

(Continued on page 141)

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...Welcome your Avon Representative when she calls.

AVON *cosmetics*

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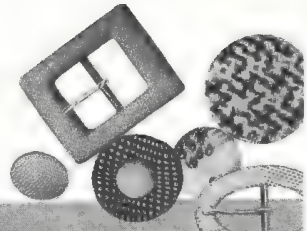
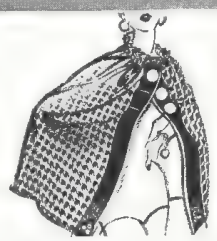
Mrs. N. J. Tessitore of New Orleans, Louisiana, with her Avon Representative, Mrs. Joseph Trapani.

BUTTON-UP
Summer Fashion





Beach wrap starts with a tweed or striped turkish bath towel, 61" x 28½". Run two rows of shirring ½" apart, the length of towel. Gather tightly to form neckline. Using a white turkish face cloth, cover three large PRIMS COVER-YOUR-OWN rounded buttons. Sew to left side. Make buttonholes on right side.

For 26" waist, cut 2 pieces of straw cloth, plus 1 interfacing, 32" x 2¾". From pointed end, measure in 3" and cut to ¾" width for buckle tab. Make scallops 3" wide and 1" deep ending with 1½" tab to attach buckle. Insert interfacing, turn in all edges ⅜", top stitch ¼" from edge.

Cover a PRIMS BUCKLE in the new oblong shape with matching fabric. Sew to tab. Cover 8 PRIMS COVER-YOUR-OWN rounded buttons, ½" size, with matching fabric. Sew 1 button to each point.

so much fashion in so little time

Prims Cover-Your-Own BUTTONS · BUCKLES

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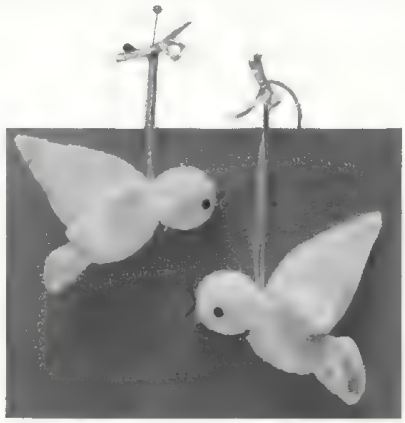
LOUISVILLE TEXTILES, INC.
Louisville 4, Kentucky

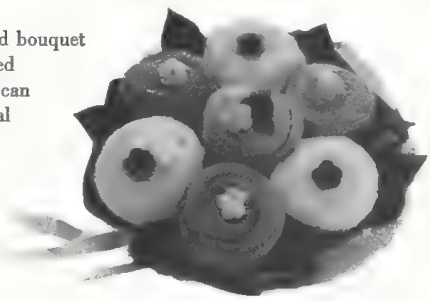
TRICKS with terry

Washcloths and towels make unusual centerpieces. They double as shower gifts, come apart after party



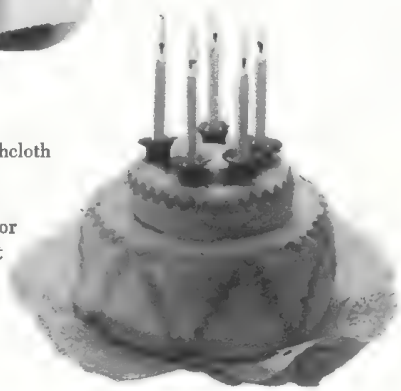
Let a pair of white lovebirds flutter over your shower luncheon table. They're eye-catching and easy to make from washcloths

Make an old-fashioned bouquet from ten flower-colored terry washcloths. You can adorn it with a few real or artificial flowers, leaves and buds



A little flower cart with plump rolled wheels can be made from eleven washcloths and some colorful rickrack braid. Fill the cart with flowers

Three face towels, a washcloth and a fragrant cake of round soap make a birthday, anniversary or shower cake. Decorate it with real candles



DESIGNS BY CANNON MILLS, INC.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM YEE

Directions for making on opposite page

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For Nylon, All Rayons, Cotton, Silk, Linen, Wool—literally any fabric except glass or mineral fibers.

RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1437 W. Morris St., Indianapolis 6

TRICKS with terry

Continued from opposite page

LOVEBIRD

Head. Place washcloth with corner toward you. Place 2-inch rubber ball in center and fold top corner over ball to form triangle. Tie cloth tightly around ball. Be sure all edges are even.

Wings. Side points of triangle form wings. Baste edges together 6 inches from top of each wing.

Body. Place wadded paper towel on triangle below head. Fold top lower corner to cover wad. Remaining corner now forms tail. Lift wings over wad and stitch together along body from head to tail. Turn bird over, draw wings up to meet over body. Tack around neck. Catch lower part of wings tightly around the tail.

Beak and eyes. Cut strip of red felt ½ inch by 1¼ inches, fold in half and cut in shape of bill. Tack to body. Cut or punch ¼-inch dots of brown felt for eyes. Hang bell around neck on ribbon and suspend bird.

BOUQUET

Flowers. Place washcloth with corner towards you. Fold in top and bottom points so each point touches opposite fold. Fold again so folded edges meet. Fold once more. Starting at one end, roll tightly, tack. Make seven flowers.

Stem. Roll open green washcloth from the side to form tube. Baste edge down half of tube. Cover 9-inch cardboard circle with paper doily, cut hole in center. Pull stem through hole. Spread unstitched half on doily, tack down.

Leaves. Put two green cloths together to form 8-pointed star. Place on doily. Tack flowers on to form bouquet. Tack edges of leaves around flowers. Place artificial or real flowers in center of each washcloth flower. Back cardboard with doily. Tie ribbon on stem.

FLOWER CART

Cart. Cut a cardboard box 4½ inches wide, 6 inches long, 3½ inches deep. Cover outside with white washcloth, line inside with blue cloth, sew edges together. Add red and blue rickrack.

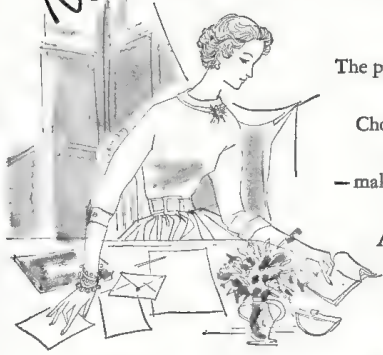
Wheels. Baste two red cloths together along one edge. Fold lengthwise to make strip about 2 inches wide. Roll into solid wheel and tack. Fold top and bottom corners of blue washcloth to center. Fold in half. Fold in half again. Roll around red wheel. Tack. Make 2 wheels. Tack to cart.

Handle. Cut strips of buckram 1 inch by 12 inches. Fold into ½-inch strip. Sew on 2 rows of red rickrack. Fold strip in half, top to bottom, shape into handle, tack to cart. Fill cart with three pink washcloths folded to fit. Put flowers between folds.

BIRTHDAY CAKE

Baste three white face towels together at narrow ends. Fold into fifths lengthwise. Roll into solid cake, tack ends. Tack row of pink rickrack around top and in zigzag pattern around side. Roll white washcloth on bias to form solid tube. Shape into circle, tacking overlapping ends. Trim with rickrack and place on cake. Put round piece of soap inside circle. Add candles.

Nothing says YOU like your letters!



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McCall's Patterns

by Helen Carlton

SUMMER SILHOUETTE: *full*

9784

A stand-away skirt and slim, simple bodice are something special in khaki cotton outlined with black rickrack. Army twill, a new favorite, gets prettier as it gets older

9783

A whirl-skirted dress shows bared shoulders for coolness, a white collar for freshness. We made it in mint-green seersucker--no ironing needed!

9787

A full-fashioned dress with narrow waist is circled by a long checked sash. We think it looks wonderful in soft gray chambray treated to resist wrinkles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM HELBURN

Back views last page. More McCall's patterns page 142

Buy McCall's patterns at your local store, or order them by mail, prepaid, from McCall Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. Prices and sizes are listed on the last page

WHAT EVERY
MOTHER
SHOULD DO AT THE FIRST SIGN OF
PIMPLES

PSYCHOLOGISTS WARN pimples undermine children's self-confidence . . . may even cause permanent damage to their personalities. Skin specialists warn neglect can cause permanent scars. So act early. CLEARASIL, the scientific medication especially for pimples, may save your boy or girl from these double dangers.

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'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . *hides pimples while it works*

Doctors' clinical tests prove this new-type medication *especially* for pimples really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

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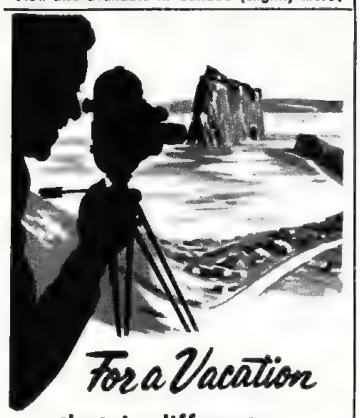
Now also available in Canada (slightly more)



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LA PROVINCE DE Québec

(Continued from page 136)

"How in the world did you have the courage to take Mr. Ford up there?" I said.

"It's all right, Hipper. I rehearsed it three or four times for him and showed him where the footholds and handholds were."

That was what attracted Douglas and Charlie to each other. They had to be acting like kids all the time, as if childhood had passed them by and they had now caught up.

WHAT Douglas was on the screen he was in real life. Whatever the danger in any of his films. I don't recall that he ever used any safeguards or precautions. They just weren't cricket. Douglas was always exploring and playing the prankster. That was a door of childhood that had never closed on him, or perhaps that had only opened at a time when it had closed on others.

When the whole motion-picture industry was in the doghouse over some new black sheep Douglas and Charlie would pick up the telephone and ring up the more pompous and self-righteous producers and pretend they were newspaper reporters.

"We understand you know a great deal more about this scandal than you've told the police. This story may mean our jobs. Can we quote you to the effect that—"

There would be an immediate threat of a lawsuit from the other end of the telephone. I usually listened in on an extension, and I remember how terrified I would get when I heard those indignant tones. I was certain the police would trace the call and the industry would have a fresh scandal on its hands. There was never a dull moment when those two scalawags were together.

Not that they were always looking for a laugh or acting like a couple of kids out of Mark Twain. I saw them once watching Professor Einstein demonstrate his Theory of Relativity with a knife, a fork, a plate and the edge of our dining table. I can still see the look of complete concentration and befuddlement on their faces.

We were having dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Einstein at Pickfair shortly after they arrived here. Professor Einstein's language was then only beginning to take recognizable shape as English, which did not make the theory any clearer to the boys. I'm afraid that even if his English had been flawless Douglas, Charlie and I would still have been in the dark, relatively speaking.

A brain specialist who was present had at first introduced the subject of thought transference.

"*Vas* is that?" asked Einstein.

"I think and concentrate my thinking on you," explained the brain specialist, "and you catch my thought."

"*Nein*," said Professor Einstein, "*das ist* not possible."

"But wasn't your theory just as incredible—and still is to most people?"

Professor Einstein insisted it was really a very simple theory. To prove his point he slapped the edge of the table as the outer rim of space, used the plate as the world or the sun or universe—I can't recall which—and plied away at the dimensions with his silverware.

I was too awed to ask questions, so I amused myself by studying the open-mouthed attention of Charlie and Douglas.

Then there were Charlie's side-splitting impressions of different characters. There was the inebriated Cockney woman. You could actually see her standing at the curb with an

(Continued on page 143)

She wouldn't dream of dressing without BOTH *of them!*

Stopette
and
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You've never had such a feeling of freshness as when you use these two . . . *together*. First, spray Stopette, the ideal anti-perspirant, for underarm protection. Then spray Poof Deodorant Body Powder to envelop all-of-you in fragrant assurance. The result is a cool serenity that is reflected in everything you do. Even in the way you wear your clothes! Shouldn't you have these famous Spray-Mates on *your* dressing table?

Save 60¢

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*Both for only $1.75**

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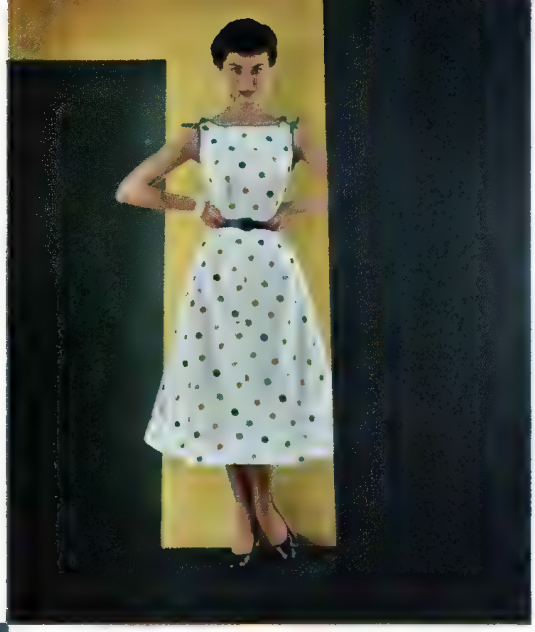
McCall's Patterns

SUMMER SILHOUETTE: *Slim*

Inverted pleats accent the waist of a slim cotton coat dress massed with brilliant little flowers. The striking cutout neckline is echoed by cutout detailing on the sleeves

9779



9785

Narrow shaping makes the prettiest of tie-shoulder summer dresses. We like it in crease-resistant cotton showered with confetti dots

9782

A slender sheath, here in shantung-surfaced cotton, has shaped pockets, single-button bodice

9780

A back-blown skirt and pared bodice make a soft sheath, of wrinkle-resistant cotton honan

BELTS BY ELEGANT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM HELBURN

Back views last page. More McCall's patterns page 145

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To get our 116-page book on how and when to douche, sick care and feminine hygiene, send the folder packed with each B. F. Goodrich syringe, water bottle or ice cap to The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. S-54, Akron, Ohio. This informative book, written by a nurse, will be mailed promptly.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

B.F.Goodrich

RUBBER PRODUCTS

(Continued from page 141)

umbrella, waiting for a bus. There was the Spanish bullfighter, enamored of one of the ladies in the crowd, unwittingly turning his back to the bull. I remember how we held our aching sides as Charlie bowed low to the object of his admiration only to find himself, mute and open-eyed, on the receiving end of the bull's horns.

One of Charlie's favorite acts was an imitation of a D. W. Griffith ingenue going into ecstasies over a little bird. There would be all those darling little gestures and silent twitters of elation—in short, an exaggerated case of the cutes. Another excruciating imitation was that of a Christian Science ballerina who steps on a tack, denies it bravely to herself and to the audience in a succession of reassuring gestures, and finally goes limping off the stage.

I HAVE read and heard many harsh things about Charlie, and I've said a few myself, but I've always maintained that if people knew more about Charlie's childhood there would be more understanding of his singular temperament and pathos.

When Charlie was only seven years old his mother lost her reason. I'll never forget the time Charlie told me how the children stoned both him and her as he led her by the hand to the hospital. Destitute, their father dead, Charlie and his brother Syd were placed in a workhouse. There they remained for three years. Charlie used to describe the terror he felt when he saw other children being caned over a wooden horse for the slightest infraction of the rules.

Charlie had never seen an orange until one bleak, rainy Christmas day shortly after he was admitted to the workhouse. Poor little fellow, he had made a mistake in bed. So when his turn came he reached out for the coveted object, only to be yanked brusquely out of line and told, "You're a nasty little boy, and you don't deserve to have an orange."

"Do you know," Charlie said to me, "I looked at this golden ball of color, so beautiful against the drabness of the uniforms and the gray walls of the workhouse, and I didn't know an orange was something to eat."

He and his brother ran away, and nearly starved to death on the streets of London. Many a night they spent over the gratings of a bakery, almost driven out of their minds with hunger when they smelled the bread. It was the only warm spot they could find, and they slept with newspapers over them. They managed to earn a few pennies by carving out little toy boats, and, of course, they had to filch their food where they could.

I shall always treasure the memory of Charlie's profound but hidden devotion to his stricken mother. He sometimes denied this side of his own feelings with his scornful attitude toward any strong family ties. He knew how much I loved my mother, yet once he said to me, quite seriously, "That's nothing but spooks, Mary, loving one's family that way."

He went to great lengths, however, to bring his mother over from England. The few years remaining the poor woman were thus passed in ease and comfort, but she died not knowing that the world's greatest comedian was her son.

This same sense of loyalty Charlie has shown to innumerable friends, and no one has ever known exactly how many helpless people owe their sole maintenance to him. Many are friends from the lean days, whom he has never forsaken. Charlie has been very cautious about keeping this all

(Continued on page 144)

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Girls' 2-piece tricot crib set. Lace trimmed neck, sleeve, leg. Waterproof pant, side grippers, bows. Pink, maize, mint. 6 to 18 mos., $1.95.

Infants' lightweight pull-over shirt, pat. shoulder, Didy Tapes. Birth to 18 mos., 59c. Infants' waterproof tricot pant, side grippers. Lace trimmed, elastic leg. White, blue, maize, pink, mint. $1.00.

Girls' Peek-a-Boo pajama. Ruffled elastic neck, smocked yoke, short sleeves. Pant, elastic waist, ruffled elastic cuff. White, pink, maize, mint. 4 to 8 yrs., $1.95.

Girls' lightweight combed cotton pullover shirt. 6 to 16 yrs., 59c. Girls' Peek-a-Boo panty. Elastic waist, leg ruffles. White, blue, maize, pink, mint. 6 to 16 yrs., 69c.

Boys' lightweight crew neck T-shirt, nylon reinforced. 2 to 8 yrs., 69c.

Boys' lightweight brief, elastic waist. 2 to 8 yrs., 59c.

Infants' double-thickness Peek-a-Boo mesh sunsuit. Embroidered bib, elastic at back waist, leg ruffles. Adjustable shoulder straps. White, pink, maize, mint. 1 to 4 yrs., $1.39.

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(Continued from page 143)

to himself, and he would scoff at anyone who so much as suggested that he was kind and generous.

For Charlie as a friend and as an artist I have had genuine fondness and profound respect. Nothing in the world, however, would induce me to live over the agonizing years I experienced with Charlie as a business partner. As a co-owner of United Artists I was convinced we could only survive by continually modernizing our setup. This Charlie would not permit.

"Charlie," I would say, "we ought to streamline the company and keep with the general trend of the times."

But there was no moving him. I don't think Charlie knew himself what he wanted. I finally became convinced he just didn't want what I wanted, that somehow, particularly after Douglas' death, I rubbed him the wrong way. It finally came to this: No matter what I proposed or how I proposed it Charlie would automatically, without giving the matter any consideration, flatly turn it down.

The inevitable, of course, happened. United Artists faced bankruptcy. I gave my power of attorney to Joseph Schenck, whom I trusted implicitly as a friend and businessman. I shall never forget the day I went to Charlie's home to urge him to do the same. I thought I had seen Charlie in a tantrum, but this beat everything.

"I wouldn't give my power of attorney to my own brother!" he shouted. "I'm perfectly capable of voting my own stock."

"But, Charlie, you know Schenck is a good businessman—"

"I'm as good a businessman as anybody else!"

Of course poor Charlie was no businessman at all. I appealed to his sense of fair play and sportsmanship.

"Charlie," I said, "I'm not here as your partner today. I'm not even here as someone that's been your friend for so many years. I'm here as the voice of our thousands of employees the world over, of the producers and bankers—"

At that word he cut me short. "If you're here as the voice of the bankers the interview is terminated."

"Very well, Charlie," I said, and without another word from either of us I started for the door.

I saw that he had no intention of opening the door for me, and I prayed not to lose my temper. Of course, as luck would have it something was wrong with the lock, for the door wouldn't give. So Charlie had to let me out after all.

At length, after years of continual wrangling, we finally sat down in a conference room one day and signed over the company to six young men who now have the power to put United Artists back on its feet. And that was my last important contact with that obstinate, suspicious, egocentric, faunlike and lovable genius of a problem child Charlie Chaplin.

In some ways Charlie's early life reminded me of my own. I too had experienced extreme poverty. And, like Charlie, I'd never really known what it meant to be a child. At the age of five I was helping to support my family as an actress. I sometimes feel that my only real childhood was lived through the many children's roles I played even into adulthood.

I was twenty-four years old when I played the part of eleven-year-old Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, but I enjoyed the part as if I was still a child myself.

"Rebecca," said her mother, "you have a hole in the back of your stocking."

And Rebecca did what I had once done myself before leaving for Sunday school. She dashed back into the house and put shoe polish over the hole to cover it up.

And there was the pie-eating episode, in which I said to my aunt: "Is that great big piece of pie for Aunt Miranda?"

"No, Rebecca, it's for you."

"My, what a little bit!"

So I wasn't allowed to eat any pie at all, but told to clear the table and return to the pantry with this luscious blackberry pie. I reached for the piece that was meant for me, but as it got close to my mouth my eyes wandered to the wall, and there staring me in the face, and framed in large, accusing letters, was the sampler with the commandment: "Thou Shalt Not Steal."

I dropped the piece of pie like a hot coal and was wiping my hands on my apron, when I saw, on the opposite wall, a second homemade motto, and this one read: "God Helps Those Who Help Themselves."

That was a philosophy I agreed with wholeheartedly. I retrieved the large slice of pie, and with an easy conscience proceeded to consume it.

I shall always remember the role of Rebecca for another reason. It was while I was making this film that we entered World War I. Like many actors at that time, Douglas and Charlie Chaplin and I made a great many speeches for the Liberty Loan Drive.

In Washington, D.C., I remember, the three of us and Marie Dressler were invited to the White House for the first time. Those who recall the austere Mr. Woodrow Wilson will understand my chagrin, not to mention Charlie's and Douglas', when Marie told him a story that was not exactly

(Continued on page 147)

*** How to make slip covers**

McCall's Picture Book of Decorating Ideas gives easy-to-follow directions for making slip covers for all types of upholstered furniture. This booklet will help you solve many other decorating problems too—how to make draperies, how to deal with problem windows and where to put the television set.

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McCall's **Patterns**

get ready for Vacation

DRAWINGS BY MARY SUZUKI

9733

Terry beach coat
is trimmed to match
a pretty romper suit lined
for swimming

Romper sun suit
has its
own yoked coat dress to wear
with or without a belt

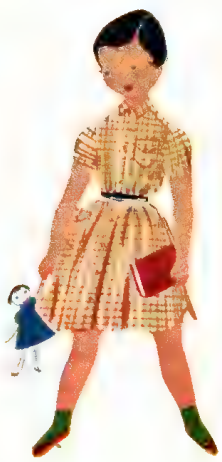
9813

9811

Boy shirt
scaled down for
little girls,
covers 12-inch shorts

9812

Little princesse
has scoop neck,
inverted pleats and
sash tied in back



9814

Shirt dress,
casual and charming,
falls free,
is belted to fit

9776

Party dress
with whirlaway skirt
has its own
double-ruffled petticoat

Back views last page. More McCall's patterns page 146

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. . . when your daughter asks you about Tampax

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Do you say: *"Some people use it"*
Or do you know the answers?

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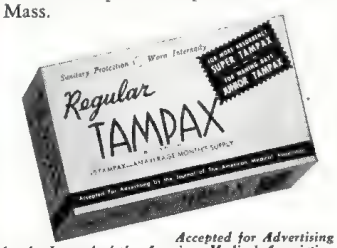
Why don't you try Tampax? Discover for yourself the benefits of this modern method of sanitary protection. Tampax was invented by a doctor, and it's used by millions of women, regularly. It can be purchased at any drug or notion counter in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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9708

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the shirt off his back

Fashion's favorite, the man's shirt,
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Here it tops Bermuda shorts and a
high-necked halter to make a three-piece play outfit

FABRIC BY SPRINGS MILLS
PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM HELBURN

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(Continued from page 144)

risqué but definitely naughty. As she moved to the denouement I kept wishing the parquet floor of the Blue Room would open up and swallow me. I could feel myself blushing all over. The President neither smiled nor made a comment. We were all overawed by our first visit to the White House—all but Marie, the darling. She remained sublimely unconscious of the awesome dignity of the occasion.

Mr. Tumulty, the President's secretary, introduced us to the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a tall, slender, handsome and bespectacled young man by the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Later that day we all met in front of the Treasury for the official opening of the drive. The streets were thick with people watching the colorful parade that came to a halt on the steps of the Treasury, where we made more speeches to open the nation-wide campaign.

It was then that Marie Dressler had another undignified encounter with a President, this time a President-to-be. During the ceremonies on the Treasury steps Mr. Roosevelt tripped and fell through the railing on the stand. The buxom Marie proceeded to fall right on top of him.

At the White House in 1933 President Roosevelt asked me if I remembered that episode. I told him I most certainly did.

I raised $5,000,000 in one afternoon and evening in Pittsburgh during the Liberty Loan Drive. The most arduous, if not the most productive, day of all was in Baltimore. I sold only $450,000 in bonds, but they were almost entirely in small denominations of $50 and $100. That little marathon took from nine in the morning till twelve midnight. Mother phrased it quite aptly when she remarked at the end of the tour that "we lived on coffee and handshakes."

ANOTHER child's role that I played when I was an adult was Sarah Crewe of *The Little Princess*. I was supposed to look like a girl of seven or eight, but the man who played my father was actually younger than I. To create the illusion of a small child everything I touched had to be bigger than life. That was the first time artificial proportion was used on the screen. If I touched a glass it would be a third larger than any actual glass. Knobs of doors were both larger and higher, and the people I worked with were selected for their abnormal height. I believe the men averaged six feet three or four. Of course, there was the initial advantage of my being rather tiny myself.

It was in *The Little Princess* that my director, Mickey Neilan, began using off-stage tricks to get me into the right humor for a scene. I remember Zazu Pitts was the scullery maid in that film, her first important assignment on the screen. There was one scene where it was important to catch the slow spread of laughter on my face as I turned suddenly to watch Zazu going through a comical routine of being a grand lady. Mickey wanted everyone to see the laughter being born in my eyes, from the first blank surprise to the final hilarious outburst.

In the midst of that crescendo of mirth out pranced Charlie Chaplin and my brother Jack draped in mounds of artificial flowers and pieces of old lace and ribbon, Jack with a hideous hemp wig, which he had on backwards. Safe from the eye of the camera, but within range of my own, they proceeded to do a spring dance. Imagine Charlie and Jack, their trouser legs rolled up, cavorting about while Mickey whistled Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"!

I think Mickey was satisfied with the results.

I was twenty-six years old when I played one of my most successful children—Little Lord Fauntleroy. In this film I also portrayed Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother. Nowadays trick photography, trick sets and parallel takes are a commonplace, but in those days every new device was an adventure, every new camera angle a discovery.

People were baffled that I looked nine inches taller as the mother than I did as the boy. Three of those inches came from an elevated ramp on which I walked whenever Little Lord Fauntleroy was beside me. I got my idea for the remaining six inches from a practice adopted centuries ago by some enterprising young ladies of Venice. I had read that they used to wear shoes that gave them a height they thought more appropriate to their rank. I had a pair of these "platforms" made for me.

I remember with what anxiety I descended a staircase. We took one scene over several times, because three or four times my footing gave way and I fell nearly the whole length of the stairs—a most undignified sight for the mother of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Incidentally, the scene in which "Dearest" kisses her son took us fifteen hours to accomplish. It lasted exactly three seconds on the screen!

EVERY now and then as the years went by and I continued in children's roles, it would worry me that perhaps I had made a mistake in becoming a personality instead of an actress. I would suddenly resent the fact that I had allowed myself to be hypnotized by the public into remaining a little girl. A wild impulse would seize me to reach for the nearest shears and remove that blond chain around my neck.

In 1923 I realized my ambition and played my first adult role on the screen in *Rosita*, the worst picture, bar none, that I ever made. Then I did *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, which was infinitely better, but not in the same class, either in merit or box-office success, with *Rebecca* or *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Also, while making *Dorothy Vernon* I suffered almost the greatest fright of my life.

The whole episode began rather embarrassingly in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, where about 10,000 spectators had gathered to watch us take a scene of me riding a beautiful white horse named Pearl. To the great amusement of the crowd, I was unable to lift myself into the stirrup because of the weight of a very elegant brocaded velvet costume, which weighed twenty-eight pounds.

The crowd volunteered various ways of helping me out of my predicament.

"How about a stepladder! Let's give you a boost, Mary!"

In the end the upholstery had to go, and I was obliged to put on a dress of lighter weight. The next problem was that the horse might slip on the asphalt road we had selected for the scene. To prevent this four rubber shoes were put on Pearl.

I was riding along at increasing speed, followed by a car containing the cameraman and his assistant, Director Neilan and his assistant, and a technician holding a reflector so the light would shine in my face, when I suddenly heard them shrieking at me in one voice.

Pearl, it seemed, had cast off one of the rubber shoes from a hind hoof. Panic-stricken, she began to race like

(Continued on page 149)

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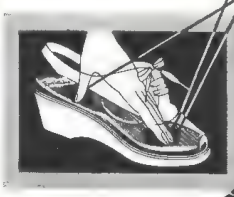

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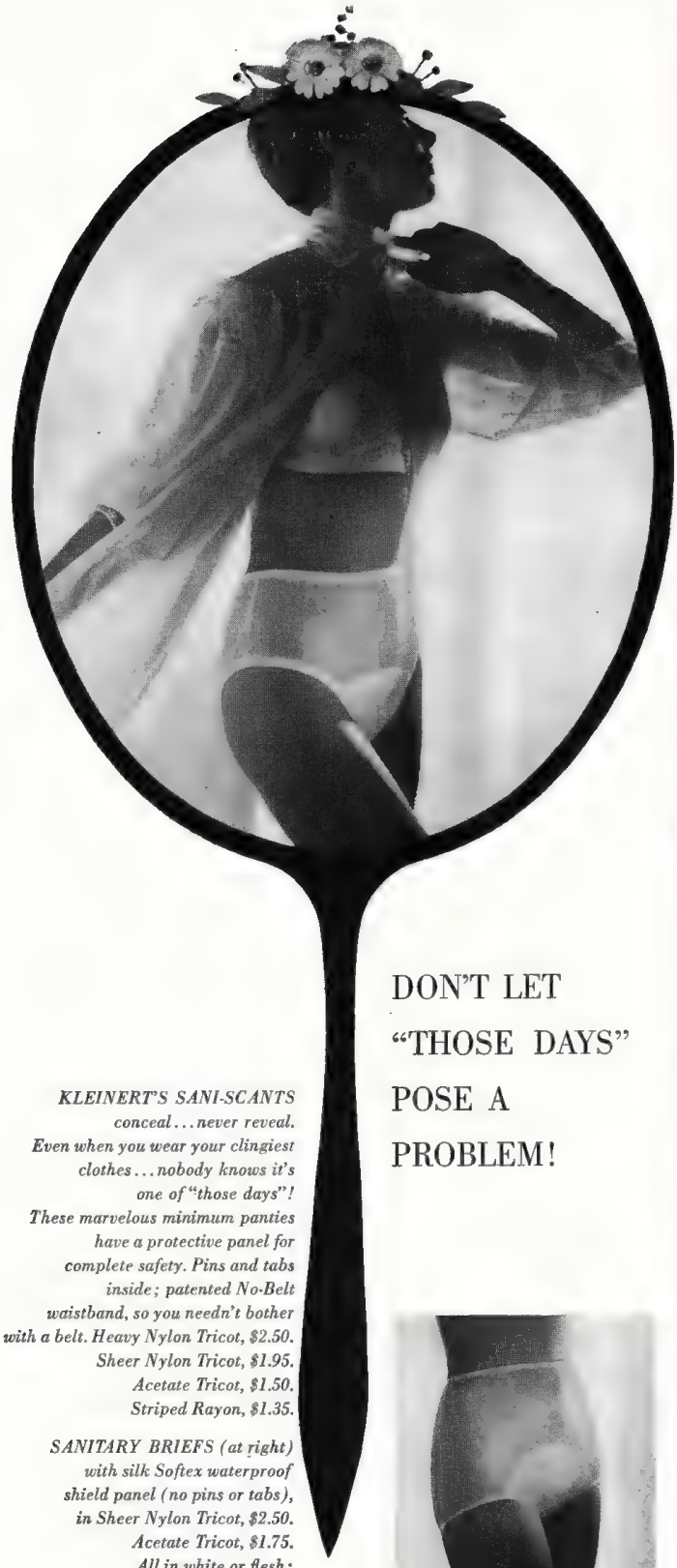

DON'T LET "THOSE DAYS" POSE A PROBLEM!

KLEINERT'S SANI-SCANTS conceal... never reveal. Even when you wear your clingiest clothes... nobody knows it's one of "those days"! These marvelous minimum panties have a protective panel for complete safety. Pins and tabs inside; patented No-Belt waistband, so you needn't bother with a belt. Heavy Nylon Tricot, $2.50. Sheer Nylon Tricot, $1.95. Acetate Tricot, $1.50. Striped Rayon, $1.35.

SANITARY BRIEFS (at right) with silk Softex waterproof shield panel (no pins or tabs), in Sheer Nylon Tricot, $2.50. Acetate Tricot, $1.75. All in white or flesh; small, medium, large, extra large.
Prices slightly higher on the West Coast

Kleinert's

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McCall's Patterns

Belle of the beach

...in a summer success – the romper swim suit. Team it with a pink terry beach coat edged in the bold black-and-white plaid of the bathing suit

FABRICS BY CONE
PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM HELBURN

Back view last page. More McCall's patterns page 140

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Does your face look older in HEAVY make-up?

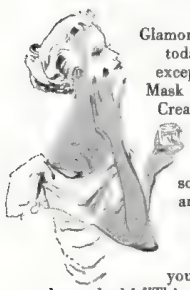
Most complexions begin to *need* flattery—younger than you think! Yet so many women try to hide growing "age" signs in heavy make-up. And almost invariably a complexion smothered in heavy make-up becomes a coarsened, "older" complexion.

Now, if suddenly you feel your prettiest in soft lights, soft colors—it's time to soft-tone your *complexion* in the powder base designed for you! Before powder, smooth on a film of airy-light Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then hours later, give your face this mirror check. Unlike the heavy make-ups—there's no streaking or discoloring. Pond's Vanishing Cream is completely ungreasy. Never cakey—it can't dry on your face. Your skin looks finer, smoother . . . powder *clings!*

Mrs Curtis Roosevelt

"I'm never comfortable in artificial looking make-ups. That's why I'm so fond of sheer, natural Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds powder for hours, too."

Always—before you go out—this quick smoothing 1-Minute Mask!



Glamorize *your* complexion today. Cover your face, except eyes, with a thick Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off clinging dirt and flakiness that dull your skin. After 60 seconds—tissue off. *See* new radiance in your skin . . . a lighter, clearer look! "This is the most effective treatment I know for toning my skin!" says young Mrs. Curtis Roosevelt.

SEE—*on your hands—Pond's Vanishing Cream's "keratolytic" action! Chappings dissolve off. Hands look silky, white.*

(Continued from page 147)

mad trying to outdistance the car. To add to her panic I was, of course, riding sidesaddle, and twenty-odd pounds of skirts were flapping wildly in the wind over her flank.

The risk of a sudden fall was very great indeed, and I could understand the wild shouting and gesticulating of the men in the car. I tried to remain calm, because I knew better than they did what would happen if I lost my head. I shouted back to them to reduce their speed gradually.

Directly ahead of me was an intersecting highway, with automobiles racing in both directions. Pearl was throwing out her front feet, head low, blindly plunging toward that highway.

I got way up in the saddle, right over her ears, and started talking to her.

"That's all right, Pearl," I said.

She had belonged to two other women before, so she was at least accustomed to a female voice. I went on talking into her ears, patting and smoothing her neck, keeping her as calm as I could, while ever so gently I pulled in the reins. I knew that if I reined her in too quickly she would rear in the air and throw the two of us. Between patting and stroking and assuring Pearl that she was a good girl I managed to mumble to myself, "Please, God, help us!"

Just as we reached the intersection I gave the reins a quick jerk with both my hands, and Pearl reared a bit, half stumbled, and very nearly landed in a culvert. I am proud to say I did not lose my seat.

Automobiles had started putting on brakes, and you can imagine the amazement of those men and women as Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall came tearing out of nowhere on a white horse, her blond curls flying in the wind. Poor Pearl was drenched in sweat, and she was so terrified that the veins and muscles were standing out like whipcords all over her body. I've never seen five more frightened human beings than the men in the camera car. They were white as death.

It was during the filming of *Dorothy Vernon* that I found I could relax in the midst of the greatest commotion by going to sleep in any costume and in almost any position.

A cameraman said to me one day, "Miss Pickford, you have three minutes before you're needed on the stage." I made up my mind to use those three minutes to best advantage. I was caparisoned in one of the weightiest attires that was ever loaded upon this puny frame of mine. My skirts alone weighed all of twenty pounds. There was a liquid powder on my hands. Every hair on my head was meticulously in place. All this had to be perfect the moment the director's voice boomed out and cameras began to grind. I signaled the wardrobe woman, who put a Japanese pillow under my head (the Japanese use a small block of wood) and a folded towel on my chest to prevent the powder from spotting my gown. Then she pulled my skirts straight under me, and in all that noise and hammering, with cameramen and carpenters yelling to one another, I lay perfectly flat and slept.

When I went on stage the cameraman stared at me in wonder. "What did you put in your eyes, Miss Pickford?" he asked. "They're so bright!"

"Oh, I just slept," I said.

After *Rosita* and *Dorothy Vernon* I was quite ready to surrender to public demand and become a little girl again. My two adventures in adulthood had been costly and embarrassing, but instructive too. As a reaction perhaps

(Continued on page 151)

WITH THE NEW 1954 NECCHI . . . ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WATCH
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3 brand-new features: built-in light beam, built-in switch control (permitting speed reduction by 40%), foolproof threader. New eye-soothing grey color. From first seam to final trim NECCHI makes the complete garment. *Without attachments it sews on buttons, makes buttonholes, monograms,* appliques, blind-stitches hems, overcasts seams, sews forward, reverse, straight, zig-zag.

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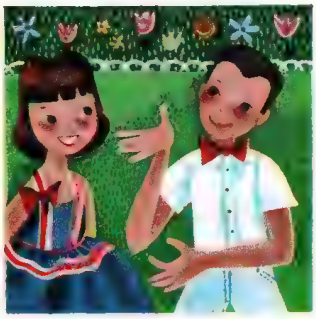
Betsy McCall loses her bow

"Look!" bragged Betsy McCall. "I've got a new dress. And the bows are on barrettes so I can wear them in my hair instead, if I want. See?" She unfastened one to show Jimmy Weeks

Quick as a flash, Jimmy grabbed it out of her hand and ran! Betsy chased after him—around and around they ran. "Give it back to me, Jimmy," cried Betsy, almost in tears



Jimmy turned innocently. His hands were empty! "Where is it?" Betsy demanded angrily. Then suddenly she started to laugh. Jimmy was wearing her red bow as a necktie!

This is Betsy McCall

Betsy McCall's puppy, Nosy, likes to go for rides in her doll carriage

Nosy thinks ribbons are sissy, so he pretends he's wearing a bow tie

This is Betsy McCall's sun dress with the bows fastened to barrettes

Betsy's mother likes these separates because they don't need to be ironed

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Where To See Betsy McCall's New Clothes

These Suzy Brooks clothes may be seen at the following stores. All stores carry sizes 3 to 6x, most carry 7 to 14. **Sun dress** in navy piqué with red-and-white grosgrain trim or white with navy-and-white trim. Sizes 3 to 6x, about $6; 7 to 14, about $8. **Blouse** in gold or aqua cotton. Sizes 3 to 6x, about $3; 7 to 14, about $4. **Print skirt** in gold or aqua on white. Sizes 3 to 6x, about $4; 7 to 14, about $5.

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Montgomery, The Vanity
Selma, I. Kayser & Company
CALIFORNIA
Fresno, Connors Children's Shop
Los Angeles, The May Company
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FLORIDA
Gainesville, Wilson's Department Store
Jacksonville, Furchgott's, Inc.
GEORGIA
Atlanta, Davison's
ILLINOIS
Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott & Company
East Saint Louis, Seidel's
Waukegan, Hein's
INDIANA
Evansville, The Bon Marche
Vincennes, Gimbel-Bond Company
KENTUCKY
Louisville, Besten & Langen
Madisonville, Baker and Hickman
Paducah, Looks Children's Shop
LOUISIANA
Alexandria, Wellan's
MARYLAND
Baltimore, Hutzler Brothers Company
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis, Powers Dry Goods Company
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Meridian, Alex Loeb, Inc.
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In Canada write:
133 Simcoe Street,
Toronto 1, Ontario

(Continued from page 149)
against the romantic pretensions of the films I had a longing to play something human and warm and humorous —something also a little tragic. My choice was *Little Annie Rooney.*

IT WAS during the making of *Little Annie Rooney,* in 1925, that an attempt was made to kidnap me.

I was home at Pickfair, enjoying a day off from work, when Douglas telephoned.

"Where are you?" he asked solemnly.

"I'm rowing down Hollywood Boulevard in a golden gondola."

"This is serious, Mary," he said impatiently. "What part of the house are you in?"

I said, "The upper hall."

"All right. Now listen carefully. Call the butler and the gardener and tell them not to leave the house. Go immediately to your own room and lock the door. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Douglas, but what's it all about?" I asked, more puzzled than frightened.

"I can't explain now. I'm leaving the studio and coming right out. Please do as I say!"

From the tone of Douglas' voice I knew now it was no light matter. Still it was curiosity rather than fear that was uppermost in my mind when, twelve to fifteen minutes later, Douglas arrived. With him was the chief of police. Then I was scared.

"Mary," said Douglas, "the police have just got wind of a plot to kidnap you and hold you for ransom."

It sounded unreal, like something out of a third-rate detective story. The chief of police then explained that I was to be the first of five victims. Next in line were Jackie Coogan, the grandson of a prominent Los Angeles banker, a grandson of an oil tycoon and, finally, Pola Negri.

"But how do you know this?" I asked. "And why haven't the men been arrested?"

The chief replied that he had befriended one of the four men, who had turned stool pigeon. There being no concrete evidence against the conspirators, the police now waited for an overt act. The men were plotting in a hotel room in the slum area of Los Angeles. An adjoining room had been rented by the police to keep them under observation.

"We can't close in on them till they make a move, Miss Pickford," said the chief of police. "Your job will be to act as if nothing is going on. Stick to your usual schedule. Go and come from the studio at the same hours. Do everything to throw off suspicion that they are being watched. The moment they strike we'll be there to nab them."

I began telling the chief I was prepared to co-operate to the fullest extent, when Douglas broke in excitedly:

"Chief, I've got to insist on one thing—a bodyguard for Mary!"

"But that would give the game away, having him ride around with her."

"Suppose we use him only on the set, and not tell anyone but the head property man?" I suggested.

That was agreed to. So here was this big, jovial, heavy-set detective being introduced by me at the studio the following day as "Mr. Doe." Everybody was puzzled, since we were one close family, working together ten to twelve hours a day, with no secrets kept from one another, but I gave only discreet, noncommittal replies to all questions.

One day "Mr. Doe" carelessly mounted a high stool, and as his coat parted there was a .38 revolver in full view of everyone on the set. There were no further inquiries as to "Mr. Doe's" identity.

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SHULTON
New York Toronto

Now began a period of nerve-racking tension, waiting for those men to act, and wondering what form their action would take. During this whole period I was never alone for a second. Every day for two weeks the kidnapers came in their car and parked a few blocks from the studio.

I generally drove to the studio in a small glass-enclosed 1924 Rolls-Royce roadster. It was a miniature car, the last word in daintiness, with room enough for two people. Only two others like it were ever made, one for the then Prince of Wales, the second for Lady Mountbatten. Douglas had to get permission from both other owners to have a third built for me. Prior to the warning from the police my maid had accompanied me to the studio. Now it was Douglas.

I should like to pause here to pay tribute to a heroic unknown who, I found out later, was used as a decoy during those two tense weeks. It seems that while I was on the set my young stand-in was dressed in my hat and coat and drove around in the little Rolls-Royce. The girl was fully aware of the danger, having been told that the police and the kidnapers might start shooting at each other. But the kidnapers never followed her.

On leaving the studio at night my job was to watch for the police. Douglas and I would drive a couple of blocks in the Rolls-Royce, and the police, using a different car each time, would follow us to Pickfair.

During those anxious two weeks the Shriners held their annual convention

(Continued on page 152)

(Continued from page 151)

in Los Angeles. That gave the kidnapers a brilliant idea. They now began to wear Shriners' hats and put Shriners' banners on their car. If they grabbed me and I screamed for help people would think it was just a group of Shriners who had been celebrating a little too freely.

Finally the kidnapers were observed purchasing a gun. Then they rented a house in the Mexican quarters, where they planned to hold all five victims. The police now had all the evidence they needed, but they still wanted an open attempt to move in for the kill.

The brains of the conspiracy was an automobile salesman, an ex-lieutenant of World War I. It was the demonstrating car he used in his work that was parked a few blocks away from my studio during those two weeks. One of his accomplices was a young man who had worked for Wells Fargo. Another was an ex-butcher who had boasted earlier that he was never late on a job. When asked what he would have done if I had pulled a gun on him he said he would have "dropped" me without a moment's hesitation. The wife of the Wells Fargo man was employed as a nurse in the home of the banker's grandson, one of the intended captives.

THE climax came unexpectedly one night. Douglas and I slipped into our Rolls-Royce and, as usual, looked around for the police car. Suddenly I noticed a convertible some distance down the street. The storm curtains were up, and the men in the car kept peeking from the back. I called Douglas' attention to it as we began moving down Sunset Boulevard.

"I'll keep my eye on it, Mary," he said. "How about the police car? Do you see it anywhere?"

After looking all around, I reported there was no sign of it. Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills is a wide highway, divided in the middle by a bridle path. In order to keep the convertible in view Douglas pulled to the left, and we were both soon racing down the boulevard at high speed. Since our car was of English make, the wheel was on the righthand side, bringing Douglas that much closer than me to the mysterious convertible. Between us on the seat lay a sawed-off shotgun. Near it was a .45 Colt. Douglas now began talking to me in feverish tones.

"If the shooting starts, Hipper, drop to the floor of the car!"

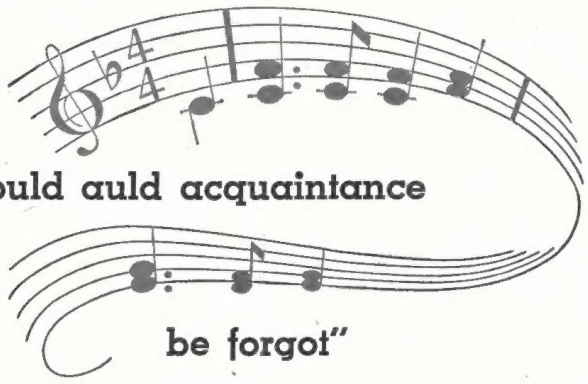
Several times in my life, in situations of acute stress and drama, I have known a great calm of cold logic and calculation to come over me. This was such a moment. It suddenly struck me that Douglas' thinking was not sound. If he were shot going at that speed, I reasoned, the car would crash like a cannonball, and there wouldn't be much left of me, whether I was on the floor or sitting bolt upright. Moreover, I wanted to take my chances with him. So while I assured him I would be obedient, I had already formed a plan of my own. When and if the firing started I would kneel down, place the .45 Colt on the wheel and get a bead on the driver of the convertible racing to the right of us.

Douglas had taught me to handle a gun, and, if I say it with pardonable pride, I'm at least an average shot. This was proved one Fourth of July, when our day watchman failed to hit a target at 150 yards, whereas I got three bull's-eyes and the remaining shots within the two inner circles of the target. (The watchman, I might add, was removed to the studio, where he proved far more useful in the property department.)

We were now doing all of seventy miles an hour. I kept telling Douglas not to get ahead of the other car, but he was frightfully excited and evidently didn't hear me, for he swerved sharply to the other side of Sunset Boulevard ahead of the convertible.

Finally we drove into the Beverly Hills Hotel, followed by the convertible. Frantically Douglas jammed on the brakes, jumped out as the car was still rolling and, with the sawed-off shotgun cocked, planted himself in the path of our pursuers and shouted:

"Throw up your hands!"

(To be continued)

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